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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1920

THE PERSONALITY BEHIND THE PRESIDENT

BY CHARLES H. GRASTY

I

It is not easy to write with sureness on the subject of the personality behind the President. None of the chief executives who have guided the country during my adult lifetime has presented so baffling a problem. To me, Mr. Wilson is endlessly interesting. I have found him as utterly frank in conversation as ever Mr. Roosevelt was, and he is himself habitually much more tolerant of frankness in others. But the mental processes leading to his actions are frequently difficult to understand. The extraordinarily capricious methods which he adopts in the selection of men; the remarkably definite political philosophy which marks his public acts; his practical idealism and his almost utter lack of personal appeal of a certain sort, combine to form a character that will give the political essayists of the future the best chance of the century.

I begin by saying frankly that I have myself constructed a general theory of Mr. Wilson, into which all the inconsistencies of his character fit with sufficient neatness. There may be too much of the deductive and too little of the inductive in the process by which I have arrived at my estimate. But I have had opportunities of observation

which furnish some warrant, at least, for making an attempt to consider this great and significant personality from every angle.

When, at the beginning of 1910, I acquired control of the *Baltimore Sun*, I learned from one of my associates who was then a trustee of Princeton, that President Wilson might soon be leaving that institution. It at once occurred to me that here might be found that scarcest of all men, a great editor. I went to Princeton immediately and saw President Wilson. I found that I had entered the field for his services against the powerful competition of the Democratic party leaders of New Jersey. The matter was not yet settled, however, and I returned later to Princeton on the same errand. Mr. Wilson had made his choice. I recall the vivid impression he made upon me as he sat facing me in his library. All the while, in my mind's eye, I was seeing him in the White House; and when I went home that night I said, 'I have talked to-day with the man who will be the next Democratic President.' He looked the part; and of course the governorship of New Jersey was a springboard for the nomination.

I did not get him for editor, but a conviction formed in my mind to the effect that in the college president who had led a forlorn hope at Princeton, and who was now being groomed for the New Jersey governorship, the Democratic Party would find a great leader. I came into possession at this time of some 'copy' he was writing for the state platforms in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, and was so much impressed by both the substance and the form of his declarations, that I made use of them in shaping the editorial policy of my paper.

The *Sun* thus became a supporter of Wilson immediately upon his entry into politics; and his original methods in New Jersey gave it much material to impart interest to the campaign of publicity which it made for him. This paper had long been a power in its state, and its continued support of Wilson, in quiet ways and mainly by chronicling his activities in its news columns, was potent. Someone said, 'The *Sun* is poisoning the coffee-cup of Maryland for Wilson every morning.'

In the spring of 1912, the *Sun* was largely instrumental in securing the Democratic Convention for Baltimore. Meanwhile the paper, morning, evening and Sunday, was sent to each Democratic delegate as he was elected, beginning as early as February. Thus the delegates came to Baltimore, regular readers of the paper, found the galleries of the Convention hall filled with people who 'wanted Wilson.'

Far be it from me to claim that the *Sun* nominated Wilson. Aside from what he himself did to accomplish the result, there were several fortunate circumstances, every one of them necessary links in the chain. The '*Sun's*' support was one of them; without it, a stampede to Champ Clark after he had received a majority vote could probably not have been prevented.

I saw Mr. Wilson several times in the course of his campaign for nomination and election. I remember once visiting him at Sea Girt. In the course of the conversation I asked him if he could suggest any new journalistic activity in his behalf. He said 'No,' at first, but afterward a thought came to him. 'Can you send a man to Boston, where his team is now playing, to interview "Ty" Cobb? I hear he is for me.' I began to see that I had a good deal to learn about the Wilson characteristics.

II

I saw and heard from the President from time to time between 1913 and 1917, and this acquaintance was the foundation upon which I established a relationship as a correspondent after he came to Paris; for it was mainly there that I gained the impressions which embolden me to appear before the readers of the *Atlantic* in an attempt to give some idea of the man as a whole.

Nothing could better illustrate the processes of judgment which have baffled commentators than his coming to Paris. When his decision to cross the ocean was mooted, I made a canvass of the Americans in Paris — already a distinguished and representative body — and found scarcely one affirmative voice. Most Americans, especially in army and navy circles, were then opposed to all action leading in the direction of the League of Nations, or any other permanent entanglement in Europe; and even those favorably inclined were practically unanimous in the opinion that the President should hold fast to his advantage of position in Washington, instead of breaking precedents in order to get down into the ring where, after a few weeks of novelty, he would meet other government heads on an equality, and under the unfamiliar rules of the game of European diplom-

acy. The majority firmly believed that he should stay in the White House, and shout to Europe as through a megaphone; or, — to resort to still another metaphor, — that he should chalk on a blackboard, in letters legible across the sea, the terse terms upon which America would coöperate in the peace as she had in the war.

A less adventuring president would easily have found ground upon which to take the stand that America's work was finished with the signing of the Armistice upon the basis of the fourteen points. America had furnished the aid necessary to the prevention of Germany's conquest of Europe and the menacing of our hemisphere. Germany had been disarmed on land and sea, and the very body of German militarism had thus been crushed. As for the rest, it was a purely European affair. Such part as we were called on to take in the subsequent proceedings could with greatest safety to us, and perhaps even with greatest efficacy in respect of results, be taken with our feet solid on the soil of our own country. We would be willing to give such further aid, moral and material, as might be compatible with our principles and interests and the tradition of aloofness from European controversies, all of which were ineradicably rooted in race, geography, and the habit of narrow selfishness.

Such a view was not adopted, and it probably never occurred to the peculiar man who happened to be our President. From the common point of view, Mr. Wilson has lived too much within himself. He does not submit himself to the corrective processes of association, which, not unreasonably, in view of his dilations on 'Counsel,' puts him in for a lot of criticism. He does not call to his side all the first-rate men who are available. Let us admit it frankly — he plays a lone hand. But having duly

criticized him for playing a lone hand, one must admit that he plays it mighty well. He is no blind indulger of self. No man studies self more keenly, or is quicker to profit by experience. I am convinced that his lone-hand style of play is the result of his having worked it all out in his own sagacious mind, and with the purpose of using himself in the way best to accomplish his objects. He realizes fully how much he loses by lack of assistance and by holding aloof from consultation. But when he reckons up gains against losses in the great game that he is playing, he believes that he comes out ahead by following the bent of his own temperament. He is willing, if necessary, to do the work of ten ordinary men, — he delights in work when something big is at stake, — but he is unwilling, and perhaps unfitted, to scramble with his peers for a decision, on the one hand, or, on the other, to bear with the stupidity, irrelevance, and confusion of commonplace counsel.

This is far from saying that he repels advice. Quite the contrary is true. No one could be more open to suggestion when it comes from those near and friendly. He is absorptive rather than impervious. But he shies away from becoming entangled. He wants to keep himself absolutely free for the decision. I fancy that he has a horror of board meetings, as many another sensible man has, with their tendency to mental impoverishment. For any but a rash executive, in need of constant restraint, the multiplicity of counsel in a board is apt to be a division of wisdom. The scheme has only a deterrent or negative virtue.

It is likely that, in reaching his decision to go to Europe, Mr. Wilson sought the advice of no man. I hazard the guess that from the very moment the idea first entered his mind, there was neither doubt nor hesitation. What-

ever might have been the wise course for another president, that was the only course for him. Average prudent considerations were not in the reckoning. He saw a situation which called to him irresistibly. Its dangers and difficulties were not those which alarmed him. He knew what would happen to the swollen prestige that he had been enjoying as the prosperous partner in the Allied combination. All the awe of him would disappear, the mystery and the power that goes with it would vanish, and he would soon find himself pitted against the other government heads, each with his own point of view, on terms of equality.

Presbyterian and Scotch as he is, and never rash or impulsive, the dominating thing in the character of Mr. Wilson is his adventuring spirit. It is this cross in him that makes his character hard to read. He has the courage of his vision and, without a single misgiving, he moved out of the safety zone in the rear and took up his position in the front line, where the greatest of all diplomatic contests was to be fought out.

I watched that struggle daily for months, often at close quarters. The chief new impression that I got of Mr. Wilson was his efficiency in action. In my picture of Wilson, the writer, orator, and scholar had been in the foreground. The experience of the past eight years has developed a high efficiency in this man who lost his fight at Princeton. After seeing him at Paris, I would expect him to succeed, if, upon his retirement from the Presidency at sixty-four years of age, he took the highly improbable step of entering the field of industry. In a large executive position, like, say, the presidency of the Steel Corporation, I confidently believe that he would make an unprecedented success. The adventure and magnitude of it might appeal to him; for in

dull or small things he is helpless. He is sagacious, but lacks cunning. He must be aroused, to show his great qualities.

The things for which Mr. Wilson is complained of are mainly the defects of his great qualities. If a big matter is in hand, he is so concentrated upon it that he overlooks the little matter. He has the keenest and truest sense of what is real. Irrelevance cuts him to pieces. When he is at work on a thing that engages his interest, he is like a hound on the scent. Waste of time or any kind of lost motion is like poison to him. A member of the 'Big Four' once said to me, 'Wilson works. The rest of us play, comparatively speaking. We Europeans can't keep up with a man who travels a straight path with such a swift stride, never looking to the right or left. We cannot put aside our habit of rambling a bit on the way.'

I hazard the opinion that Mr. Wilson found this European habit hard to bear. He would not have put up with the like procrastination and indirection in Washington; but he was in Paris to do whatever was necessary, and he smiled and pressed forward. The statesmen of Europe had their tongues in their cheeks when Wilson arrived; but a real friendship, mainly attributable to the latter's patience, courtesy, and humor, soon arose among them. When the President works with a small number of men at close quarters, his instinct is to establish friendly and intimate relations with them. Far from being a dogmatist, his fault perhaps lies in giving up too much in an atmosphere of comradeship. And his passion for practical results probably works in the same direction. At Paris, in seeking a common ground upon which he and his colleagues could stand, it seemed to me that he was constantly watering down the idealism which he brought to Europe with him. It was not alone his desire to come to

an agreement that influenced him. He deeply wished to serve his colleagues in their respective home difficulties, by which, under their parliamentary systems, they were constantly bedeviled.

I do not know it for a fact, but I always believed that a narrative of how the President came to accept the French demand for a military alliance would present some such picture as the following. Clemenceau appears in the Place des États Unis. He creeps slowly up the steps to the room which is the meeting-place. The effort exhausts him and he has a long coughing spell. (That murderous bullet in the chest counted for much in the closing days, and Clemenceau did not hesitate to make the most of it for France.) Clemenceau gives his colleagues a report of his daily interview with the Parliamentary Committee to which he must account for his acts as Prime Minister. The Committee has but little interest in the League of Nations. *Ma foi!* but they are a narrow-minded lot! But there is always behind them the Chamber of Deputies, filled with men unfriendly to the present government and aching for a chance to vote it out. Clemenceau has never had a real majority. The Tiger has held on through the very fear of his steel-shod paw. The chief strength of the opposition lies in the belief that the Premier has yielded the interests of France to the theories of world peace. 'What the Chamber wants, and probably must have, is something that actually is, or at least sounds like, a military alliance. Unless they get it, my government is gone. Another forty-eight hours, or a week at the most, and we fall. Afterward, some man further toward the Left, and in a few weeks a choice between a military dictatorship and anarchy in France. What chance will there be for a Peace Conference or a League of Nations after that?'

Whether my fanciful picture is or is not accurate in detail, it is a fact that Wilson's agreement to a military alliance gave the Clemenceau ministry a new lease of life. And it surprised — I won't quite say shocked — the whole American circle at and around the Crillon.

If and when the story of the Peace Conference, and especially of the Big Four, can be told, it will throw a new light on President Wilson's personality; and many people will find that they have been hating him for lack of the very qualities in which his personality abounds.

III

Let us consider Mr. Wilson in his four main relationships, beginning with that of the family. He has an intense domestic instinct. Family love was bred into him. His father, a Presbyterian minister, dead forty years or more, is still the daily companion of his thoughts. The President has no close, personal relation with any other man, and masculine comradeship is mainly supplied by the vivid and living memory of this grand man, whose precepts and example come back for every occasion. Throughout all these years of hard decision, it is in this quarter that he has found counsel. The personality of his father is as fresh in the President's mind as it was the day he died, and every detail of this early association in which the son was moulded remains crystal-clear, while the spirit of it is the President's very breath. The elder Wilson was indeed a remarkable man, whose walks and talks with the younger nourished and formed him in his youth, and whose wisdom and humor, preserved in the President's retentive memory, have been as a lamp to his feet.

Mr. Wilson has always been an uxorious man. A more real partnership than that which exists between him

and Mrs. Wilson it would be difficult to find. The President will not budge without his wife. In France, the trip to the devastated regions had to be postponed because Mrs. Wilson had sustained a slight injury to her foot and could not go.

As to Mrs. Wilson, everyone liked her and spoke well of her before her marriage to the President, and she has remained the same quiet, modest, and gracious woman. I should say that her influence had tended to mellow and humanize the President in his outside relations. In the inside relations, which are now under consideration, the President was always the same tender and affectionate head of the family.

To everyone within the household, including house visitors, the President is kindness itself. Once the threshold is crossed, one becomes the trusted friend. The conversation at meals and during the little rest time that follows is easy and delightful, and everyone takes part freely. There is not a trace of presidential arrogance in the President's manner. He and Mrs. Wilson live in an atmosphere of unaffected simplicity. When they were in Paris, they declined all invitations when possible. Nearly every evening the scene would be the same at the Place des États Unis. The President played solitaire for huge sums of stage money, carefully keeping books on winnings and losings, from night to night. Mrs. Wilson sat by, sewing or crocheting. Sometimes she would read aloud clippings of current newspaper articles.

On the Western trip in September, Mrs. Wilson made a uniformly fine impression. At stations where the train stopped, she would appear if it was insisted upon, but she was never keen on the business. Once a newspaper man said, 'O Mrs. Wilson, do go out on the platform with the President. It will be worth ten thousand votes.'

She smiled, but kept on crocheting. It usually took a word or gesture from the President to get her out.

At Tacoma, I found a newspaper woman almost in tears on the station platform. She had not succeeded in meeting Mrs. Wilson, and the train was about to pull out. I undertook to manage the introduction, but Mrs. Wilson was in her room changing her costume and therefore not visible. The President heard what was going on, and appearing on the back platform, cried cheerily, 'May I act as substitute for Mrs. Wilson?' He stepped down on the station platform and delighted the young woman's heart by his agreeableness. She had a two-column story the next morning.

The President is a true Spartan. There is never a groan or a whimper from him. While he was traveling through the West, and speaking twice a day with a headache racking him, whenever he referred to it at all it was precisely as if he were speaking of any other incident of the trip. There was no pulling of a long face. At Wichita, after an extremely bad night, he was up and ready to start. Grayson was none too early in taking a firm stand. The President is a stayer and he hates a quitter. He was never a minute late on the whole trip. He is a paragon of order and punctuality.

Before the headache came upon him, he was very fond of going through the train and visiting the newspaper men. He made us all feel that he was of our tribe.

The President and Mrs. Wilson are regular attendants at a modest church in the suburbs of Washington. They go there because nobody pays attention to them; whereas at the big churches they are preached at and stared at inside, and a big crowd collects outside. Neither of them has any fondness for that kind of admiration.

IV

Such is a rough picture of the President in the small circle of home life. Draw another circle wide enough to include the Cabinet and other officials with important connections with the administration, and a corresponding change in the manifestations of Mr. Wilson's personality is at once visible. There are patience, geniality, kindness, and extraordinary loyalty, but there is a certain reserve. Wilson resembles Washington in this respect. No one slaps him on the back. His devotion to his official household has been carried to such extremes that it has brought general criticism upon him. There has been more speculation over his putting commonplace men into office and then sticking to them than over almost anything else in his administration.

I am going to give my theory; but it is nothing more than a theory. In what he can do well, and likes to do, Mr. Wilson is tireless: but he is very indolent about what he is not proficient in. He is not a judge of men; he has not the *flair* for it, and it is something that is not a matter of analysis. The selection of men is a labor to the President, and is a thing that has been largely attended to by others for him. Once the business is fixed, he is not going to unfix it. And afterwards there comes in that element of domestication to which I have referred. When the President sits around the table with men, and comradeship sets up, the harder the critics pound him and them, the more immovable he becomes. They may be poor things, but they are his own. I have never known a man who could put criticism on one side as serenely as Mr. Wilson can. He is implacable. 'They say. What say they? Let them say.'

After all, the President's instinct has in it much that is fine and strong. And

who shall say that he has been unsuccessful on the score of results? Suppose he had ripped up his organization at the beginning of the war? Would the country have come off better? Or would Wilson be in a better position as a man or as president? At all events, *he* could not have done otherwise. His mind is too dependent upon order and repose in his immediate vicinity to function properly in an environment of confusion. He could not have run the war his way in the hubbub of change and upheaval. Here again he resembles his paternal prototypes, for the Presbyterian preacher must have quiet in the house at the sermon-making time. Mr. Wilson carried his method through the whole war. When General Pershing was appointed head of the A.E.F. he was there to stay, and knew it. The President would never have listened to any tattle. In every crisis he backed his man with granite fixity. No general in Europe was in Pershing's strong position. Without this rock to stand on, Pershing could not have maintained himself against the storm of European opposition aroused by several of his big decisions.

Mr. Wilson's tendency to give his indorsement in blank has sometimes got him into trouble. No man should have been put into the position that Colonel House was. The country resented it, and finally the colonel himself used the President's writ too freely, with the result that unity of policy was somewhat impaired at Paris. Colonel House filled a deeply felt need at the White House, and from the President's point of view was most helpful. He was very active in the field in which the President had disabilities. He loved being a Warwick as much as the President hated the whole business of handling the patronage. House was, as it were, a bureau drawer for things he did not exactly know where else to put.

The Texan is orderly minded and has much sagacity, but he overestimated his reach. It was inevitable that this should be the result of the President's clothing him with so much power.

V

I come now to a third zone, in which Mr. Wilson manifests a different set of characteristics. In the wider circle is included that portion of officialdom not intimately connected with the administration. The President's reaction to this body constitutes the chief ground of criticism of him. Here he strikes limitations which he seems to be unable to surmount. In much of his endeavor he has been quick to profit by experience, and his development has attested his openness of mind as well as his alert mentality. But he has shown neither skill nor tact in his dealing with this very necessary body, consisting of several hundred men and including both houses of Congress. After coming home last March and displaying a *gaucherie* in his contact with the Senate difficult to understand in view of his consummate skill in dealing with the foreign diplomats, he went back to Paris and had every important suggestion of the opposition Senators embodied in the treaty and Covenant. The thing needed but a gesture to make it a *fait accompli* — a wave of the hand to show agreement and acknowledgment. But he would not, or could not make that gesture which would have nailed down ratification. His meeting with the Senatorial committee at the White House showed him at his very best in patience and conciliation. But it was too late; the opposing Senators had not been tied in March and were now out of the reservation and on the war-path.

The attempt to account for such mistakes must be speculative. Clearly it must be a matter of temperament.

Someone has said that temperament in the individual is like climate to race — it is fate. The President has so many high qualities that it is inevitable that they should have their defects. Personally I believe that the chief element in the temperament that prevents the President from realizing on the big things that he does well because of the little things he does ill is the predominance in him of the intellectual quality. The human quality, except in the small circle where it manifests itself in patience, tenderness, and considerateness, has been 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' He has for so many years restrained his impulses, that they no longer work in the subconscious way necessary for that form of human intercommunication which is psychic in its subtlety.

To the instinct and habit of restraint I would add the trait of shyness. The President is extremely diffident with persons outside the little circle. On the Western trip I heard people who were paying the highest tribute to his statesmanship add, 'but he is not folks.' And I think that it is true that he lacks a certain sort of animal heat. But this carries with it a whole set of qualities that are admirable. For example, he has the spirit of his great office in the highest degree, but none of the flesh-and-blood pride and vanity. He has not the slightest love of the purple. He detaches himself from the presidency, and regards the office and its power objectively. To use Diderot's paradox, 'He is a centre of human agitation in which he himself takes no emotional part, though he is its intellectual prime-mover.'

There was a group of Wilson originals who were very ardent in their support of Mr. Wilson before the movement for him became nation-wide. As his presidential character disclosed itself, these supporters were surprised

at two things. First, they were amazed at his practicalness in organizing the party forces and in getting legislation through. Secondly, they were deeply disappointed by his display of narrow partisanship and the delegation that he made of the power of selecting his appointees. They wondered, as did the public, at his abandonment of the policy of publicity and counsel. It seems to me that there is but one thing to be said about that. He was sincere in his professions and wanted to practise what he preached. But temperament came in and stopped him. He could not have maintained a system of publicity and counsel without shattering himself and sacrificing results; and as he learned the presidential office and became more familiar with the tools he had in his armory, he let the first theory slide.

But his failure to set a very high personal standard in his important appointments, and his partisanship, have continued to puzzle men who looked to his academic antecedents as a guaranty of the precisely opposite line of action. I have hereinbefore suggested an explanation of one of these defects: I believe that the partisanship had little feeling behind it, but was an intellectual expedient to aid in putting through the programme of legislation. The habit once acquired was retained; which was made the easier by the fact that at his elbow was always Mr. Tumulty, to whom a Republican is a 'boll-weevil.'

Those who believe that Mr. Wilson has been one of the greatest of our presidents are most puzzled by his seeming lack of magnanimity. That a man should be so great in the other great things and yet fall short in generosity, is a contradiction of the historical record. But I believe that in the baffling complex of this peculiar man there is an explanation which will show

that the acts attributed to lack of magnanimity have had a different main-spring. For example, what seemed shabby treatment of General Leonard Wood, whose work prepared the way for the selective draft, may, if all the facts were known, have been well grounded on the needs and exigencies of the war, difficult as it is to understand why such an alternative as an obscure Southern post, or Hawaii, should have been set before the general. That detail may have been just an extra touch put on by Mr. Baker. Once the Secretary had done it, the President would have stood by it if it had given him the reputation of a pirate. He never shoulders blame upon a subordinate. When, in the election of 1918, he was politically dished by the appeal for the Democratic ticket which he signed, but to which he probably never gave a moment's consideration (his 'single-track mind' was strenuously engaged in the direction of Paris), it is safe to say that there was never one word of complaint or reproach for the real authors of the mischief.

But to go back to the question of magnanimity — much more difficult of explanation was the treatment of Roosevelt, for which the President was entirely responsible. I understand the difference in temperament between the two men. I understand the impossibility of gratifying Roosevelt's desire to raise a corps or division to command in whole or in part. His abilities could have been recognized, however, and his great qualities utilized somewhere, for the exuberant tender of his services left the whole field open. The President's acceptance would have had an electrical effect in inspiring and unifying the country behind Wilson and the war. Roosevelt would have played the game squarely. He was a colt in the pasture, but a wheel-horse in harness. His having a share in the war under

President Wilson would have supplied elements for producing the will to war, which were then lacking. If the President had been an emotional man, he would have met Roosevelt with hands outstretched. But to my mind, his failure to respond is explainable on grounds other than lack of magnanimity. Personally I was a warm and sincere admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, and I believe that he rendered a very great service to his country both in office and out. But there were thousands of people who did not admire him, and the President was one of these. When the colonel presented himself, the President put him and his possible value through a coldly intellectual process of assessment, and his conclusions were in accordance with his judgment of what would best promote the interests of the country in the war. Again he failed in the importance of the gesture.

The same lack of what I may call the grand-stand instinct runs all through his conduct. At bottom, the fault, if it be a fault, is one of intellectual sincerity. He steers by intellect and does not possess the emotional qualities to correct his reckoning. We saw it constantly on his Western tour. He could not be persuaded to make oratorical use, except with the most severe restraint, of the deeds of valor of the army and navy, of which he was Commander-in-Chief. Thousands of women and men whose dead sleep in France sat in front of him with hearts begging for allusion in terms of sentiment and pathos. He left them unsatisfied, contenting himself with powerful appeal to reason. He may himself be conscious of his emotional limitations. Or he may have felt a sense of impropriety in making a sort of political commerce of the memory of our noble dead; for he is a man of high dignity.

I have had my own theory — of a piece with what I have been saying —

in respect to Mr. Wilson's course in the Lusitania crisis. The German blow was just as certainly aimed at America and world-civilization then as it was two years later. The President in his speeches in the West repeatedly made statements indicating the belief that Germany's purpose was clear long before we entered the war. At the time of the sinking of the Lusitania, America would have responded as one man to strong, emotional leadership. But it is possible that the President was studying himself and his capacity and limitations with cold-blooded objectivity. The question in his mind may have been — whatever another might do in the same circumstances, was it possible for him to keep the war-spirit up to the necessary white heat in the absence of overwhelming, concrete evidence of Germany's evil intentions?

I have always thought that in his course of action from the Lusitania forward, he took the kind of chance that a purely intellectual policy is peculiarly subject to. If Germany had not blundered so fatally, she could have put us where we could never have gone into the war. Suppose in February, 1917, Germany had replied to the President's demand regarding the submarine: 'All right. With unrestricted submarine warfare it is absolutely clear that we can win. But we cannot afford to offend America and bring her in. In deference to her views we yield to your demand.' We are out of the war immediately, and can never get in, and Germany whips Europe, with future consequences to us that would be appalling.

But Mr. Wilson managed the war; he did it consistently with the conditions as he saw them, and with due regard to his own abilities and limitations; and from first to last he was successful.

The characteristics upon which I have put such stress will, in my opinion,

enable Mr. Wilson to do what few men could do. He will decline to stand for a third term. There will be many unprecedented conditions and the pressure from party men will be strong. But if he does not want to run, he will not. He will have the best judgment of anybody as to the state of mind of the country. He won't bemuse himself. I suspect that he believes that his health requires his retirement. He is a man of infinite resources, and there are many congenial activities to which he could turn. There is only one set of circumstances in which I could imagine his being a candidate. If the treaty failed of ratification, and there were a square issue before the American people, and the whole job of treaty and Covenant were to be done over again on a clear mandate from the American people, I believe that there might be a third term. Rejection would put the Democrats back into the running for 1920. A few months ago it seemed that Republican nomination would be equivalent to election. The Republicans in the fetid caves of the Senate have been working overtime to make their chances for next year dubious. Unless there is ratification without re-submission, there will probably be either a close contest between the two old parties, or we shall see two new parties, one standing for the League of Nations and the other for freedom from foreign entanglement.

VI

I finish by considering Mr. Wilson in the wide field where he appears at his best. The President who shuts his eyes, stretches out his hand, and touches

the man nearest, who shall thereupon be a Cabinet Minister; who stumbles in his dealings with Congress, and who is generally helpless in the grind of office, rises to a great height as a statesman. His near sight is defective, but when he looks up and out, no man sees further or more clearly. He lacks the 'spirit of the herd,' but no other man in public life is more in touch with the spirit of mankind. He frankly 'plays to mankind.' His enemies admit that he is the best judge of what they call 'mob-psychology.'

Such broad sympathies are uncommon in a man of orderly mind and of fundamentally conservative instincts, and in the inevitable conflict of classes which impends in the world, Mr. Wilson is in a position to do humanity an inestimable service as interpreter and mediator between the warring elements. He has perspective, he is always looking far ahead. He cannot see the trees for the woods. The little things by the way do not distract him, for they escape his attention. If his life and health are spared, a man of such vision in combination with such extraordinary practical qualities will go far, whether as President or as an unofficial leader. Happen what may, the fact stands that largely through his effort — which has been more than effort: it has been a striving, even an agonizing, to use the real equivalent of the Greek word of which the St. James version gives the milder rendering — the world has been faced toward peace and it will not turn back. Historically he will be a member of the group of three great presidents — Washington the Father, Lincoln the Emancipator, Wilson the Pacifier.

THE TECHNIQUE OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY

BY CARLETON H. PARKER

NOTE. — The value of this article, written by my husband in 1914, lies chiefly in the fact that it gives an idea of the pre-war, or what could justly be called the normal, industrial situation. Wherever it has been possible, the actual statistics have been brought up to date. Generally speaking, however, there have been no recent studies dealing with the processes of American industry, and recourse was had to the Census of Manufactures made in 1914, and just off the press, as the most modern statistics covering the field as a whole. Unless otherwise stated, statistics quoted are from this source. Where more recent reports, government or otherwise, were available, these later figures were used and the year of the study referred to.

Every conclusion of this article, every tendency described, has been but emphasized by later statistics, with one exception — as to wages. Here, however, it must be remembered that the war period of 1914 to 1918 represented a far from normal condition in American industry. Immigration had, for all practical purposes, ceased, workers were drafted from factories for war, and for the first time, on account of shrunken numbers, labor was in a position to secure higher wages. In addition, the employer was forced, without actual demands, to pay higher wages in order to obtain his quota of necessary workers. Still a third influence toward higher wages was to be found in the more general acceptance of the 'welfare' idea among employers — higher wages as a restful influence on the employees. Wages, then, are high to-day, as compared to the figures, say, of 1910; but the figures of 1910 are well to know, so that it can be shown from what low levels wages have risen. Also, it must be borne in mind that, while apparently wages have risen, the increase in the cost of living over this period has been so great that real wages are in many instances actually lower than in 1910.

Here I might quote from an article of my husband's, written at this same time. Its pertinence to the situation to-day is evident. 'In the words of Mr. A. D. Noyes in the *Atlantic Monthly* (vol. 111, p. 658), "We are in the presence of a novel and striking condition of things in American finance, whereby active or potential control of a very great part both of our financial institutions and our industrial institutions is concentrated in the hands of a comparatively small group of financiers."

'How does this affect the labor problem in America?

'First, it brings the most complete temperamental and geographical divorce of management and worker in industrial history.

'Second, it leaves the final control of industrial enterprise in non-industrial, and in the end, abstract financial, hands.

'Third, it means that the only information from the industrial plants which these boards of directors care for or understand is that of statistics of output and costs.

'Fourth, it turns over the formation of wage- and labor-policies to men supersensitive to the stock market, a market notoriously panicky over labor disturbances.

'In a word, it turns industrial affairs, one of whose major characteristics is the human quality brought by the worker, over to a group of financial minds whose education, environment, and ambitions make it impossible for them to obtain an accurate perspective of the human side of industrial production. The condition is potential for danger.'

CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER.

ONE hundred years ago an industrial characteristic isolated itself from the general body and began an evolution, slow but stupendous in promise. Industrial technique had been in past economic periods the but slightly important assistant of man's trade-dexterity. To-day the machine in its character fixes the man's speed of work, his hours, his posture, limits his thoughts in the day, and in the end moulds for his life the very processes of his mind, and thus determines how he shall worship, vote, and find his pleasure.

In America, at the close of the Civil War, the machine technique began its last stage of evolution, which was to reach in our day 'Scientific Management.' The minute subdivision of industrial production, and the adaptation of the automatic machine, more than any other single characteristic, defines American production. It determines the intelligence and sex of the worker, demands the temperamentally acquiescent, and finds self-assertion and trade-unionism impossible with 'efficiency.' What is this technique? What kind of a worker has it demanded and obtained?

In the meat industry a few years ago fifty per cent of the slaughterers were master butchers. Each could kill, dress, quarter, and prepare the hide. The rest of the force were their assistants. To-day (1914) forty-four different workmen in succession perform their task on the animal. The mechanizing of the process came when the Chicago yards began to control the market in the Atlantic States. Chicago, as the geographical centre of the corn states, which fattened all the Western range animals, carefully built up the organization of the Union Stockyards Market in the centre of the city. The railroads made it easy for the farmer to route his cattle into Chicago. The Chicago yards were known throughout the corn states as

the place where a market could be found for stock, no matter what the general market was. In the three years 1908, 1909, and 1910, Chicago received 10,353,295 cattle, 20,337,341 hogs, 14,022,607 sheep. The raw material came to Chicago to be converted, and then distributed over the world. The final product was of standard form and no variety. Each unit of the raw material, the live animal, presented the same identical problem in the working-up. The amount of production was gigantic. These factors gave the typical stimulus to the machinization of the industry.

The author spent several days in 1913 in the great Armour plant in Chicago. The organization of work on the cattle-killing floor seemed to have left ungrasped no opportunity to simplify and standardize the human labor. The cattle were 'knocked' by hand, and automatically dumped out on the floor. An overhead trolley carried the stunned or dead animals rapidly by several workmen, and each performed his simple operation. At the end of the vast room the bled and beheaded carcass was dropped on to a moving platform, which passed without halt, between, and on a level with, two stationary platforms. On a particular spot on this stationary side-platform waited a workman, and as the carcass entered his twenty-foot zone, he rode with it the twenty feet, did his bit of work, and left the moving platform at the lower limit of the zone. He then returned by the stationary side-platform just in time to begin riding through the twenty feet with a fresh animal. This round of work was observed for an hour. The workman, one of the skimmers styled 'rumpers,' never paused, never changed the stereotyped twist of his knife, jerked the hide, and turned the rump, without variation in the effort. Forty-four different men added their isolated bit of technique to prepare the beef for the

cooling-room. As fast as it was discovered that one job allowed a subdivision and simplification, the system put in another man. The moving platform can be speeded up or slowed down. A floor foreman explained that 'the platform was speeded until cut hides began to show up, and then we knew the men were having to slash to do their job. We then slowed down.' In the hundreds of labor-operations in the great Armour plant, in the beef-, sheep-, or pig-slaughtering, sausage-making, chipped-beef canning, can-making, the mechanization of the human work has been refined to an unbelievable extent.

The subdivision of labor among the crew forced the skilled men to be ultra-skilled, since their work was simplified into the most automatic of motions. This lowered the 'spoiling' and waste of hides and of meat enormously. A 'skinner' sometimes worked a week, handling thousands of animals without injuring a single hide. The same valuable dexterity also came to the 'splitter,' and reduced costly waste. While this pushed up the wages of the highly expert, it was counterbalanced by the great increase of the unskilled workers, who took up the work where the chance of waste was small or impossible. The company then attached these skilled men to them by putting them on steady weekly time, while the other nine tenths of the gang were hired by the hour. These high-priced men, the 'strategic' labor of the industry, not only stood by the company in time of trouble, but acted as 'speeders-up,' 'pace-setters,' and this was the third great object for which the technique strove.

Take the 'splitters,' for example. In 1884, five splitters would get out 800 cattle in ten hours, or 16 per hour per splitter. Wages were 45 cents per hour. In 1894, four splitters got out 1200 in ten hours, or 30 animals per man per hour. The splitter, where the moving

platform was not used, would turn 'split cattle' over to the workers below as fast as he could. These workers in turn had to perform their divided portion of labor and pass the animal on. With a fast splitter and a fast skinner, the whole 230 workmen were forced to higher speed. No member of the force could 'go lazy' without drawing the attention of the 'boss' upon him by the massing up of undone carcasses at his division of the work-floor.

In a gang of sheep-butchers, the pace is set by the 'pelter,' who loosens the hide so that it can be pulled off without tearing the 'fell' or mucous covering, and also by the 'setter,' who hangs the carcass on an overhead trolley which is to carry it slowly before each workman, and afford each man the opportunity swiftly to perform his allotted task. These two speeders were formerly steady time men, favored and attached to the company by carefully calculated better treatment. The pelter's speed of work had pushed the hanging up of sheep from 60 to 75 per hour. Just prior to the strike in 1904 the union had succeeded in limiting the speed to a maximum of 46½; and this 'having been proved to be the normal, it showed that the employer had achieved an increase of productivity of from 30 to 50 per cent by the use of this single refinement of industrial technique.

In pig-killing the 'speeders-up' are the sticker, the scaldier, the hooker-on, the splitter, and the chopper. In this department the unions have never attempted to force the work back to normal, so that the extent of the increase in productivity is uncalculated, though it is known to be extremely great.

In the sausage department the hour rates have not been reduced, but piece-work has been introduced. Here is to be noticed the existence of a kind of industrial technique of a not very high moral level. Piece-work in sausage-making is

slowed down largely by 'leaks' in the sausage-covering, which have to be tied up as discovered. Sausage-covering is bought in open market by the big packers, in three grades, the leaks increasing as the grade lowers. If a piece-worker is making good wages, the foreman proceeds to slip second-rate coverings to him. If he be a productive worker even with second-rate coverings, he is allotted third-rate coverings. His pay the foreman knows can be reduced down to, but not below, 27 cents per hour. This is an example of increasing output by 'shaving' rates, a method raised to perfection by the Steel Trust. Since men are apt to become restless under this method, the sausage-department of the Beef Trust is rapidly introducing Slav women in the place of the German men, who, up to 1903, furnished the sausage-workers.

An eye-witness at the Stock Yards describes a scene in one of the large packing-houses. 'A month ago,' he says, 'we stood with a superintendent in a room of the canning department. Down both sides of a long table stood twenty immigrant women; most of them were visibly middle-aged and mothers. "Look at that Slovak woman," said the superintendent. She stood bending slightly forward, her dull eyes staring straight down, her elbow jerking back and forth, her hands jumping in nervous haste to keep up with the gang. These hands made one simple precise motion each second, 3600 an hour, and all exactly the same. "She is one of the best workers we have," the superintendent was saying. We moved closer and glanced at her face. Then we saw a strange contrast. The hands were swift, precise, intelligent. The face was stolid, vague, vacant. "It took a long time to pound the idea into her head," the superintendent continued; "but when this grade of woman once absorbs an idea she holds it.

She is too stupid to vary. She seems to have no other thought to distract her. She is as sure as a machine. For much of our work this woman is the kind we want. Her mind is all on the table."'

A few years ago the miner in the coal-fields was a skilled worker in the true sense. He handled dynamite, calculated his own timbering, under-cut the coal, and worked on piece-work tonnage. The mining machine did away with the skilled pick-work, and a machine drilled the holes which broke down the cut-under coal. The holes were fired by a specialized workman. This new work of tending the machines under a foreman is done largely by unskilled agricultural laborers from the Balkan States, who have never seen a coal mine. The skilled American coal-miner is rapidly deserting the Pennsylvania soft-coal region.

The irregularity of the miner's working days, hourly and yearly, must always be taken into account. In 1898, in anthracite coal, the men worked 152 days, the lowest record since 1890; in 1917, 285 days, the highest record. The average number of days worked during a year from 1890 to 1917 is 204. In bituminous coal the average has been 214. There is considerable variation in the hours of work among coal-miners. The average day for anthracite in 1919 is 7.4 hours; the average wage 61 cents per hour. The largest number of men are found to be working eight to nine hours, at wages of from 50 to 60 cents. Over ten per cent of the 1892 men studied work over ten hours, and one third over 12 hours. At the other extreme, 20 per cent work under six hours, and one half under four hours. In bituminous coal, the average day is 5.5 hours, the average wage 72 cents per hour; 10,790, by far the largest group, fall under the heading '60, and under 70, cents.'

Even in the industry alleged to demand more skill among its workmen than any other, the manufacture of automobiles, the machine is beginning to render technical knowledge and experience unnecessary. The great Ford plant at Detroit employed 40,000 men, manufactured 2618 machines a day, or 785,432 a year, and in 1917 produced \$350,000,000 to \$400,000,000 worth of cars, as compared with \$89,000,000 worth in 1913 and \$206,867,343 in 1916.

The basic fact in a consideration of this factory is that it produces one car which holds almost without change to one model. This standardization of type has allowed all the economies of large-scale production. All operations are simplified to the last possible division. An agricultural laborer from Austria-Hungary can be made a one-piece moulder in three days, and in two days could be a finished core-maker. A maximum period of two days is allowed for learners in most branches of the work. If the operation is not learned within that time, the worker is moved on to another type of occupation.

Labor need not even be able-bodied. The overhead crane has done away with lifting and trucking. By planning and crowding machines on the floor, the four-cylinder casting, which formerly traveled over 4000 feet in the finishing, now (1914) travels but 334 feet.

Steadily the labor of this plant becomes unskilled, the change keeping pace with the unceasing mechanization of the productive work. So minute has the subdivision of labor become, that men must be moved from one job to another in order to make it humanly possible to keep working over a long period within the plant.

In 1890, in a certain community in Pennsylvania, a glass-factory was built, and skilled glass-workers from Belgium, Germany, and France imported. Very

few unskilled workers could be used. Late in the nineties glass-making machinery was perfected and was introduced into this factory. The machines simplified the principal operations so much that cheap unskilled labor was immediately put at work. The Glass-Workers' Union recognized the danger in this development, and in 1898 struck against the machine. The union was beaten, and by 1904 every plant in the community had fully installed the machines. Italians, Poles, Slovaks, and Russians rapidly filled the industry, and now (1914) all plants are running as 'open shops.' Of the 9000 inhabitants of this community, 4800 were recent immigrants from Southeastern Europe. This same story finds endless repetition in the intensive studies of the Federal Immigration Commission.

An uncolored statement from the United States Tariff Commission Report (1918) illuminates a striking phase of American large-scale production:—

'Without touch or aid of human hand, an automatic machine produces complete one-dram bottles at the rate of 165 per minute. In the manufacture of beer bottles one machine displaces 54 skilled hand-workmen. The labor cost is "practically nothing." . . . In the making of bottles by the hand method, the labor cost in 1916 was 57 per cent of the total factory cost in twenty-six factories. The greater part of this is due to the high wages paid the skilled blowers. By the automatic method the wage of the skilled operative is a cost that is entirely eliminated.'

A machine-blower in the most efficient American factories can blow five cylinders of window-glass simultaneously, each nearly 39 feet long and 32 inches in diameter, in less time than it takes a Belgian hand-blower to blow one cylinder 5 feet long and 5 inches in diameter. The wages of this skilled operative are \$40 per week. In the de-

moralization of industry due to competition between hand-made and machine-made glass in 1912-1913, wages sank two thirds. Hand-workers went down to \$15 a week; even so, machine-made glass was cheaper. Wages at that time were lower in the United States than in Belgium. Now there are but 1800 hand window-glass blowers — among the most highly skilled of all workmen — in the United States, and their annual income does not average \$100 per month.

An improvement in the hours of work is noticeable. In 1914, 1738 glass-workers in Pennsylvania were employed 72 hours a week. The 1919 statistics show that 7.7 hours is the average day with about one fifth of the workers employed ten hours and over. The average wage to-day is 50 cents per hour, with almost half the workers earning under 40 cents.

The International Harvester Company has carried factory organization to almost perfect simplification. A single illustration will suffice. A small plate called a 'sickle section' is used on all grass-cutting or grain-cutting machines. Thirty operations are required to fashion it. The operatives live through the following sequence.

1. *Unload*. — The sheets of metal are unloaded from the cars. The man is paid so much per pound.

2. *Truck*. — A man conveys these sheets to the machine.

3, 4. *Cut*. — A man feeds the sheets into a machine, which cuts them out in their present form, 20,000 a day. It requires one motion of the arm for each piece. A boy, about sixteen years old, picks up these plates, arranges them in rows in boxes ready for the next operation — 30,000 per day.

5. *Punch* is the next operation. These two holes are punched by a machine which works automatically. One boy feeds and tends two or three machines.

6. *Pick up*.

7. *Countersink*. — The two holes are slightly enlarged on one side to receive the head of the rivet — 7000 per day.

8. *Pick up*.

9. *Truck*. — The plates are transferred to another machine.

10. *Bevel*. — The edge is ground to a bevel by clamping it in a frame and shoving the frame against a whirling grindstone. One of these plates is dropped into the slot in a frame; this frame is shoved against the stone, and then drawn back; another plate is dropped into the slot, shoved, drawn back, and so on, 5000 times each day.

11. *Pick up*.

12. *Truck*.

13. *Serrate*. — A row of young men stand at feeding-machines, which run at great speed and with deafening noise. These machines cut the teeth on the bevel edge of the plate — 7000 per day.

14. *Truck*.

15. *Harden*. — This is done by heating.

16. *Truck*.

17. *Inspect*. — A man picks out and discards the defective plates.

18. *Draw temper*.

19. *Truck*.

20. *Pick up*.

21. *Face*. — The surface of the plate is polished on an emery wheel. The man does 4000 a day.

22. *Pick up*.

23. *Back Bevel*. — The edge is slightly ground.

24. *Pick up*.

25. *Truck*.

26. *Burr*. — The fuzz is taken off the edge — 4000 per day.

27. *Polish*.

28. *Inspect*.

29. *Stamp*. — The name of the manufacturer is stamped on the face of the plate.

30. *Oil*. — The plates are dipped in oil to prevent rusting.¹

This subdivision of processes demands not only a minimum of technical knowledge, but also a passive, stolid labor-class temperament. Against the the dead, stupefying monotony of this work a virile laborer would rise.

¹ Quoted from PRICE, *The Labor of the People*.

The cigar industry began dispensing with skilled labor when machinery invaded the province of the hand cigar-maker. Formerly certain stogie factories which were investigated paid the girls making cigars on the mechanical 'roll-tables' 11 cents per hundred if over 6000 were rolled in a week, and 9 cents if under this number were rolled. To earn the \$6.60 in the week, an almost impossible speed was demanded. In 1914 the greatest number of male employees was found in the group earning 30 to 40 cents an hour and working a seven-hour to eight-hour day. The women employed worked 7.6 hours a day at the average wage of 32 cents per hour. Over half of the women in the industry worked eight hours and over, and slightly under one third earned under 25 cents an hour.

The manufacture of silk cloth has become one of the greatest American industries. In 1909 the United States imported two fifths of the world's production of raw silk; in 1918, 34,448,000 pounds of raw silk were imported, valued at \$180,906,000. American ingenuity has brought silk-throwing and weaving machinery to its greatest perfection, and has outstripped the other industrial nations in making the industry adapt itself completely to the factory system. In 1904 concerns producing over a million dollars in silk controlled 29.8 per cent of the American production, in 1909, 34.8 per cent, in 1914, 46.6 per cent. In 1909 there were 99,037 silk-workers in the United States, the great majority being employed in the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In 1914 the number had increased to 108,180. Of these 61.5 per cent were women and children, and in Pennsylvania women and children constitute 70.4 per cent of the industry's working force. One mill worked 76 children under 14 years of

age. Seven of thirty-six mills studied had regular night-work. It is to be noted that the 1914 census shows a decided decrease in hours of labor over 1909. Pennsylvania, with its higher percentage of women and children, is rapidly acquiring a dominant position in the American silk industry, and New Jersey's participation is relatively growing steadily less. This is explained by the fact that the technique has simplified the manual labor of silk-making until the wives and children of immigrants can do the work. This labor is cheap and plentiful in the coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania. A silk manufacturer has said, —

'An ideal location of a silk-manufacturing plant would be one in which labor was abundant, intelligent, skilled and cheap; where there were no labor unions or strikes; where the laws of the state made no restriction as to hours of labor or age of workers; where people were accustomed to mill life.'

The 'throwing' or spinning of silk has been much simplified, and almost 20 per cent of all spinners in Pennsylvania are children. Of the eight operations in silk-thread making, four are unskilled work, four are semi-skilled. The average wage in 1910 in this department was 84 cents per day for adults, and 43 cents for children. Up to 1910, in the coal-mining camps young girls often worked a sixty-hour week in these mills for from \$1.50 to \$2. In 1919, the average length of the working day in silk is 7.9 hours, and the daily wage 39.5 cents.

In weaving, the German loom has been superseded by the 'high-speed loom.' The mechanism of this loom is simpler, and women and girls can operate it quite as satisfactorily as men, and at lower wages.

In the United States machine technique has displaced the skilled worker with the unskilled, and now is well on

the way to displace the unskilled male with the immigrant woman and child.

England gave the cotton industry its great inventions, and the United States simplified their control. The race of trained English operatives, with their inherited cotton-mill traditions, had no parallel in America. The labor force here was, first, the Canadian farmer, then the Slav immigrant, and in the South the illiterate poor whites of the Cumberland Mountains. This labor demanded an industrial technique in keeping with its skill. What is the technique?

The cotton bale is broken by a mechanical breaker, then picked up by an automatic distributor, and taken to the picker. The carding machine introduced the immigrant to this department, and the 'comber' cut in two the labor-cost of combing. But it was in the important department of spinning that the most vital technical changes took place. There the conflict was between the ring-frame and the historical mule-spinning frame. The mule weaves a finer yarn, but it demands the attention of a skilled adult spinner. The ring-frame is simple, less liable to get out of order, and breaks the yarn less; hence women, children, and immigrants are the type of labor found in a ring-frame mill.

England has a stable, non-migrating, skilled textile population. America has a migrating textile labor force, unskilled and alien. In England the industry is completely unionized and the speed of the machinery is moderated. In 1910, in the United States, only 8000 of the 378,000 textile workers were in the union, and the speed of rotation of the ring-spindle had increased two and a half times since 1860. The number of ring-spindles in the United States increased threefold from 1889 to 1914, while the number of mule-frame spindles steadily, if slowly, diminished. In the typical woman- and child-employ-

ing state of South Carolina, only 3660 spindles out of 4,548,338 are mules.

In the weaving department, the warp-tying and drawing-in machines have displaced labor. But the most important simplification of a process is achieved by the Northrup Automatic loom. This weaving machine has reduced labor one half. Adjusted as it is to the prevailing industrial conditions in this country, the Northrup loom is rapidly supplanting the earlier patents. Both in spinning and weaving America has developed machines which permit the utilization of the most available supply of labor, — the unskilled immigrant, — and this has been an important factor in promoting the success of cotton manufacturing here.

Of the 393,404 wage-earners in cotton, 53.4 per cent are men, 38.2 per cent women, and more than 8 per cent children. In the spinning and weaving department, where the mechanical technique is developed and standardized, — and, unhappily, it must be added, work is more intense and attention more sustained, — there are found the women and children. The men control roughly one half of the weaving, but are largely found in the minor technical departments, in repairing, and doing the work of mill laborers.

The fact that women and children dominate the great technical departments of the industry, and that the newly arrived alien dominates the male labor, indicates that the employer has achieved that prime prerequisite of an unhindered technical development — a passive, subservient labor force. It would be difficult to find an example of production anywhere in the world where the industrial technique dominates more the social and intellectual life of the industry.

The influence of technique in characterizing the foregoing industries is in no

way so absolute as the effect of improved machinery upon the labor force in the steel industry. In the United States the industry of smelting ore and making merchant steel employs over 300,000 men, and is capitalized at one and one half billions. All the various processes in the manufacture of steel are mechanically handled and rigidly continuous beyond the most optimistic dreams of early systematizers. In addition to the introduction of automatic machinery, the human labor has been subdivided and simplified until in 1910 the percentage of men in the industry skilled in the traditional sense had sunk from 60 to 24. Some plants show an even greater change. The roll-tables, which now carry and distribute the white-hot ingots, are controlled by a semi-skilled man with levers, who sits high up in a small cage, the 'pulpit,' in the side of the building. The big crews of skilled catchers and roughers, who formerly handled by hand the steel in the rolls, have disappeared. Thousands of dollars and exhaustive experiments are used to do away with the labor of a single man. Machinery has been greatly increased in size; more power is used. The electric overhead crane has, literally, replaced hundreds of men; scrap steel is now picked up by the ton by a single semi-skilled man in control of an electric magnet; steel rails are cut, sorted, and shoved out on the cooler, by a remote man in a chair with a lever in his hand. The ore which two days ago lay in its geological bed in the Upper Superior region, may to-day be sorted, measured, and stamped steel rails, sold and about to leave the mill on a flat car for some far western railway division.

It is difficult to realize how completely the adaptation of machinery, stimulated by the 'continuous process' of steel-production, has changed the very nature of the industry. If the best economies are to be realized, the pig iron must be converted into steel while yet liquid, and this steel rolled at once into merchantable shapes without cooling. As the blast furnaces increased the tonnage of the 'cast,' great machines had to be contrived to handle the growing units and handle them rapidly. The relative weight of the product, the necessary speed in its handling, the great heat of the pig iron and steel, the standardization of the product, the quickly recognized economies of large-scale production, all stimulated the introduction of the automatic machine. In the smelting of ore between 1899 and 1909, the number of workers in the industry actually decreased 2.1 per cent, the horse-power used increased 136 per cent, value of materials, 144 per cent, and capital invested in the plant, 241 per cent. This is the statistical indication of the decline in importance of human labor and the increasing part played by capital.¹

When pig iron was cast into sand, it required 500 men to handle the 2500-ton output of five furnaces. With the pig-casting machine now in use and the direct conversion of the molten pig iron, 130 men are a complete casting crew for that tonnage. The 'mud-gun' and pneumatic drill have displaced many skilled men. One of the very recent labor-saving machines to be installed is that for handling molten iron, by which four men now do the work formerly accomplished by fourteen.

¹ The part played by machinery is graphically shown in the following:—

1890.	507 employees working 273 days produced	250,594 tons or 1.8 tons per man per day.
1902.	1,245 employees working 355 days produced	1,080,799 tons or 2.4 tons per man per day.
1910.	918 employees working 275 days produced	1,455,706 tons or 5.8 tons per man per day.

The most important devices were the electrically operated furnace-charging skips, or 'larries,' and the automatic charge-mixers.

In ore-handling, the labor-saving was even more marked. In 1901, 680 men unloaded at the docks of one large plant 13 tons of ore per man per working day. In 1910, 109 men unloaded 164 tons per man per day — a twelvefold increase. The remarkable efficiency of the 'ore bridge' with its grab-buckets accounts for this productivity.

In steel-converting, the Bessemer process was revolutionized by the building of larger converters, the direct use of the molten pig iron, the pouring into moulds set on cars, and the extended use of the overhead electric crane. From 1890 to 1905 the output of steel per man grew from 2.7 to 9.7 tons. The open-hearth converter brought about an even more remarkable development of mechanical appliances. Charging machines handling tons replaced the exhaustive and dangerous hand-charging. The pig iron was brought direct from the mixers, molten in ladles. The steel was cast into ingot moulds set on cars. Water-cooled doors lessened the heat as well as danger. Longer overhead cranes, larger cars and locomotives, and — of most importance — great specialized steel buildings, give the open-hearth process perhaps the most remarkable mechanical evolution in the industry.

In the steel industry proper, despite its going over for the first time into the manufacture of merchant shapes which demand much hand-labor, the labor force increased but 31 per cent in the ten years 1899 to 1909, while horse-power used increased 91 per cent, materials 68 per cent, and capital invested 135.5 per cent. From 1909 to 1914 labor increased 5 per cent; horse-power 28.8 per cent; material decreased 10.1 per cent; capital increased 25.2 per cent.

This has resulted, in the last few years, in a tendency to develop a new type of worker, the semi-skilled, at the expense of both the skilled men above him and the unskilled below. These

semi-skilled are recruited from the unskilled workers, who, after a period of work, have picked up some single dexterity, such as handling a crane or a lever, but who lack, as a rule, any mechanical knowledge. A steel superintendent put it tersely: 'That Pole skidding rails up the incline with his lever-control could be replaced in five minutes by any one of those three laborers there. They have each been watching like hawks for months every move he has made. We can get a thousand of these semi-skilled to-morrow by calling on the gang bosses. They can't go very wrong with the machine, no matter how confused they get; and in the end, while they know only one small operation, they have that cold.'

The machine displaces the unskilled, and the semi-skilled displaces the skilled at the machine. This new evolution dates roughly from the recent increase in the use of electric power in the plants.

Certain conditions have been found which profoundly influence the length of the working day. The great increase in capital tied up in steel plants, and the continuous nature of the process of steel-making forced by the technique on the industry; the desire of the plant-owners to flood a good steel market though it means an hysteria of over-production and over-time — these economic considerations have brought the seven-day week, and, even more socially important, the twelve-hour day. To quote from the *Labor Monthly Review* for October, 1919: 'The tendency toward shorter working days which has been seen in most industries during this period [1913-1919], and which seems to be reflected in the hours of iron and steel employees during the early years, has been more than overcome by the pressure of war-production during the later years.'¹

¹ According to a government report of 1919 (*Labor Monthly Review* for September), the

Technique has produced a steel-worker type possessed of less skill and required to work longer hours at higher pressure and for lower wages, than his predecessor. The speed of work demanded makes it impossible for those not young and hardy to last. In the sheet mills, which have not experienced a single important change in machinery organization in the last twenty years, the output per man has doubled, and it has been through the laborer's increased intensity of work. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* of September 24, 1904, mentions a general order of the Carnegie Steel Company, directing superintendents to hire no man over forty years of age in any department, and in some departments only men under thirty-five. Technique has gone on unrestrained, and has produced in the end a labor-status which demands a force far more subservient and docile than the American worker of tradition, with a standard of wages and living far lower, and, for the continuance of the status, an absence of a capacity to organize.

Has the industry acquired such a force? Did this force appear because of the demand for it, or did its accidental presence stimulate industrial technique to create the present organization of production in the steel industry?

Industrial evolution was fated to produce the technique of the automatic machine. The all-important necessity of exact standardization in the production of duplicate parts meant that the one irresponsible, variable influence — man's labor — must be minimized,

average day at present in the steel industry is 7.8 hours, the average hourly wage, 74.8 cents. There are 5497 of the 31,588 men studied who work over 12 hours, and 5968 who work under four hours; 37 per cent earn under 50 cents an hour; 60 per cent earn under 60 cents. According to the statistics of the Bureau of Applied Economics at Washington, the average weekly wage in 1915 was \$11.76. In 1919 it was \$26.94. — C. S. P.

even eradicated. At once a vast equipment of nineteenth-century skill and trade-knowledge lost value. Unskilled labor, capable only of sustained attention, became the typical labor. Not only did the huge markets of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, and Pittsburg furnish a ready supply to the capitalist, but the human elements in this labor market found that they could easily sell their unskilled labor in any market which had a labor demand, and the stimulus to a restless migratory spirit was given. The number of hirings in the year necessary to keep the factory force up to normal has steadily increased. As the simplification of processes develops, one immigrant race is rapidly displaced by another of lower industrial knowledge and willing to work for lower wages. As the intensity and monotony of the work increased, a race more pliable and subservient, less liable to organize, was naturally sought by the employer. The United States Steel Corporation advertised during the tin-mill strike in 1909: 'Wanted: Tanners, Catchers, and Helpers, to work in open shops. Syrians, Poles, and Roumanians preferred.'

The new technique came because the machine industry born in the English industrial revolution was predestined to produce it. One of the most remarkable coincidences in economic history is the migration to America from Europe of a great nation of unskilled workers during the very period when the simplification and mechanization of American industry took place. Whether this unskilled labor-supply came because America's simplified industry offered it employment, or the industry simplified itself to use the cheap adult labor arriving at the rate of almost a million a year, is a question to which a correct answer is not essential. The labor and technique came together.

THE HUMAN FACTOR

A WORKINGMAN'S ESTIMATE

[In considering the bitter struggle now in progress between capital and labor, discussion usually turns on economic principles, while little attention is paid to the intractable human factor very often dominant. Thinking of this, the editor wrote to a friendly correspondent, who, after receiving a classical education, was obliged for his health's sake to give up his position a dozen years ago, and seek his livelihood in the open air as a carpenter and mason. At both these trades he has acquired technical skill. This man knows men. We think his answer to our letter worth printing in full. — THE EDITORS.]

Sunday, November 2, 1919.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Thank you for your kind note. I am writing you because I cannot otherwise get your letter out of my mind.

From my own observation at close range, I believe that society is being made to stand and deliver. The profiteer set the example, the workingman followed with alacrity, and everyone who can is now trying to 'get his,' and the economic Dance of Death is in full swing. Hence wages and prices are no criterion of the value of work done or of a commodity sold. I erected a small building for a man some time ago and charged him ten per cent less than the regular wage, for I knew he was under heavy expense at the time, and I thought it was only decent so to do. Again, I taught a friend trigonometry last winter for nothing. He wanted to pay me, but I was more than paid by

the pleasure of it. I was getting good pay too from the government at the time, and was in no actual need of the money; and in spite of the saying of an economist, that 'a man who would give his labor for nothing is a social monster,' I know there are many workmen who feel as I do and act as I do when they get a chance. Furthermore, if society chooses to pay me more for driving nails into a board than it pays the man or woman who drives ideas and ideals into the heads of its children, society, it would seem to me, will some day have to go to school to a dictator. When the functions of society are disturbed, the laws that are exponential of those functions are disturbed, too. The law of 'supply and demand' has its limitations, and so has the present, popular law of 'supply and be damned.'

Let me get down to particulars. One Sunday morning in the tropics, I was resting from my work, looking out over the marble surface of the cloud-reflecting ocean, — for it was flat calm, — when a group of waiters started to grind a big ice-cream freezer; and as the work was heavy, they cajoled a stoker, with the promise of a quarter and some ice-cream, to turn it for them. The coal-smearing half-naked wretch, who was glad to get up where he could breathe any cooler air, ground away joyfully, and the sweat ran off him like oily ink, so foul with coal-dust he was. At last the freezer stiffened and the job was done, and he was recompensed by being kicked bodily down the companion-way and told to go to hell where

he belonged. I hunted him up later and found him at his dinner, a kind of hash, which was dumped on a dirty coal-besmirched board. Those who did not own knife, fork, or spoon ate this with their hands. I gave him the quarter, and the only response was a stare and the question, 'How the hell did *you* ever ship on this bloody wagon?'

From that moment I understood the profound meaning of the motto of a once great steamship line: 'To sail the seas is necessary, to live is not necessary.'¹

Coming into New York harbor on another voyage, I found myself gazing at a man who had been helping wash down the decks. Bare-footed, bare-headed, a splendid specimen of physical power, he stood glaring at one of the passengers, who was quietly reading a magazine as he leaned against the rail. The lips of my fellow toiler of the sea writhed and his eyes dilated. Suddenly walking straight up to the passenger, he snatched the magazine and broke out, 'I can read as well as you.' And he began running his finger up and down the page, and blurting out incoherent attempts at something which, whatever it was, did not come from those, to him, undecipherable pages. The passenger smiled contemptuously, gave him a tip, if you can call it that, and turned on his heel. I have never seen a wilder look of chagrin and despair than came over that man's face as he crumpled the magazine and slunk down the companion-way that led to the 'glory hole.'

Though I tried to find him, I never saw him again, and yet in a sense I have never lost sight either of him or his fellow sufferer, the stoker, for I see these two types again and again in strange places and strange disguises. For instance, last winter, as I was returning one evening from my work in the foun-

dry at League Island Navy Yard, a man in the crowded trolley-car suddenly tore open his very handsome silk shirt and began pulling out a portion of his undershirt, also of silk. Then he stretched the heavy ribbed material with both hands, and told us he had paid eighteen dollars for his undershirt, and as long as he lived, would never wear anything cheaper. The crowd — working-men and working-women — cheered. Then another man told us very abruptly that his wife was a lady and that he had bought her a dress for \$140, and that before she went without such a dress he would — here he lunged at a woman and intimated in a very vivid pantomime that he would tear the dress off some more bountifully provided woman to supply any deficiency in his wife's wardrobe. This also was highly pleasing to the crowd.

Now it would be easy to describe all this in a comic vein; but when you realize the pitiable perversion of the very human idea of providing for one's wife, it seems anything but comic. And so I thought, as I gazed on the flushed faces riant with their new wealth: 'Here at last my old friends from the stoke-hole and the fore-castle have forced their way on deck, and what will become of the ship once their hands hold the helm? And not the ship only, but the officers and the passengers, and those who have consigned their wares to her hold?'

It is becoming daily, hourly, more difficult to guide such people. I could multiply similar types indefinitely; but here is another type less tractable to bit or bridle, perhaps. This man is a Neapolitan. He was standing on a ladder, cleaning a window. Quite forgetful of his task, — although he was very industrious, — he was singing in a wonderfully sweet tenor voice the well-known 'La donna e mobile,' from *Rigoletto*. Along comes an electrician, kicks

¹ 'Navigare necesse est, vivere non necesse est.' — THE EDITORS.

the ladder from under him, calls him a fool of a ——— 'Wop,' and tells him to 'cut it out, and sing something up to date.' Several of us intervened and averted a fight, but the Neapolitan would not be pacified till he had given his assailant a piece of his mind. He spoke very good English, much better than his tormentor's, who had showered him with an unusual amount of abuse.

'You call me a fool,' he began; 'I know two languages and speak and read two, and you know only one. I know the ways of two countries and you know the ways of only one. I came across the ocean. You have never left Philadelphia. You tell me I never go to church, or to the lodge, or to vote. Well, I have been to many churches, but only once to any one. I go to the Socialist meeting, but only once. I go to the political meeting, but only once. It is always the same — always, at all the churches and all the meetings. The priest and the minister say, "Give us your money." The politician says, "Give us your vote." So does the Socialist. So does the anarchist. They give you heaven in the next world, hell here, nothing else. When the king or any big man has a dinner, I and my brothers are not there. They forget me and my brothers. We are fighting for them, working for them, dying for them, but they have forgotten us. All these people take from me, they don't give to me. You don't see it. I see it. You are the fool, not me. At my house we pass around a cup at supper. I put in ten cents every day. That is the collection in my church. That is for the baby. We go into the country. The children roll on the grass and so do we. We vote for a good time. That is my political meeting. In the evening my little girl and my wife and myself all sing, sometimes together, sometimes to each other. That is my church. My church is my home. There are no

electricians there and we are all happy.'

By accident I found out how to manage a man like this. One lunch-hour I wrote out a few lines of Dante that I happened to remember: 'Per me si va nella città dolente,' down to 'voi che entrate,'¹ and showed them to him. He read them over very gravely, very slowly. Then his face lighted up. 'That is fine, fine. You write that, Charley? You are my friend!' And he shook hands with me eagerly.

I explained at last that he was doing me too much honor, that they were written by a countryman of his own.

'You are my friend just the same,' he insisted, 'my very good friend. *I would do a lot for you.*'

Well, the sad part of all this is that nearly all these men have lost faith in the integrity of the 'upper classes.' 'Give me where I may stand, and I will move the earth.' But where is this standing-room to be found to-day? The rising tides of violence and lawlessness are lapping it incessantly. If the average man believes our courts are crooked, he will resort to any means to obtain his own ends rather than trust to that in which he has no faith. There can be no permanent progress till that faith is restored and fortified; and if it is not restored, another jurist may have to pronounce the mournful verdict: 'Why go into details about politics? The whole country is going to rack and ruin.'²

Is there not something radically wrong in our educational ideals? We teach men and women trades, we teach them professions; these are all most essential, but they put men into competition with one another, into sharp contrast with one another; for, let de-

¹ The inscription above the door of Hell: 'Through me you go into the sorrowful city. . . . Ye who enter.'

² 'De re publica quid ego tibi subtiliter? tota periit.' — CICERO, *Letters to Atticus*, II, 21, 1.

mocracy disguise it as it will, there is a different dignity to different professions and trades, and one calling (no less than one star) differeth from another calling in glory. These are in a sense centrifugal social forces, and we need opposing 'humanities,' which, though they lead to no specific calling perhaps, nevertheless supplied the forces that united all men in love of justice and truth, in respect for law, in the practice of toleration and mercy and charity, which softened the edge of power, gave a grace to weakness, and allotted a place and a portion to poverty and limited capacity. Once more society, upheaved by war, seems to be undergoing a new differentiation, and the real question of the day is: Suppose we do not like our new social differential coefficient when we get it, what are we going to do about it? How are we going to reverse the process? How are we going to perform the integration? For 'integrating is a process of *finding our way back*, as compared with differentiating.'

I do not believe it is possible to anticipate a solution, but I have faith — and that after I have worked a number of years in the camp of capitalist and laborer, respectively — that the conditions for a successful solution are very simple, although history teaches that progress generally comes by a rougher road. There is, first of all, a very pressing need for more honesty, charity, and reverence in the world to-day than ever before. Old values, now discarded, will have to be resumed. Sentiment must take the place of sentimentality. There can be no social life worth the name without mutual trust, and no mutual trust without mutual honesty. There can be no abiding charity, if life is only a game of putting it over on the other man and getting by. If every shopkeeper, every landlord, every corporation, every union, is to emulate Jack

Sheppard indefinitely, there will be a very definite end in due season.

In reality, all labor, whether of head or hand, is simply a service, and it is a dishonest service if you exact more than you give, whether in service returned or money paid; for 'money is only a documentary claim on the labor of others.' After our essential wants are provided for, there is no greater satisfaction in life than reverence, and there is no human faculty that has a wider field in the world around us, in the heaven above us, and in the hearts and arts of our fellow men and women. Teach all men to serve rightly real art, real literature, real science, real labor, and share all these with them, and you need not fear they will tear your tapestries, loot your libraries, or fling sand into the wheels of your machinery, industrial or social, much less, crush human life. Society must stop sending her children to the anarchist for instruction; she must teach them herself. Men have been taught to hate, to kill, to destroy. It is time they were taught to love, to cherish, to construct. Destruction is a closed curve, and only leads back to the ruin it has wrought. Construction is an infinite spiral that attains heaven at last and vanishes among the stars.

Many men (and women), who are trustees of the higher values in life, are already acting in this faith. They may be bankers, they may be judges, they may be editors, they may be scholars, they may be mechanics — their faith has not been formulated, its articles have not been codified; and so it is ever pliable and advances with the times; but it binds together in moral harmony the two opposite poles of human life, the individual and the state. Each of these exists for and presupposes the other. They are like the reverse and obverse of the same coin, and when both are sound, the coin rings true

and will be acceptable at par in heaven.

Some years ago I was building a retaining form for an Italian mason to fill with concrete. He was over eighty years old, but his soul was still young. One noon hour he told me of his life in Sicily and its sulphur mines, and the shuddering memory he still had of it,

and I would like to close my letter with the old man's final words. 'The sun seems to rise and to set,' he said, 'but it really does not. Some day it will really rise for everybody, and when it does it will never set again.'

Yours sincerely,

CAROL WIGHT.

ON A BALCONY

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I.

THERE are some men whom a staggering emotional shock, so far from making them mental invalids for life, seems, on the other hand, to awaken, to galvanize, to arouse into an almost incredible activity of soul. They are somewhat in the same case as the elderly expressman who emerged from a subway smash untouched, save that he began to write free verse. Those who do not read free verse may consider the comparison too flippant. But the point must be insisted on, that there is far too much talk of love and grief benumbing the faculties, turning the hair gray, and destroying a man's interest in his work. Grief has made many a man look younger.

Or, one may compare the emotions with wine. The faculties of some men become quiescent with wine. Others are like Sheridan writing *The School for Scandal* right on through the night, with a decanter of port at his elbow getting emptier as the pages (and Sheridan) got full; or like Mozart, drinking wine to stimulate his brain to work, and employing his wife to keep him awake at the same time.

There was a singular disparity be-

tween the above trivial reflections and the scene upon which they were staged. I was seated on the balcony outside my room on the third floor of the Grand Hotel Splendid Palace at Smyrna. I was to leave that afternoon for Constantinople, having been relieved, and I had been watching with some attention the arrival of the destroyer upon whose deck, as a passenger, I was to travel.

I was distracted from this pastime by the growing excitement in the street below. Greek troops, headed by extremely warlike bands, were marching along the quay, gradually extending themselves into a thin yellowish-green line with sparkling bayonets, and congesting the populace into the fronts of the cafés. A fantastic notion assailed me that my departure was to be carried out with military honors. There is an obscure memorandum extant in some dusty office-file, in which I am referred to as 'embarrassing His Majesty's Government' — the nearest I have ever got to what is known as public life. The intoxication engendered proved conclusively that public life was not my *métier*.

But I was not to be deceived for long on this occasion. Motor-cars drove up, bearing little flags on sticks. A Greek general, a French admiral, an Italian captain, and a British lieutenant of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve jumped out of their respective chariots and, after saluting with the utmost decorum, shook hands with the utmost (official) cordiality. Looked at from above, the scene was singularly like the disturbance caused by stirring up a lot of ants with a stick.

By this time it was perfectly obvious that something more than the departure of a mere lieutenant of reserve was in the air. I knew that Royal Naval Volunteer Lieutenant, and the hope, the incipient prospect, of another taste of public life died within me. After all, I reflected (and this is how I led up to the other reflections already recorded), after all, one must choose between Obscurity with Efficiency, and Fame with its inevitable collateral of Bluff. There is a period, well on toward middle life, when a man can say such things to himself and feel comforted.

I knew that Royal Naval Volunteer Lieutenant, and I began to recall some remarks he had made the previous evening at dinner. He had said something about some big man coming. This was at the British Naval Residency, which was to be found, by the intrepid, in the Austrian Consulate. The British Naval Residency filled the Austrian Consulate very much as a penny fills the pocket of a fur overcoat. You could spend a pleasant morning wandering through the immense chambers of the Austrian Consulate and come away without having discovered anyone save a fat Greek baby whose mother washed in some secret subterranean chamber.

I was supposed to be messing at the British Naval Residency. I had even been offered by my country's naval representative (this same Royal Naval

Volunteer Lieutenant) the use of any room I liked, to sleep in, if I had a bed, and bed-clothes to put on it. He even offered me the throne-room — a gigantic affair about the size of the Pennsylvania Terminal and containing three hassocks, and a catafalque like a half-finished sky-scraper. At night, when we dined, an intrepid explorer who, we may suppose, had reached the great doors after perils which had turned him gray, would see, afar off across the acres of dried and splitting parquet flooring, a table with one tiny electric light, round which several humans were feasting. If his travels had not bereft him of his senses, he might have gathered that these extraordinary beings were continually roaring with laughter at their own wit. Out of the gloom at intervals would materialize a sinister oriental figure bearing bottles whose contents he poured out in libations before his humorous masters.

This frightful scene (near on midnight) was the British Naval Residency at dinner. And I ought to have paid attention, — only I was distracted by an imaginary bowstring murder going on in the throne-room beyond the vast folding doors, — and then I would have heard the details of the function taking place below my hotel windows. But it is impossible to pay attention to the details of a ceremonial while a beautiful Circassian, on her knees between two husky Ottoman slaves who are hauling at the cord which has been passed in a clove-hitch about her neck, is casting a last glance of despair upon the ragged and cobwebbed scarlet silk portière. It may be objected that, as the tragedy was an imaginary one, I was not compelled to dwell upon it. The reader and I will not quarrel over the point. I will even make him a present of the fact that there are no beautiful Circassians in that part of the world. They have all been kidnaped and carried

away to the seraglios of our popular novelists, who marry them, in the last chapter, to dashing young college men of the 'clean-cut' breed. But the British Naval Resident's cook is an artist, and the British Naval Resident's kummel, while it closes the front doors of the mind to the trivial tattle of conversation, draws up the dark curtain that hangs at the back and reveals a vast and shadowy stage, whereon are enacted the preposterous performances of the souls of men.

II

But however hazy I might be myself about this event, all Smyrna seemed cognizant. As I sat on my balcony, I was joined by the children of the family in the next room. Who the family in the next room may be I am somewhat at a loss to explain. At first I imagined they were a family of Russian refugees named Buttinsky; but Katia, the eldest, who is ten and speaks French, says her father is a major of artillery and is named Priam Callipoliton. From occasional glances through the open door while passing, one imagines that a married major in the army of the Hellenes has a fierce time when he is at home. There are three beds in the room, besides a gas-stove and a perambulator. Leaning over my balcony railing one early morning, and poking with a walking-stick at an enigmatic crimson patch on the Callipoliton window-sill, I discovered, to my horror, that it was a raw liver, left out to keep cool.

Priam seems to be fairly hard at it at the front. Madame, a shapeless and indomitable creature, regards me with that look of mysterious yet comfortable *camaraderie* which women with large families seem to reserve for strange bachelors. I like her. She uses my balcony (having none of her own) with a frank disregard of the small change of etiquette which is beyond praise. I

come up from the street in the middle of the morning and find Madame and the *femme-de-chambre* leaning comfortably on my balcony-rail, a sisterly pair, each couple of high French heels worn sideways, each broad-hipped skirt gaping at the back, each with a stray hank of hair waving wildly in the strong breeze blowing across the glittering gulf. If I cough, they turn and nod genially. If I explain apologetically that I wish to change, they nod again and shut the big *jalousies* upon me and my astounding modesty.

And if they are not there, the children are. Katia is the possessor of three small sisters and a small brother. They are Evanthe, Theodosia, and Sophia, with Praxiteles sifted in somewhere between them. They were rather amazing at first. 'Êtes-vous marié?' they squeaked in their infantile Hellenist trebles. 'Pas encore' only made them point melodramatic fingers at a photograph, with their ridiculous black pigtailed hanging over their shoulders. 'C'est lui, peut-être. Oui? Très jolie!' And the pigtailed vibrated with vehement nods.

They use my balcony. Praxiteles has a horrifying habit of sitting astride the rail. Katia takes the most comfortable chair and asks me genially why I do not go and make a promenade. 'Avec votre fiancée,' she adds, with enervating audacity. And I am supposed to have the exclusive use of this room, with balcony, for three pounds (Turkish) *per diem*!

The point, however, is that, if this be the state of affairs on ordinary days, on this particular morning, my balcony, like all the other balconies, is full. Madame and the *femme-de-chambre* are there. Katia, Evanthe, Theodosia, Sophia, and Praxiteles are to be heard of all men. Praxiteles endeavors to drag an expensive pair of field-glasses from their case, and is restrained only by main force. George, the floor-por-

ter, a sagacious but unsatisfactory creature, who plays a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde game with the *femme-de-chambre*, comes in, on the pretence of cleaning the electric-light fittings, and drifts casually to the balcony. George, descended no doubt from the famous George family of Cappadocia, if rung for, goes away to find Marthe, the *femme-de-chambre*. Marthe appears, merely to go away again to find George. It is a relief to see the two of them at once, if only to dispel the dreadful notion that George is Marthe and Marthe a sinister manifestation of George.

It is a gratifying thing to record, too, that all these people are perfectly willing that I should see the show as well. Katia, commanded by Madame, resigns the best chair, sulks a moment on one leg, and then forgets her annoyance in the thunder of the guns booming from the Greek warships in the roadstead. I forge my way through and find a stranger in the corner of my balcony.

For a moment I am in the grip of that elusive yet impenetrable spirit of benevolent antipathy which is the main cause of the Englishman's reputation for icy coldness toward those to whom he has not been introduced. Now you can either break ice or melt it; but the best way is to let the real human being, whom you can see through the cold blue transparencies, thaw himself out, as he will in time. Very few foreigners give us time. They jump on the ice with both feet. They attempt to be breezy and English, and leave us aghast at their inconceivable fatuity. While we are struggling within our deliquescent armor, and on the very point of escaping into the warm sunlight of genial conversation, they freeze us solid again with some frightful banality or racial solecism. The reader will perceive from this that the Englishman is not having such a pleasant time in the world as some people imagine.

However, the stranger on my balcony turns out to be, not a foreigner, but another Englishman, which is an even worse trial to some of us. He is, of course, smoking a cigarette. He wears an old straw hat, an old linen suit, and his boots are slightly burst at the sides. His moustache and scanty hair are iron gray. His eyes are pale blue. While he talks they remain fixed upon Cordelio, which is on the other side of the gulf. No doubt, if he were talking in Cordelio, they would be fixed upon Smyrna. He wears a plain gold wedding-ring. His clothes are stylish, which is not to say they are new. They might have been worn by a wealthy Englishman abroad, say nine or ten years ago. No Greek tailor, for example, would hole all those buttons on the cuffs, nor would he make the coat-collar 'lay' with such glove-like contiguity to the shoulders. Also, the trousers hang as Greek trousers never hang, in spite of their bagginess at the knees.

Keeping a watchful eye upon Cordelio, he bends toward me as I sit in my chair, and apologizes for the intrusion. Somehow the phrase seems homelike. Greeks, for example, never 'intrude': they come in, generally bringing a powerful whiff of garlic with them, and go out again, unregretted. They do not admit an intrusion. Even my friend Kaspar Dring, *Stab-Ober-Leutnant* attached to the defunct Imperial German Consulate, would scarcely appreciate the fine subtlety implied in apologizing for an intrusion. It may be that so gay a personality cannot conceive a psychological condition which his undefeated optimism would fail to illuminate. And so, when the stranger, who is, I imagine, on the verge of forty, murmurs his apology for his intrusion, I postulate for him a past emerging from the muzzy-minded ideals of the English middle class. He adds that, in fact, he had made a mistake in the number of

the room. Quite thought this was number seventy-seven, which was, I might know, the official residence of the Bolivian vice-consul, a great friend of his. Had arranged to see the affair from the Bolivian vice-consul's balcony. However, it did n't matter now, so long as I did n't mind — What? Of course, I knew what was going on. There! There he is, just stepping out of the launch. That's Skaramapopulos shaking hands with him now. English, eh? Just look at him! By Jove! who can beat us, eh? And just look at that upholstered old pork-butcher, with his eighteen medals and crosses, and never saw active service in his life. Too busy making his percentage on — What? No, not him — he's been asleep all his life. Oh, it was a game! However, now *he's* come, we may get something like order into the country. Did I mind if he took a few notes?

I did not mind. I tipped a member of the Callipoliton family off one of the other chairs, and begged my new friend to sit down. I fetched my binoculars and examined the scene below, where a famous British general stood, with his tan-gloved hand at the salute beside his formidable monocle, and was introduced to the Greek general, the French admiral, the Italian captain, and the British lieutenant. 'A cavalryman,' I muttered, as he started off down the line of Greek troops, hand at the salute, the sun gleaming on his brown harness and shining spurs. The Greek band was playing 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' very much off the key, and it almost seemed as if the tune was too much for the conquering hero himself, for he dived suddenly into a motor-car and moved rapidly away. Whereupon the band took breath and began to form fours, the yellowish-green lines of troops coagulated into oblong clots, the motor cars, with their little flags swarming, whooped and snarled at the crowds

from the cafés and side-streets, and the quay began to assume its wonted appearance (from above) of a disorganized ant-heap.

And my balcony began also to thin out. The Callipoliton faction dwindled to Madame, who was established on a chair at the other end, elbow on the rail, contemplating Mount Sipylus like a disillusioned sybil. Katia bounced back for a moment to inquire, in a piercing treble, whether my baggage was ready, and if so, should George descend with it to the entrance-hall?

I informed her that, if George was really bursting to do something useful, he could go ahead and do as she said.

She bounced away, and later the baggage was found down below; but I am inclined to believe that George sublet the contract to the Armenian boots and merely took a rake-off. George is built on those lines.

'So you are a reporter,' I remarked to my friend, eyeing the mangy-looking notebook he was returning to his pocket.

'Oh, yes,' he assured me, adding hastily, though I had made no comment, 'I'm getting on very well, too.'

He did n't look it, but I let that pass. You can never tell these millionaires nowadays. I thought I was safe in asking what paper he worked for.

'I've an article in to-day's *Mercur de Smyrne*. You've seen it, I suppose?'

I had n't. I'd never even heard of it. I had read the *Levant*, the *Independant*, the *Matin*, the *Orient*, and so forth; but the *Mercur* was a new one on me. It came out of his pocket like a shot — a single sheet with three columns on each side, three fourths of the back occupied by an insurance company's ad.

'This is mine,' he informed me, laying a finger on a couple of paragraphs signed 'Bijou.'

The article was entitled, 'Les Bas de Soie,' and was in the boulevardese style dear to the Parisian journalist.

'You write French easily?' I said, quite unable to keep down my envy.

He waved his cigarette.

'Just the same as English,' he assured me. 'Italian and Spanish also.'

'Then for the love of Michael Angelo why do you stop here in this part of the world? You might make your thousands a year on a big paper as a special commissioner. Why don't you go home?'

III

Well, he told me why he did n't go home, though not in so many words. If the reader will turn back to the beginning, he will see some reflections upon the behavior of men under emotional shock and stress. It is possible he may have already turned back, wondering what those remarks portended, what it was all about anyway. Well —

It seems that Mr. Satterley Thwaiteson (I quote his card, which he pressed upon me) had been in the Levant some time. He had had a very pleasant probation as articulated pupil to an architect in Norwich, — did I know it? — and had made quite a hobby of studying French architecture, in his own time, of course. Used to take his autumn vacation in Northern France, visiting the abbeys and ruins and so forth. Got quite a facility, for an Englishman, in the language. Perhaps it was because of this that, when he had been in a Bloomsbury architect's office for a year or so, and a clerk of works was needed for a Protestant church which some society was erecting in Anatolia, he, Satterley Thwaiteson, got the job. 'Secured the appointment,' were his exact words, but I imagine he meant, really, that he got the job. He came out, on one of the Pappayanni boats — did I know them? — and as far as I could gather, got his church up without any part of it falling down before the consecration service. Which, consider-

ing the Levantine contractor's conceptions of probity, was a wonder.

So far Mr. Satterley Thwaiteson's history seemed simple enough. Like many others of his imperial race, he had gone abroad and had added to the prestige of the English name by erecting a Protestant church in a country where Protestants are as plentiful as pineapples in Labrador. But — and here seems to be the joint in the stick — he did n't go home. All the time regarding Cordelio across the gulf with his pale-blue eyes, an expression of extraordinary pride and pleasure comes over his features, and banishes for a few moments the more permanent indication of a man who had lost the art of life. Extraordinary pride and pleasure! He did n't go home. Never did go home. It is obvious that the memory of this emotional treachery to the call of home is something to be treasured as one of the great things in life. No, on the contrary, he got married out here. Yes, a foreigner, too — a Roumanian. And they did n't get married in his wonderful Protestant church either, for she was a Roman Catholic. 'Here's a photo of her as she was then.'

He takes from his pocket an old wallet stuffed with folded letters, and fishes out a small flat oval frame that opens on a hinge. There are two portraits, photos colored like miniatures. One is the Mr. Satterley Thwaiteson of that day fifteen or sixteen years ago, not so different save as to the hair, of which there is not much at present. But the woman is beautiful. In these days of high-tension fiction, when novelists, like the Greek in one of Aristophanes's plays, walk about, each with his string of lovely female slaves, it is tame enough to say a woman is beautiful. And perhaps it would be better to say that this woman in the little colored photo was startling. The bronze hair piled high, the broad fair brow, the square indomi-

table chin, the pallor contrasting with the heavily lashed brown eyes, the exquisite lips, all formed a combination which must have had a rather curious effect upon the studious young man from Norwich *via* Bloomsbury. Filled him with pride for one thing, or he would n't be showing this picture to a stranger.

But what struck me about that girl's picture, even before he fished out a picture postcard photo of his family taken a month or two ago, was something in her face which can be expressed only by the word rapacity. Not, be it noted, a vampire. If the truth were known, there are very few vampires about, outside of high-tension fiction. But I saw rapacity, and it seemed a curious thing to find in a woman who, it transpired, had married him and borne him children, eight in all, and had made him so happy that he had never gone home.

For that was what had aged him and paralyzed him and kept him there until he was a shabby failure — happiness. That was what brought to his face that expression of extraordinary pride and pleasure. As I listened to his tale I wondered, and at the back of my mind, on the big shadowy stage of which I spoke, there seemed to be something going on which he forgot to mention. And when he showed me, with tender pride, the picture-postcard photo of his wife and her eight children, I could not get rid of the notion that there was something rapacious about her. Even now she was handsome, in a stout and domineering kind of way. It was absurd to accuse such a woman of rapacity. Was she not a pearl? Everything a woman should do, she had done. She had been fruitful, she had been a good mother, a virtuous wife, and her husband assumed an expression of extraordinary pride and pleasure when he showed a stranger her portrait. His happiness in her was so rounded and complete that he

would never have another thought away from her. He would never go to England again. Was not this marvelous?

As I pondered upon the marvel of it, I heard him telling me how he had found some difficulty in making a living out of the few architectural commissions which happened along, and gradually fell into the habit of giving lessons in English to Greeks and Armenians who were anxious to achieve social distinction. And when the war came, and he was shut up with everybody else in the city, he had to depend entirely upon the language lessons. And then, of course, he 'wrote for the press' as well, as he had shown me. He was very successful, he thought, taking everything into consideration. Why, he would get three pounds Turkish (about four dollars) for that little thing. Always signed himself 'Bijou.' His wife liked it. It was her name for him when they were lovers. And though, of course, the teaching was hard work, for Armenian girls were inconceivably thick-headed, and sometimes it occupied him twelve or fourteen hours a day, yet it paid, and he was happy.

And in the very middle of my irritation at him for harping on what he called happiness, I saw that I was right, after all: that girl had been rapacious. She had devoured his personality, fed on it, destroyed it, and had grown stout and virtuous upon it. His hair was thin and gray, he had a hunted and dilapidated look, and his boots were slightly burst at the sides. And he was happy. He had abandoned his profession, and he toiled like a packhorse for the bare necessities; yet he was happy. He was proud. It was plain he believed his position among men was to be gauged by his having won this peerless woman. He rambled on about local animosities and politics, and it was forced upon me that he would not do for a great news-

paper. He would have to go away and find out how the people of the world thought and felt about things, and I was sure he would never consent to do that. His wife would not like it. And he might not be happy.

It is evening, and the sun, setting behind Cordelio, shines straight through my room and along the great dusty corridor beyond. In the distance can be seen those antiphonal personalities, Marthe and George, in harmony at last, waiting to waylay me for a tip. On the balcony is the mother of all the Callipolitons, elbow on the rail, contemplating Mount Sipylus like some shrewd sybil who has found out the worthlessness of most of the secrets of the gods.

When I have packed an *attaché-case*, I am ready. The destroyer on which I am to travel to Constantinople is signaling the flagship. In an hour she will depart. I go out once more on the balcony, to contemplate for the last time the familiar scene. The roadstead sparkles in the sun and the distant waters are aflame. The immense heaven of the mountain-ranges is purple and ruddy-gold, and in the distance I can see white houses in quiet valleys above the gray-green of the olive grounds. There is one in particular, among great cypresses, and I turn the binoculars upon it for a brief sentimental moment. As I return the glasses to the case, Madame regards me with attention.

'Vous partez ce soir, monsieur?' she murmurs.

And I nod, wondering why one can detect nothing of rapacity in her rather

tired face. 'Oui, madame, je partis pour Constantinople ce soir,' I assure her, thinking to engage her in conversation.

So far, in spite of our propinquity and the vociferous curiosity of Katia, we have not spoken together to any extent.

'Et après?'

'Après, madame, je vais à Malte, Marseilles, Paris, et Londres. Peut-être, à l'Amérique aussi — je ne sais pas.'

'Mon dieu!' She seems quietly shocked at the levity of a man who prances about the world like this. Then comes the inevitable query, 'Vous êtes marié, monsieur?' and the inevitable reply, 'Pas encore.'

She abandons Mount Sipylus for a while and turns on the chair, one high-heeled and rather slatternly shoe tapping on the marble flags. 'Mais dites-moi, monsieur; vous avez une amante de cœur, sans doute?'

'Vous croyez ça? Pourquoi?'

She shrugs her shoulders.

'N'importe. C'est vrai. Vous êtes triste.'

'Oui. Mais c'est la guerre.'

She was silent a moment, observing later that I was a philosopher, which was flattering but irrelevant. And then she said something that I carried away with me, as the destroyer fled over the dark waters of the *Ægean*.

'Oui, c'est la guerre, mais il faut que vous n'oubliez, monsieur, que chaque voyage est un petit mort.'

I left her there, looking out across the hard blue glitter of the gulf, when I went down to go aboard.

ARCHIBALD'S EXAMPLE

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

OLD ARCHIBALD, in his eternal chair,
Where trespassers, whatever their degree,
Were soon frowned out again, was looking off
Across the clover when he said to me,—

‘My green hill yonder, where the sun goes down
Without a scratch, was once inhabited
By trees that injured him — an evil trash
That made a cage, and held him while he bled.

‘Gone fifty years, I see them as they were
Before they fell. They were a crooked lot
To spoil my sunset, and I saw no time
In fifty years for crooked things to rot.

‘Trees, yes; but not a service or a joy
To God or man, for they were thieves of light.
So down they came. Nature and I looked on,
And we were glad when they were out of sight.

‘Trees are like men, sometimes; and that being so,
So much for that.’ He twinkled in his chair,
And looked across the clover to the place
That he remembered when the trees were there.

McGraw

FULLCIRCLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN

*Between the Windrush and the Colne
I found a little house of stone—
A little wicked house of stone.*

I

THE October day was brightening toward late afternoon when Leithen and I climbed the hill above the stream and came in sight of the house. All morning a haze with the sheen of pearl in it had lain on the folds of downland, and the vision of far horizons, which is the glory of Cotswold, had been veiled, so that every valley seemed as a place inclosed and set apart. But now a glow had come into the air, and for a little the autumn lawns stole the tints of summer. The gold of sunshine was warm on the grasses, and only the riot of color in the berry-laden edges of the fields and the slender woodlands told of the failing year.

We were looking into a green cup of the hills, and it was all a garden. A little place, bounded by slopes that defined its graciousness with no hint of barrier, so that a dweller there, though his view was but half a mile on any side, would yet have the sense of dwelling on uplands and commanding the world. Round the top edge ran an old wall of stones, beyond which the October bracken flamed to the skyline. Inside were folds of ancient pasture, with here and there a thorn-bush, falling to rose gardens and, on one side, to the smooth sward of a terrace above a tiny lake.

At the heart of it stood the house like a jewel well-set. It was a miniature,

but by the hand of a master. The style was late seventeenth century, when an agreeable classic convention had opened up to sunlight and comfort the dark magnificence of the Tudor fashion. The place had the spacious air of a great mansion, and was furnished in every detail with a fine scrupulousness. Only when the eye measured its proportions with the woods and the hillside did the mind perceive that it was a small dwelling.

The stone of Cotswold takes curiously the color of the weather. Under thunderclouds it will be as dark as basalt; on a gray day it will be gray like lava; but in sunshine it absorbs the sun. At the moment the little house was pale gold, like honey.

Leithen swung a long leg across the stile.

'Pretty good, is n't it?' he said. 'It's pure, authentic Sir Christopher Wren. The name is worthy of it, too. It is called Fullcircle.'

He told me its story. It had been built after the Restoration by the Carteron family, whose wide domains ran into these hills. The Lord Carteron of the day was a friend of the Merry Monarch; but it was not as a sanctuary for orgies that he built the house. Perhaps he was tired of the gloomy splendor of Minster Carteron, and wanted a home of his own and not of his ancestors' choosing. He had an elegant taste in letters, as we can learn from his neat imitations of Martial, his pretty *Bucolics* and the more than respectable Latin hexameters of his *Ars Vivendi*. Being a

great nobleman, he had the best skill of the day to construct his hermitage, and thither he would retire for months at a time, with like-minded friends, to a world of books and gardens. He seems to have had no ill-wishers; contemporary memoirs speak of him charitably, and Dryden spared him four lines of encomium. 'A selfish old dog,' Leithen called him. 'He had the good sense to eschew politics and enjoy life. His soul is in that little house. He only did one rash thing in his career — he anticipated the King, his master, by some years in turning Papist.'

I asked about its later history.

'After his death it passed to a younger branch of the Carterons. It left them in the eighteenth century, and the Applebys got it. They were a jovial lot of hunting squires and let the library go to the dogs. Old Colonel Appleby was still alive when I came to Borrowby. Something went wrong in his inside when he was nearly seventy, and the doctors knocked him off liquor. Not that he drank too much, though he did himself well. That finished the poor old boy. He told me that it revealed to him the amazing truth that during a long and, as he hoped, publicly useful life he had never been quite sober. He was a good fellow and I missed him when he died. The place went to a remote cousin called Giffen.'

Leithen's eyes as they scanned the prospect, seemed amused.

'Julian and Ursula Giffen — I dare say you know the names. They always hunt in couples, and write books about sociology and advanced ethics and psychics — books called either "The New This or That" or "The Truth about Something or Other." You know the sort of thing. They're deep in all the pseudo-sciences. They're decent souls, but you can guess the type. I came across them in a case I had at the Old Bailey — defending a ruffian who was

charged with murder. I had n't a doubt he deserved hanging on twenty counts, but there was n't enough evidence to convict him on this one. Dodderidge was at his worst, — it was just before they induced him to retire, — and his handling of the jury was a masterpiece of misdirection. Of course, there was a shindy. The thing was a scandal, and it stirred up all the humanitarians till the murderer was almost forgotten in the iniquities of old Dodderidge. You must remember the case. It filled the papers for weeks. Well, it was in that connection that I fell in with the Giffens. I got rather to like them, and I've been to see them at their house in Hampstead. Golly, what a place! Not a chair fit to sit down on, and colors that made you want to howl. I never met people whose heads were so full of feathers.'

I said something about that being an odd *milieu* for him.

'Oh, I like human beings, all kinds. It's my profession to study them, for without that the practice of the law would be a dismal affair. There are hordes of people like the Giffens — only not so good, for they really have hearts of gold. They are the rootless stuff in the world to-day. In revolt against everything and everybody with any ancestry. A kind of innocent self-righteousness — wanting to be the people with whom wisdom begins and ends. They are mostly sensitive and tender-hearted, but they wear themselves out in an eternal dissidence. Can't build, you know, for they object to all tools, but very ready to crab. They scorn any form of Christianity, but they'll walk miles to patronize some wretched sect that has the merit of being brand-new. "Pioneers" they call themselves — funny little unclad people adventuring into the cold desert with no maps. Giffen once described himself and his friends to me as "for-

ward-looking," but that, of course, is just what they are not. To tackle the future you must have a firm grip of the past, and for them the past is only a pathological curiosity. They're up to their necks in the mud of the present — but good, after a fashion; and innocent — sordidly innocent. Fate was in an ironical mood when she saddled them with that wicked little house.'

'Wicked' did not seem to me to be a fair word. It sat honey-colored among its gardens with the meekness of a dove.

The sound of a bicycle on the road behind made us turn round, and Leithen advanced to meet a dismounting rider.

He was a tallish fellow, some forty years old, perhaps, with one of those fluffy blond beards that have never been shaved. Short-sighted, of course, and wore glasses. Biscuit-colored knickerbockers and stockings clad his lean limbs.

Leithen introduced me. 'We are walking to Borrowby and stopped to admire your house. Could we have just a glimpse inside? I want Jardine to see the staircase.'

Mr. Giffen was very willing. 'I've been over to Clyston to send a telegram. We have some friends for the week-end who might interest you. Won't you stay to tea?'

He had a gentle, formal courtesy about him, and his voice had the facile intonations of one who loves to talk. He led us through a little gate, and along a shorn green walk among the bracken, to a postern which gave entrance to the garden. Here, though it was October, there was still a bright show of roses, and the jet of water from the leaden Cupid dripped noiselessly among fallen petals. And then we stood before the doorway above which the old Carteron had inscribed a line of Horace.

I have never seen anything quite like

the little hall. There were two, indeed, separated by a staircase of a wood that looked like olive. Both were paved with black-and-white marble, and the inner was oval in shape, with a gallery supported on slender walnut pillars. It was all in miniature, but it had a spaciousness which no mere size could give. Also it seemed to be permeated by the quintessence of sunlight. Its air was of long-descended, confident, equable happiness.

There were voices on the terrace beyond the hall. Giffen led us into a little room on the left. 'You remember the house in Colonel Appleby's time, Leithen. This was the chapel. It had always been the chapel. You see the change we have made. — I beg your pardon, Mr. Jardine. You're not by any chance a Roman Catholic?'

The room had a white paneling and, on two sides, deep windows. At one end was a fine Italian shrine of marble, and the floor was mosaic, blue and white, in a quaint Byzantine pattern. There was the same air of sunny cheerfulness as in the rest of the house. No mystery could find a lodgment here. It might have been a chapel for three centuries, but the place was pagan. The Giffens' changes were no sort of desecration. A green baize table filled most of the floor, surrounded by chairs like a committee room. On new raw-wood shelves were files of papers and stacks of blue-books and those desiccated works into which reformers of society torture the English tongue. Two typewriters stood on a side table.

'It is our workroom,' Giffen explained. 'We hold our Sunday moots here. Ursula thinks that a week-end is wasted unless it produces some piece of real work. Often a quite valuable committee has its beginning here. We try to make our home a refuge for busy workers, where they need not idle but can work under happy conditions.'

"A college situate in a clearer air," Leithen quoted.

But Giffen did not respond except with a smile; he had probably never heard of Lord Falkland.

A woman entered the room, a woman who might have been pretty if she had taken a little pains. Her reddish hair was drawn tightly back and dressed in a hard knot, and her clothes were horribly incongruous in a remote manor-house. She had bright eager eyes, like a bird, and hands that fluttered nervously. She greeted Leithen with warmth.

'We have settled down marvelously,' she told him. 'Julian and I feel as if we had always lived here, and our life has arranged itself so perfectly. My mothers' cottages in the village will soon be ready, and the Club is to be opened next week. Julian and I will carry on the classes ourselves for the first winter. Next year we hope to have a really fine programme. And then it is so pleasant to be able to entertain one's friends. Won't you stay to tea? Dr. Swope is here, and Mary Elliston, and Mr. Percy Blaker — you know, the Member of Parliament. Must you hurry off? I'm so sorry. — What do you think of our workroom? It was utterly terrible when we first came here — a sort of decayed chapel, like a withered tuberose. We have let the air of heaven into it.'

I observed that I had never seen a house so full of space and light.

'Ah, you notice that? It is a curiously happy place to live in. Sometimes I'm almost afraid to feel so light-hearted. But we look on ourselves as only trustees. It is a trust we have to administer for the common good. You know, it's a house on which you can lay your own impress. I can imagine places which dominate the dwellers, but Fullcircle is plastic, and we can make it our own as much as if we had planned and built it. That's our chief piece of good fortune.'

We took our leave, for we had no desire for the company of Dr. Swope and Mr. Percy Blaker. When we reached the highway we halted and looked back on the little jewel. Shafts of the westering sun now caught the stone and turned the honey to ripe gold. Thin spires of amethyst smoke rose into the still air. I thought of the well-meaning, restless couple inside its walls, and somehow they seemed out of the picture. They simply did not matter. The house was the thing, for I had never met in inanimate stone such an air of gentle masterfulness. It had a personality of its own, clean-cut and secure, like a high-born old dame among the females of profiteers. And Mrs. Giffen claimed to have given it her impress!

That night, in the library at Borrowby, Leithen discoursed of the Restoration. Borrowby, of which, by the expenditure of much care and a good deal of money, he had made a civilized dwelling, is a Tudor manor of the Cotswold type, with its high-pitched narrow roofs and tall stone chimneys, rising sheer from the meadows with something of the massiveness of a Border keep.

He nodded toward the linen-fold paneling and the great carved chimney-piece.

'In this kind of house you have the mystery of the elder England. What was Raleigh's phrase? "High thoughts and divine contemplations." The people who built this sort of thing lived close to another world, and thought bravely of death. It does n't matter who they were, — Crusaders or Elizabethans or Puritans, — they all had poetry in them and the heroic and a great unworldliness. They had marvelous spirits, and plenty of joys and triumphs; but they had also their hours of black gloom. Their lives were like our weather — storm and sun. One thing they never feared — death. He

walked too near them all their days to be a bogey.

'But the Restoration was a sharp break. It brought paganism into England; paganism and the art of life. No people have ever known better the secret of bland happiness. Look at Fullcircle. There are no dark corners there. The man that built it knew all there was to be known about how to live. The trouble was that they did not know how to die. That was the one shadow on the glass. So they provided for it in a pagan way. They tried magic. They never become true Catholics — they were always pagan to the end, but they smuggled a priest into their lives. He was a kind of insurance premium against unwelcome mystery.'

II

It was not till nearly two years later that I saw the Giffens again. The May-fly season was about at its close, and I had snatched a day on a certain limpid Cotswold river. There was another man on the same beat, fishing from the opposite bank, and I watched him with some anxiety, for a duffer would have spoiled my day. To my relief I recognized Giffen. With him it was easy to come to terms, and presently the water was parceled out between us.

We foregathered for luncheon, and I stood watching while he neatly stalked, rose, and landed a trout. I confessed to some surprise — first that Giffen should be a fisherman at all, for it was not in keeping with my old notion of him; and second, that he should cast such a workmanlike line. As we lunched together, I observed several changes. He had shaved his fluffy beard, and his face was notably less lean, and had the clear even sunburn of the countryman. His clothes, too, were different. They also were workmanlike, and looked as if they belonged to him — he no longer wore

the uneasy knickerbockers of the Sunday golfer.

'I'm desperately keen,' he told me. 'You see it's only my second May-fly season, and last year I was no better than a beginner. I wish I had known long ago what good fun fishing was. Is n't this a blessed place?' And he looked up through the canopy of flowering chestnuts to the June sky.

'I'm glad you've taken to sport,' I said, 'even if you only come here for the week-ends. Sport lets you into the secrets of the countryside.'

'Oh, we don't go much to London now,' was his answer. 'We sold our Hampstead house a year ago. I can't think how I ever could stick that place. Ursula takes the same view. I would n't leave Oxfordshire just now for a thousand pounds. Do you smell the hawthorn? Last week this meadow was scented like Paradise. — D' you know, Leithen's a queer fellow?'

I asked why.

'He once told me that this countryside in June made him sad. He said it was too perfect a thing for fallen humanity. I call that morbid. Do you see any sense in it?'

I knew what Leithen meant, but it would have taken too long to explain.

'I feel warm and good and happy here,' he went on. 'I used to talk about living close to nature. Rot! I did n't know what nature meant. Now —' He broke off. 'By Jove, there's a kingfisher. That is only the second I've seen this year. They're getting uncommon with us.'

'With us.' I liked the phrase. He was becoming a true countryman.

We had a good day, — not extravagantly successful, but satisfactory, — and he persuaded me to come home with him to Fullcircle for the night, explaining that I could catch an early train next morning at the junction. So we extricated a little two-seater from

the midst of a clump of lilacs, and drove through four miles of sweet-scented dusk, with nightingales shouting in every thicket.

I changed into a suit of his flannels in a room looking out on the little lake where trout were rising, and I remember that I whistled from pure light-heartedness. In that adorable house one seemed to be still breathing the air of the spring meadows.

Dinner was my first big surprise. It was admirable — plain, but perfectly cooked, and with that excellence of basic material which is the glory of a well-appointed country house. There was wine, too, which I am certain was a new thing. Giffen gave me a bottle of sound claret, and afterwards some more than decent port. My second surprise was my hostess. Her clothes, like her husband's, must have changed, for I did not notice what she was wearing, and I had noticed it only too clearly the last time we met. More remarkable still was the difference in her face. For the first time I realized that she was a pretty woman. The contours had softened and rounded, and there was a charming well-being in her eyes, very different from the old restlessness. She looked content, infinitely content.

I asked about her mothers' cottages. She laughed cheerfully.

'I gave them up after the first year. They did n't mix well with the village people. I'm quite ready to admit my mistake, and it was the wrong kind of charity. The Londoners did n't like it — felt lonesome and sighed for the fried-fish shop; and the village women were shy of them — afraid of infectious complaints, you know. Julian and I have decided that our business is to look after our own people.'

It may have been malicious, but I said something about the wonderful scheme of village education.

'Another relic of Cockneyism,' laugh-

ed the lady, but Giffen looked a trifle shy.

'I gave it up because it did n't seem worth while. What is the use of spoiling a perfectly wholesome scheme of life by introducing unnecessary complications? Medicine is no good unless a man is sick, and these people are not sick. Education is the only cure for certain diseases the modern world has engendered, but if you don't find the disease, the remedy is superfluous. The fact is, I had n't the face to go on with the thing. I wanted to be taught rather than to teach. There's a whole world round me of which I know very little, and my first business is to get to understand it. Any village poacher can teach me more of the things that matter than I have to tell him.'

'Besides, we have so much to do,' his wife added. 'There's the house and the garden and the home farm and the property. It is n't large, but it takes a lot of looking after.'

The dining-room was long and low-ceilinged, and had a white paneling in bold relief. Through the deep windows came odors of the garden and a faint tinkle of water. The dusk was deepening and the engravings in their rosewood frames were dim, but sufficient light remained to reveal the picture above the fireplace. It showed a middle-aged man in the clothes of the later Stuarts. The plump tapering fingers of one hand held a book; the other was hidden in the folds of a flowered waistcoat. The long curled wig framed a delicate face with something of the grace of youth left to it. There were quizzical lines about the mouth, and the eyes smiled pleasantly yet very wisely. It was the face of a man I should have liked to dine with. He must have been the best of company.

Giffen answered my question.

'That's the Lord Carteron who built the house. No — no relation. Our peo-

ple were the Applebys, who came in 1753. We've both fallen so deep in love with Fullcircle that we wanted to see the man who conceived it. I had some trouble getting it. It came out of the Minster Carteron sale, and I had to give a Jew dealer twice what he paid for it. It's a jolly thing to live with.'

It was indeed a curiously charming picture. I found my eyes straying to it till the dusk obscured the features. It was the face of one wholly at home in a suave world, learned in all the urbanities. A good friend, I thought, the old lord must have been, and a superlative companion. I could imagine neat Horatian tags coming ripely from his lips. Not a strong face, but somehow a dominating one. The portrait of the long-dead gentleman had still the atmosphere of life. Giffen raised his glass of port to him as we rose from table, as if to salute a comrade.

We moved to the room across the hall which had once been the Giffens' workroom, the cradle of earnest committees and weighty memoranda. This was my third surprise. Baize-covered table and raw-wood shelves had disappeared. The place was now half smoking-room, half library. On the walls hung a fine collection of colored sporting prints, and below them were ranged low Hepplewhite bookcases. The lamp-light glowed on the ivory walls, and the room, like everything else in the house, was radiant.

Above the mantelpiece was a stag's head — a fair eleven-pointer.

Giffen nodded proudly toward it. 'I got that last year at Machray. My first stag.'

There was a little table with an array of magazines and weekly papers. Some amusement must have been visible in my face, as I caught sight of various light-hearted sporting journals, for he laughed apologetically. 'You must n't think that Ursula and I take in that

stuff for ourselves. It amuses our guests, you know.'

I dared say it did, but I was convinced that the guests were no longer Dr. Swope and Mr. Percy Blaker.

One of my many failings is that I can never enter a room containing books without scanning the titles. Giffen's collection won my hearty approval. There were the very few novelists I can read myself — Miss Austen and Sir Walter and the admirable Marryat; there was a shelf full of memoirs, and a good deal of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century poetry; there was a set of the classics in fine editions, Bodonis and Baskervilles and such like; there was much county history and one or two valuable old Herbals and Itineraries. I was certain that two years earlier Giffen would have had no use for literature except some muddy Russian oddments, and I am positive that he would not have known the name of Surtees. Yet there stood the tall octavos recording the unedifying careers of Mr. Jorrocks, Mr. Facey Romford, and Mr. Soapy Sponge.

I was a little bewildered as I stretched my legs in a very deep armchair. Suddenly I had a strong impression of looking on at a play. My hosts seemed to be automata, moving docilely at the orders of a masterful stage manager, and yet with no sense of bondage. And as I looked on, they faded off the scene, and there was only one personality — that house so serene and secure, smiling at our modern antics, but weaving all the while an iron spell around its lovers.

For a second I felt an oppression as of something to be resisted. But no. There was no oppression. The house was too well-bred and disdainful to seek to captivate. Only those who fell in love with it could know its mastery, for all love exacts a price. It was far more than a thing of stone and lime: it was a

creed, an art, a scheme of life — older than any Carteron, older than England. Somewhere far back in time, in Rome, in Attica, or in an Ægean island, there must have been such places; and then they called them temples, and gods dwelt in them.

I was roused by Giffen's voice discoursing of his books. 'I've been rubbing up my classics again,' he was saying. 'Queer thing, but ever since I left Cambridge I have been out of the mood for them. And I'm shockingly ill-read in English literature. I wish I had more time for reading, for it means a lot to me.'

'There is such an embarrassment of riches here,' said his wife. 'The days are far too short for all there is to do. Even when there is nobody staying in the house I find every hour occupied. It's delicious to be busy over things one really cares for.'

'All the same I wish I could do more reading,' said Giffen. 'I've never wanted to so much before.'

'But you come in tired from shooting and sleep sound till dinner,' said the lady, laying an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

They were happy people, and I like happiness. Self-absorbed, perhaps, but I prefer selfishness in the ordinary way of things. We are most of us selfish dogs, and altruism makes us uncomfortable. But I had somehow in my mind a shade of uneasiness, for I was the witness of a transformation too swift and violent to be wholly natural. Years, no doubt, turn our eyes inward and abate our heroics, but not a trifle of two or three. Some agency had been at work here, some agency other and more potent than the process of time. The thing fascinated and partly frightened me. For the Giffens — though I scarcely dared to admit it — had deteriorated. They were far pleasanter people, I liked them infinitely better, I hoped to

see them often again. I detested the type they used to represent, and shunned it like the plague. They were wise now, and mellow, and most agreeable human beings. But some virtue had gone out of them. An uncomfortable virtue, no doubt, but still a virtue; something generous and adventurous. In the earlier time, their faces had had a sort of wistful kindness. Now they had geniality — which is not the same thing.

What was the agency of this miracle? It was all around me: the ivory paneling, the olive-wood staircase, the lovely pillared hall.

I got up to go to bed with a kind of awe on me. As Mrs. Giffen lit my candle, she saw my eyes wandering among the gracious shadows.

'Is n't it wonderful,' she said, 'to have found a house which fits us like a glove? No! Closer. Fits us as a bearskin fits the bear. It has taken our impress like wax.'

Somehow I did n't think that impress had come from the Giffens' side.

III

A November afternoon found Leithen and myself jogging homeward from a run with the Heythrop. It had been a wretched day. Twice we had found and lost, and then a deluge had set in which scattered the field. I had taken a hearty toss into a swamp, and got as wet as a man may be, but the steady downpour soon reduced everyone to a like condition. When we turned toward Borrowby the rain ceased, and an icy wind blew out of the east which partially dried our sopping clothes. All the grace had faded from the Cotswold valleys. The streams were brown torrents, the meadows lagoons, the ridges bleak and gray, and a sky of scurrying clouds cast leaden shadows. It was a matter of ten miles to Borrowby; we had long ago

emptied our flasks, and I longed for something hot to take the chill out of my bones.

'Let's look in at Fullcircle,' said Leithen, as we came out on the high-road from a muddy lane. 'We'll make the Giffens give us tea. You'll find changes there.'

I asked what changes, but he only smiled and told me to wait and see.

My mind was busy with surmises as we rode up the avenue. I thought of drink or drugs, and promptly discarded the notion. Fullcircle was, above all things, decorous and wholesome. Leithen could not mean the change in the Giffens' ways which had so impressed me a year before, for he and I had long ago discussed that. I was still puzzling over his words when we found ourselves in the inner hall, with the Giffens making a hospitable fuss over us.

The place was more delectable than ever. Outside was a dark November day, yet the little house seemed to be transfused with sunshine. I do not know by what art the old builders had planned it; but the airy pilasters, the perfect lines of the ceiling, the soft coloring of the wood seemed to lay open the house to a clear sky. Logs burned brightly on the massive steel andirons, and the scent and the fine blue smoke of them strengthened the illusion of summer.

Mrs. Giffen would have us change into dry things, but Leithen pleaded a waiting dinner at Borrowby. The two of us stood by the fireplace, drinking tea, the warmth drawing out a cloud of vapor from our clothes to mingle with the wood-smoke. Giffen lounged in an armchair and his wife sat by the tea-table. I was looking for the changes of which Leithen had spoken.

I did not find them in Giffen. He was much as I remembered him on the June night when I had slept here — a trifle fuller in the face, perhaps, a little

more placid about the mouth and eyes. He looked a man completely content with life. His smile came readily, and his easy laugh. Was it my fancy, or had he acquired a look of the picture in the dining-room? I nearly made an errand to go and see it. It seemed to me that his mouth had now something of the portrait's delicate complacency. Lely would have found him a fit subject, though he might have boggled at his lean hands.

But his wife! Ah, there the changes were unmistakable. She was comely now rather than pretty, and the contours of her face had grown heavier. The eagerness had gone from her eyes and left only comfort and good humor. There was a suspicion, ever so slight, of rouge and powder. She had a string of good pearls — the first time I had seen her wear jewels. The hand that poured out the tea was plump, shapely, and well cared for. I was looking at a most satisfactory mistress of a country house, who would see that nothing was lacking to the part.

She talked more and laughed oftener. Her voice had an airy lightness which would have made the silliest prattle charming.

'We are going to fill the house with young people and give a ball at Christmas,' she announced. 'This hall is simply clamoring to be danced in. You must come, both of you. Promise me. And, Mr. Leithen, it would be very nice if you brought a party from Borrowby. Young men, please. We are overstocked with girls in these parts. We must do something to make the country cheerful in winter-time.'

I observed that no season could make Fullcircle other than cheerful.

'How nice of you!' she cried. 'To praise a house is to praise the householders, for a dwelling is just what its inmates make it. Borrowby is you, Mr. Leithen, and Fullcircle us.'

'Shall we exchange?' Leithen asked.

She made a mouth. 'Borrowby would crush me, but it suits a Gothic survival like you. Do you think you would be happy here?'

'Happy?' said Leithen thoughtfully. 'Happy? Yes, undoubtedly. But it might be bad for my soul. — There's just time for a pipe, Giffen, and then we must be off.'

I was filling my pipe as we crossed the outer hall, and was about to enter the smoking-room that I so well remembered, when Giffen laid a hand on my arm.

'We don't smoke there now,' he said hastily.

He opened the door and I looked in. The place had suffered its third metamorphosis. The marble shrine which I had noticed on my first visit had been brought back, and the blue mosaic pavement and the ivory walls were bare. At the eastern end stood a little altar, with, above it, a copy of a Correggio Madonna.

A faint smell of incense hung in the air, and the fragrance of hothouse flowers. It was a chapel, but, I swear, it was a more pagan place than when it had been workroom or smoking-room.

Giffen gently shut the door. 'Per-

haps you may not have heard, but some months ago my wife became a Catholic. It is a good thing for women, I think. It gives them a regular ritual for their lives. So we restored the chapel, which had always been there in the days of the Carterons and the Applebys.'

'And you?' I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

'I don't bother much about that sort of thing. But I propose to follow suit. It will please Ursula and do no harm to anybody.'

We halted on the brow of the hill and looked back on the garden valley. Leithen's laugh, as he gazed, had more awe than mirth in it.

'That wicked little house! I'm going to hunt up every scrap I can find about old Tom Carteron. He must have been an uncommon clever fellow. He's still alive down there and making people do as he did. In that kind of place you may expel the priest and sweep it and garnish it, but he always returns.'

The wrack was lifting before the wind, and a shaft of late watery sun fell on the gray walls. It seemed to me that the little house wore an air of gentle triumph.

THE DECAY OF THE BOOKSHOP

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

IN a recent number of the *Atlantic* my friend Mr. William Harris Arnold had a paper on the Welfare of the Bookstore. I read it attentively, and disagree with his conclusions. As it seems to me that the subject is one which all who read should be interested in, I should like to present my views for what they may be worth.

With Mr. Arnold's statistics I have no quarrel. He says there are only half as many booksellers in this country as there were fifty years ago. He is in a position to know, and I am willing to accept all his facts as stated. I am not surprised to learn that the condition of the bookseller is so bad that it can hardly become worse, nor is it difficult to discover why. No trade will attract men in which it is practically impossible to make more than a bare, a very bare living. A man may be willing to teach or preach, and starve, but if he elects to make a living by selling something, he is sooner or later going to discover that he can sell almost anything with greater profit than current books.

Mr. Arnold's remedy for the situation now existing is that publishers grant the booksellers 'the option of taking books by outright purchase or on memorandum' — that is to say, on sale and subject to return. I remember once, years ago, hearing the late Andrew Carnegie say to a body of business men that, if he were in a business in

which it was impossible for him to tell, at least approximately, how much money he had made or lost in a given month, he would get out of that business. He said that the next best thing to making money was to know that you were not making it — and apply the remedy. Now, if a publisher should establish in any large way the custom of disposing of his publications 'on sale,' as the phrase is, I would like to know when, if ever, he could go before his creditors, represented by authors, printers, paper-makers, and binders, and declare himself solvent and worthy of their further confidence.

It seems to me that publishers assume sufficient risk as it is. Many books, I fancy, just about pay their way, showing very little of either profit or loss; there may be a small profit resulting from the average book, and the exceptional book shows either a handsome profit — or a large loss. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, translated so admirably from the Spanish by Charlotte Brewster Jordan, is the most recent of great successes: edition followed edition in such quick succession that the publishing facilities of New York City were heavily drawn upon to keep up with the demand. On the other hand, the publication, some years ago, of *Endymion*, by Disraeli, then Earl of Beaconsfield, occasioned an enormous loss. His publishers brought out this novel in the then customary three-vol-

ume form for, I think, two guineas. No one read into the middle of the second volume. It was a complete failure. A few months after publication every second-hand bookshop in London was trying to dispose of uncut, and unopened, 'library' copies at about the cost of binding. It must be admitted that these are extreme instances: the profit in the one case must have amounted to a small fortune, the losses in the other might have driven the publisher into bankruptcy.

The publishing business has always been regarded as extra-hazardous — more respectable than the theatrical business and less exciting, but resembling it in that one never knows whether one is embarked upon a success or a failure until it is too late to withdraw. And it has always been so. Sir Walter Scott, whose career as a publisher is not always remembered, said that the booksellers, as publishers were called in his day, were 'the only tradesmen in the world who professedly and by choice dealt in what is called "a pig in a poke," publishing twenty books in hopes of hitting upon one good speculation, as a person buys shares in a lottery in hopes of gaining a prize'; and Sir Walter Scott had reason to know, as had also Mark Twain.

I remember that, some years ago, a little book, *A Publisher's Confessions*, was issued anonymously by Doubleday, Page & Co. It recited the difficulties, financial and other, of a firm of publishers, and is now generally understood to have been written by Walter Hines Page, our late Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The writer's conclusion was that men of such distinction as those who control the organizations known as Scribners, Macmillan, and others of like standing, could earn very much more by devoting their abilities to banking, railroads, or other lines of manufacture; for, he said, 'publishing

as publishing is the least profitable of all professions, except preaching and teaching, to each of which it is a sort of cousin.' And it is to this harassed person, perplexed by reason of the nature of his calling beyond most business men, that Mr. Arnold would add the financing of the countless bookstores, in many cases in incompetent hands, all over the country from Maine to California. His suggestion is interesting, but I doubt if publishers in any large numbers will take kindly to it. They will probably feel that Mr. Arnold whom I last saw in his own library surrounded by his own priceless books, apparently free from problems of any kind, has suggested a remedy worse than the disease from which they are suffering.

It is, however, to the bookseller rather than the publisher that my heart goes out. We, the readers, have deserted him. A rich, intelligent, and extravagant people, we know nothing, and seemingly wish to know nothing, of the pleasure of buying and owning books. As I see it, the decay of the bookshop set in years ago with the downfall of the lyceum, the debating society, and the lecture platform. We have none of these things now, and if we had not largely given up reading as one of the consequences, I would not be sorry; but the mental stimulation that comes from personal contact has been lost, and seemingly there is nothing that will take its place. Of course, when I say we have none of these things, I mean in proportion to our population and wealth.

In an effort to escape the blame that should be ours, we sometimes say that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who scattered public libraries all over the land in an effort, relatively successful, to die poor, is responsible for the plight in which the booksellers find themselves; but I am willing to acquit the libraries of all blame. They do an immense amount

of good. I never go to a strange city without visiting its library, and I count many librarians among my friends, but I am, nevertheless, always overwhelmed in the presence of countless thousands of books, as I might be in the presence of crowned heads; indeed, I think that, idle curiosity once gratified, crowned heads would not impress me at all.

And so it is that, not being a scholar or altogether indigent, I do not much use any library except my own. I early formed the habit of buying books, and, thank God, I have never lost it. Authors living and dead — dead, for the most part — afford me my greatest enjoyment, and it is my pleasure to buy more books than I can read. Who was it who said, 'I hold the buying of more books than one can peradventure read, as nothing less than the soul's reaching towards infinity; which is the only thing that raises us above the beasts that perish'? Whoever it was, I agree with him; and the same idea has been less sentimentally expressed by Ralph Bergengren in that charming little poem in *Jane, Joseph and John*, the loveliest book for children and grown-ups since R. L. S. gave us his *Child's Garden of Verses*.

My Pop is always buying books:
So that Mom says his study looks
Just like an old bookstore.
The bookshelves are so full and tall,
They hide the paper on the wall,
And there are books just everywhere,
On table, window-seat, and chair,
And books right on the floor.

And every little while he buys
More books, and brings them home and tries
To find a place where they will fit,
And has an awful time of it.

Once, when I asked him why he got
So many books, he said, 'Why not?'
I've puzzled over that a lot.

Too many of us who are liberal, not to say lavish, in our household expenses, seem to regard the purchase of books as

an almost not-to-be-permitted extravagance. We buy piano-players and talking machines, and we mortgage our houses to get an automobile, but when it comes to a book, we exhaust every resource before parting with our money. If we cannot borrow a book from a friend, we borrow it from a library; if there is anything I like less than lending a book it is borrowing one, and I know no greater bore than the man who insists on lending you a book which you do not intend to read. Of course, you can cure him, ultimately, by losing the volume; but the process takes time.

My philosophy of life is very simple; one does n't have to study the accursed German philosophers — or any other — to discover that the way to happiness is to get a day's pleasure every day, — I am not writing as a preacher, — and I know no greater pleasure than taking home a bundle of books which you have deprived yourself of something to buy.

'I never buy new books,' a man once said to me, looking at a pile on my library table; 'I've got to economize somewhere, and they are so expensive.'

'And yet,' I retorted, 'you enjoy reading; don't you feel under any obligation to the authors from whom you derive so much pleasure? Someone has to support them. I confess to the obligation.'

When I think how much pleasure I get from reading, I feel it my duty to buy as many current books as I can. I 'collect' Meredith and Stevenson, the purchase of whose books no longer benefits them. Why should I not also collect George Moore or Locke or Conrad, whom I don't much like, or Archibald Marshall, whom I do? They are engaged in carrying on the glorious tradition of English literature. It is my duty to give them what encouragement I can, to pay tribute to them; I wish I were not singular in this.

II

But to return to the bookshop. In addition to having to compete with the many forms of amusement unknown fifty years ago, — it would be superfluous for me to do more than mention the latest of them, the 'movie,' — the bookshop elects to sell a 'nationally advertised' article in competition with the department store. The publishers allow a fairly liberal margin of profit, if the bookshops were permitted to keep it; but the department stores cut that margin to the quick. For reasons that are well known it is profitable for them to do so: with their immense 'turnover' and their relatively small 'overhead,' they can buy a book for \$1.50, less the usual trade discount of 40 per cent, and sell it at \$1.25, or even \$1.08, and make money, for the reason that at the next counter they are selling boxes of chocolates, marked: 'WEEK-END SPECIAL, 70c, Regular Price \$1.00,' which do not cost over forty cents, perhaps less; and they frequently do get a dollar for just such boxes. And what is true of chocolates is true of practically everything they sell, except books and a few other specialties which they use as 'leaders.' Books are the only 'nationally advertised' specialties which anyone pretends to sell in shops almost exclusively devoted to them. Time was, and it was a sad time, when the monthly magazines, *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the rest, which cost \$28.00 per hundred wholesale, were retailed in a large store in Philadelphia for 25 cents each. The highest court to which the question can be carried has ruled that the seller can sell at any price he pleases, provided he does not misstate the facts, as, for example, that his immense purchasing power enables him to undersell his competitors. In some few cases the publishers provide 'specials,' too: they give extra discounts for quantities, and

there are always, alas, 'remainders' sold at a loss by the publishers and at quite a tidy little profit by the retailer; but in general the facts are as I have stated.

It must be admitted that the department store helps the publisher by selling hundreds of thousands of copies of books like *Dere Mable* and the *Four Horsemen*. *The Young Visitors*, too, whether it be by Barrie or another, will sell enormously; but just so large as is the sale of books like these, just so small is the sale of books of enduring merit. Perhaps I am wrong, but I fancy that men prefer to buy what I may call good books, while women buy novels and the lighter forms of literature. Now, fancy a man going into a department store and asking for a copy of *Tom Jones*. He is met by a young lady in a low-cut dress, standing in high-heeled slippers, with her hair gathered up in large puffs which entirely conceal her ears; her nose has been recently powdered, and she looks as if she might be going to a party. '*Tom Jones!*' she says; 'is it a boy's book? Juveniles, second to the right.' 'No, it's a novel,' you say; and she replies, 'Fiction, second to the left.' You move on, avoiding a table on which is a sign, 'The Newest Books Are On This Table,' and you meet another young lady, also ready for a party, and repeat your question. 'Is it a new book?' she says. 'No,' you explain; and she conducts you to a case containing hundreds of volumes of the *Everyman's Series* — and an excellent series it is. But the books have been skillfully shuffled, and what you seek is hard to find. While you and she are looking, someone 'cuts in' and inquires for a copy of *Java Head*, to which she promptly replies, 'One sixty-nine,' and conducts her customer to a large pile behind which she disappears and is seen, by you, no more. You keep on looking until someone comes to your

rescue, and asks if she can do anything for you. You say '*Tom Jones*,' and she, being an intelligent person, says, 'Fielding,' and conducts you to the fine-book department, where you are finally shown a set of Fielding flashily bound in what appears to be morocco, marked \$40.00. You demur at the price and explain that you want *Tom Jones* to read, not a set to put upon your shelves; finally, thanking the 'sales-lady' for her trouble, you go out empty-handed, having wasted half an hour.

And, as a result of this situation, what remains of the once flourishing retail store? It has practically disappeared from the main street, and in some neglected backwater, with a poor stock and little trade, the owner quietly awaits the result of the race between death and the sheriff. Is it any wonder that under these conditions the bookshop languishes? A few good souls are in it for the reason that they are locked in; they cannot get out. A man, it may be presumed, will give a glance around before he decides what is to be his life's work, and what does he see? He sees a business out of which, as at present conducted, he can hardly hope to make more than a bare living.

III

If this paper should be read by the proprietor of a retail store, or by his intelligent clerk, I can hear him cry, 'You are quite right, but we know all this. Have you any remedy?' Certainly I have nothing to suggest which will prove a royal road to fortune; but I do suggest the selling of good second-hand books along with current publications, and I would stress the second-hand, and call it the rare-book department, for the profits of that department will be found to be surprisingly large. I would say to the proprietor of the bookshop, 'Bring some imagination to bear on your

business.' Imagination is as necessary to a successful tradesman as to the poet. He is, indeed, only a day-laborer without it. I am reminded of one of the clever bits in Pinero's play, *Iris*. A tall distinguished-looking man enters; his appearance instantly challenges attention, and the *ingénue* inquires who he is, and is told, 'That is Mr. Maldonadno, the great financier.' Then comes the question, 'What is a financier?' and the telling reply, 'A financier, my dear, is a pawnbroker — with imagination.'

The point is well made. What quality was it in Charles M. Schwab which, while most of the great business men in America were wringing their hands over what appeared to be their impending ruin, when the war broke out, sent him off to England, to return quickly with hundreds of millions of dollars worth of orders in his pocket? Imagination! It was this same quality, working in conjunction with the imagination of the late J. P. Morgan, which led to the formation of the great Steel Corporation.

There may be little room for the display of this supreme qualification in the retail book business, but there is room for some. Be enterprising. Get good people about you. Make your shop-windows and your shops attractive. The fact that so many young men and women enter the teaching profession shows that there are still some people willing to scrape along on comparatively little money for the pleasure of following an occupation in which they delight. It is as true to-day as it was in Chaucer's time that there is a class of men who 'gladly learn and gladly teach,' and our college trustees and overseers and rich alumni take advantage of this and expect them to live on wages which an expert chauffeur would regard as insufficient. Any bookshop worthy of survival can offer inducements at least as great as the average school or college. Under pleasant con-

ditions you will meet pleasant people, for the most part, whom you can teach and from whom you may learn something. We used to hear much of the elevation of the stage; apparently that has been given over; let us elevate the bookshop. It can be done. My friend, Christopher Morley, —

. . . Phoebus! what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame! —

in his delightful *Parnassus on Wheels*, shows that there may be plenty of 'uplift' and a world of romance in a traveling van well stocked with books. Indeed, a pleasant holiday could be planned along the lines of Roger Mifflin's novel venture in bookselling. I prophesy for this book, some day, such fame as is now enjoyed by Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*. It is, in fact, just such a book, although admittedly the plump white horse, Pegasus, lacks somewhat the temperamental charm of R. L. S.'s best drawn female character, Modestine.

I was in a college town recently, and passing a shop, I noticed some books in the window and at once entered, as is my habit, to look around. But I stayed only for a moment, for in the rear of the shop I saw a large sign reading, 'Laundry Received before 9 A.M. Returned the Same Day' — enterprise, without a doubt, but misdirected. If the bookshop is to survive, it must be made more attractive. The buying of books must be made a pleasure, just as the reading of them is, so that an intellectual man or woman with a leisure hour may spend it pleasantly and profitably increasing their store. Every college town should support a bookshop. It need not necessarily be so splendid an undertaking as the Brick Row Print and Book Shop at New Haven, over which Byrne Hackett presides with such distinction, or even the Dunster House Book Shop of Mr. Firuski of

Cambridge, which in some respects pleases me even better. And to make these ventures the successes they deserve to be, faculty and the students and the public alike should be loyal customers; but it should be remembered that these shops need not, and do not, depend entirely upon local trade. Inexpensive little catalogues can be issued and sent to customers half-way round the world.

Another thing — I have no patience with people who affect to be fond of reading and who seem to glory in their ignorance of editions. 'All I am interested in,' they say, 'is the type: so long as the type is readable, I care for nothing else.' This is a rather common form of cant. Everything about a book should be as sound and honest and good; it need not be expensive. I have always resented William Morris's attitude toward books. Constantly preaching on art and beauty for the people, he set about producing books which are as expensive as they are beautiful, which only rich men can buy, and which not one man in a hundred owning them reads. Whereas my friend Mr. Mosher of Portland, Maine, — I call him friend because we have tastes in common; I have in point of fact never met him or done more than exchange a check for a book with him, — has produced, not a few, but hundreds of books which are as nearly faultless as books can be, at prices which are positively cheap. As is well known, Mr. Mosher relies very little upon the bookshops for the marketing of his product, but sells practically his entire output to individual buyers by means of catalogues which are works of art in themselves. We may not fully realize it, but when Mr. Mosher passes away, booklovers of another generation will marvel at the certitude of his taste, editorial and other; for he comes as near to being the ideal manufacturer as any man who ever lived.

I would not for a moment contend that the retail book-trade will in a short time recover from its condition. Symptoms of the disease from which it is now suffering were noticed fifty years ago, and the times are not propitious. We are lovers of games of all kinds — in a word, of sport; the cities are being deserted for the suburbs and the country, and country life is selfish. Churches are affected by it, as the bookshops are. Look around a large city church: for the greater part of the year it is practically deserted, its congregation is out of town; go out in the country, and you will find relatively few churches, and these sparsely attended. Golf, the automobile, and other forms of amusement have a greater drawing power than the preacher, who, like the bookseller, wonders whether, if he had to choose his career over again, he would not adopt some other profession.

But I do not despair of the book-business becoming what it once was — under favorable conditions. In New York City, for example, there is Brentano's, one of the great bookshops of the world; but Brentano's has its fine-book department, as have Scribner's and Dutton's and Putnam's, and these so-called fine-book departments are doing expensively, as befits New York, what I would have every bookshop do according to its *locale*, as McClurg is doing in Chicago.

The advantages which would accrue are several. More readers would be made. The book-business of the de-

partment stores would not be interfered with in the least — they would remain as now, the best customers for certain classes of publishers who might expect to have some day, in addition, a more thriving class of booksellers than now. And better books would be published — better, that is, in print, paper, and binding. If a man felt that, if he should for any reason wish to dispose of his library, there was in his town a bookseller who would be glad to buy it for a fair price, he might be tempted to buy, say, such a fine edition of Green's *Short History of the English People* as the Harpers brought out some years ago, in four well-printed, admirably illustrated volumes, rather than the same work in one volume, badly printed on wretched paper, and so badly bound that it falls to pieces in the reading.

In the fine-book department, which I am urging every bookseller who has survived to start without delay, I would keep out trash; I would admit only good books — good, I mean, in every sense of the word except moral. The department should be in charge of the most intelligent man in the shop, if there be an intelligent man; and I would get one if I had not one, and in these days of profit-sharing, I would give him an interest in the profit of that department. I would buy, too, good books from the second-hand English booksellers, who sell very cheaply; and above all things I would not forget the wisdom stored up in the distorted proverb, —

Early to bed and early to rise,
Work like h —, and advertise.

SKETCHES IN PEASANT RUSSIA

I. VINOVÁT

BY EDWIN BONTA

WHAT a difference we find in apologies! A Britisher would say, 'Sorry!'—snapping it out in a perfunctory way. And what a lot can be read into it if you are in the mood! As if to say, 'Your misfortune, old thing; but it had to happen, you know'—and the offending one proceeds serenely on his way. Mefodi's apology would be '*Vinovát*'—'I'm guilty!' And, disarmed by such an abject assumption of blame, you find yourself in a forgiving mood at once.

The train stopped at a small junction. The little bell at the station entrance rang 'one,' and then, immediately after, 'two,' telling that we should be pulling out again in about three minutes. It was the customary crowded train of Bolshevik days, and all I had been able to get was standing-room in the smelly corridor. I was flattening myself against the grimy glass of a window, while the crowd behind me surged back and forth in its efforts to make two people stand where one had stood before.

'*Vinovát!*' said a fish-oily breath in my ear.

A horny hand was laid on my shoulder, and, quick as thought, I was pivoted round away from the window, with my back slap against the wall. Then a frantic haste to open the sash. It stuck badly, suddenly relented, and banged down into its slot with a crash of shattered glass.

'Now look!' growled the *muzhik* into

his beard; 'see how it broke itself!' And sticking his head out of the window, 'Annushka—here—quick!quick!'

Popping my head out too, and looking in that direction, I saw traveling toward us a huge pile of duffle, somewhere under which was Annushka. In one sack about two poods of flour, in another a couple of poods of potatoes; a bulky bundle of clothing wrapped up in an apron; a splint basket as big as a half-bushel; another splint basket, another bundle of clothes, a tin teapot; and some wet briny fish wrapped up in an old number of *Novoe Vremya*, and still dripping all down the platform.

'Quicker! Quicker!' bellowed her man; 'this little minute goes the train!'

'This hour I come!' she called back gayly; 'this hour! this hour!'

What are minutes and hours between congenial mates?

'Take, Mefod'ka!' shouted Annushka; and wound herself up with an eighty-pound bag like a pitcher in his box.

'*Vinovát!*' predicted Mefodi again, bracing himself, spreading his feet, and thoroughly crushing two of my toes.

Annushka unwound herself, the sack came hurtling into Mefodi's arms, caromed off and slid down the side of me, powdering me with flour as it went.

'*Vinovát!*' said Mefodi.

This time, at least, I knew what he was guilty of before the announcement.

'Still once!' grunted Annushka, as she wound herself up again.

She unwound, and the sack of potatoes hit me a wallop on the side of the head before it came to rest at Mefodi's feet.

'Vinovát!' said Mefodi.

Just then the bell sounded 'three,' the conductor blew his little whistle, the engineer blew the big whistle, the passengers crossed themselves, and the train started on its way.

Annushka picked up the rest of their belongings and rushed pell-mell for the steps of the train, Mefodi leaning far out of the window and yelling, 'Quicker! quicker!' at the top of his lungs, kicking the paneling in his excitement.

Who would have guessed it would happen this way? What an unexpected thrill, this! Would she make it? Would she?

I leaned out and saw the car-platform packed with passengers down to the lowest step, and Annushka running alongside the moving train, clinging desperately to the grab-handle with one hand, while with the other she clutched bundles, baskets, tin teapot, and salt fish.

Expecting any moment that she would be thrown under the wheels, I pulled in my head and buried my ears in my hands. After a few uneventful moments I took heart, looked up again, and there in the car right before me came Annushka and paraphernalia, progressing slowly but surely down the completely filled corridor, beaming lovingly on her spouse, and scotching with fish-brine each and every person she passed.

The various bags, bundles, and baskets were established in the corridor in such manner as to dam very effectively the surge of humanity up and down that narrow passage (and for this I was extremely grateful). And having now been settled several minutes, Mefodi

and his helpmeet gave themselves up to the world-wide pastime of travelers — eating. A splint basket was opened, the briny fish were spread out on their paper on the floor, a chunk of very soggy black bread was set beside them, also a dingy glass for him, and a handsome flowered teacup for her. And the conductor picked his way deftly among them like a cat in a crockery-store window.

All preparations now being made, it needed only some *kipyatók* to fill the tin teapot. We should call it boiling water, but it is such an important detail of Russian life that the phrase has simmered down to the one word.

'Vinovát,' said Mefodi. 'But you don't know of course whether *kipyatók* has itself at the next station?'

I did not know; but the ice having been melted, as it were, by the boiling water, he felt encouraged to go on with other questions.

'Have you far to travel?'

'Not especially, only into Moscow. And you, where to?'

'Into Tula —'

'Two days and two nights we are traveling,' broke in Annushka. 'All the way from Kofkula. Tiresome!'

The train pulled up to another small station. Mefodi thrust his head out of the open window.

'Kipyatók, is?'

'Not!' was the reply.

Who says the Russian is garrulous?

At the next station the question was repeated.

'Kipyatók, is?'

'Is!'

Mefodi seized the teapot, wormed his way through the corridor, tore down the station platform, and took his place at the end of the long, long line of passengers patiently waiting each for his turn at the *kipyatók*.

When it came to tea, there was no sugar — there hardly ever was in those

days. Nothing but some pallid little lemon-drops, with almost no taste of any kind, to say nothing of sweetness. I offered them a few lumps from my sugar supply. Annushka bit a fragment off a lump and sucked her tea through it, making a whole lump last for several cups.

Her man found he had something I did n't have, and his face lighted up with genuine pleasure.

'Maybe this is wished you,' said Mefodi.

He licked his fingers, wiped them on his coat, and selected a shiny fat fish from the paper. It lay in his broad palm in its entirety, its little eye looking up at me appealingly. I could n't do it! I had n't the heart — or stomach. A shade of disappointment crossed Mefodi's face — or was it a feeling of injury? I must be friendly and share it with him, I thought.

But the head I really could n't eat!

'You don't love the head?' asked Mefodi with surprise; and dispatched it himself.

Night was gradually falling. The little compartment doors along the corridor were being slid shut one by one. The glass and cup and chunk of bread were stowed away again in the basket; and the pair settled down for the long night, seated on their sacks on the corridor floor, Mefodi's shaggy head pillowed on Annushka's broad bosom, she sitting patiently upright until drowsiness made her chin drop down on the same soft pillow.

In the small dark hours of the morning I was roused from my fitful sleep by the swish of a robe passing by, and opened one eye to see a tall priest picking his way through the corridor. What a shame that Annushka had to wake

and see him too! Why could n't she have slept only a little minute longer? Why did she have to wake at all? But she did! And she saw him.

'Fod'ka! Fod'ka!'

She shook the sleepy head on her bosom. It opened its eyes.

'Fod'ka, do you know what? We've met a priest. He only now passed through the corridor!'

Mefodi sat bolt upright.

'O Lord my God! Now what does that mean?'

There followed a long spirited discussion in low tones — and I fell off again to sleep.

Toward three o'clock, in the inky blackness, I was conscious of a cool, damp, sour smell under my nose, and woke to find the sack of flour being dragged past my face.

'Vinovát!' said a husky whisper.

The train was halted at a station, and two dark figures were stealthily manœuvring two bags, two bundles, two baskets across my prostrate form and down the corridor.

'What now, Mefodi; surely this can't be Tula?'

'No, no. But, devil take it, we have met a priest!' said he tragically.

'A priest?' said I, wondering what of that.

'Yes, a priest, a bad sign —'

'A very bad sign,' whispered Annushka. 'When you set out on a journey, if you meet a priest, bad luck is sure to follow; nothing will come out as you want it to —'

'Vinovát!' broke in Mefodi, as he dragged another bag across me. 'Vinovát, and good-bye!'

'Good-bye, friends! But where to now?'

'Back again to Kofkula!'

THE NEW WOMAN IN JAVA

BY RADEN ADJOE KARTINI

JAPARA.

A FEW words to announce to you, as briefly as possible, a new turn in my life. I shall not go on with our great work as a woman alone! A noble man will be at my side to help me.

He is ahead of me in work for our people; he has already won his spurs, while I am just beginning. Oh, he is such a lovable, good man! he has a noble heart and a clever head as well. And he has been to Holland, where his bride would so gladly go, but must not for her people's sake.

It is a great change; but if we work together, and support and help one another, we may be able to take a far shorter road to the realization of our hopes than could either alone. We meet at many, many points. You do not yet know the name of my betrothed: it is Raden Adipati Djojo Adiningrat, Regent of Rembang.

And now, adieu! Soon I shall write again, and I hope at greater length.

A great task lies before me; unquestionably it is hard, but if I succeed, and bring it to a good end, I shall serve our people as I could never have served them in any other way. If my work is well done, it will be a lesson that will have a powerful effect upon our cause, because to my fellow countrymen my future will be the most beautiful and desirable in the world.

The mere fact of my marriage will do good: it will interest the parents, spur them on to educate their daughters, and impress them more than could a thou-

sand inspired words. It stands for a fact, that beauty and riches are to be despised before gifts of the heart and mind.

I remember my own words, when someone asked me how the idea of education could be impressed upon our women and girls. 'The Javanese people are just like other children of nature: they are children of the sun, worshipers of splendor and brilliancy. Very well, gratify that wish, give them what their hearts desire, but at the same time give them something that is true, that is of real worth.'

Now we shall not infringe too harshly upon the customs of our land — our childlike people can still have their pomp and splendor. The freedom of women is inevitable; it is coming, but we cannot hasten it. The course of destiny cannot be turned aside, but in the end the triumph has been fore-ordained.

We shall not be living to see it, but what will that matter? We have helped to break the path that leads to it, and that is a glorious privilege!

Do not be uneasy; my betrothed will not cut my wings short; the fact that I can fly is just what has raised me so high in his eyes. He will only give a larger opportunity to stretch out my wings; he will help me to broaden my field of work. He appreciates your Meiske for herself, and not as a possible ornament for his home.

The Regent of Rembang comes on the seventeenth of this month. I have

asked him to bring his children with him. I am so anxious to make the acquaintance of my future family. The children are to be my future, and I shall live and work for them, strive, and suffer, if need be, for them. I hope that they will love me. I have asked their father to give the entire control of his children to me. My dream is to make them feel, in so far as it is possible, that they are my own children.

I am only going to take one child with me to my new dwelling — a girl of eight or so, who has been given into my care by her parents. She is the daughter of a teacher and has been to school. She is a lovely child, clever and quick. If she shows any inclination at all, I shall educate her for some profession. Now she receives lessons from my sisters in handiwork. In Rembang there are women and children of gentle birth who have been educated. I shall try to gain their interest in our work later. My future sister-in-law is already 'tainted' by a Western education; that will be pleasant for me.

My days at home are numbered; only two more short months and my future protector will come for me. He and his younger brother, the Regent of Toeban, have been here. The day is set: it is the twelfth of November. The wedding will be very quiet, only our families will be present, and neither of us is to wear bridal dress; he will be in his uniform, as I have already seen him. That is my wish. His children are not coming, to my great disappointment. They are still too little, and the journey is tiresome.

I shall find a rich field of work at Rembang, and thank God, there I shall not stand alone. He has promised to stand at my side and support me; it is also his wish and his hope to support me in my efforts to help our people. He himself has already labored diligently for their welfare for years. He too

would like to help in the work of education, and though he cannot give personal instruction himself, he can have it done by others. Many of his various relatives are being educated at his expense. He expects me to be a blessing to him and to his people; may he not be disappointed! I am very grateful for one thing: his family share his ideas and approve of his choice. They look upon me as the future rearer of their children, and I really hope to serve in that capacity; I do not think of anything else.

Sometimes I forget that I have lost so many beautiful illusions, and think that I am still following my calling, only along a different way from the one that I had mapped out for myself, and I shall think that always; it gives me peace and helps me to be cheerful.

Nothing is perfect, and nothing may ever be perfect in this world. I had hoped and prayed that I might become the mother and sister of many, and God has heard my prayer, though it is a little different from what I meant.

It is one of his dreams, too, to be able to raise up our people. He is truly good to his people and to the officials under him; they feed out of his hand.

Fortunately Rembang is a quiet little place, and it is good that he cares as little as I for amusements.

I am delighted that the Resident there is interested in our cause, so that I shall not go as a stranger. And there will be my great friend, the sea! It lies not more than a hundred feet from the house.

When they told him that I was much interested in the art and kindred industries of our people, he said there were goldsmiths and wood-carvers there; they only needed a little directing.

But capital and leadership are needed first of all, before our artistic industries can be placed upon a practical basis. A large work-place ought to be

built, and many apprentices and artisans taken to work under regular supervision in our immediate neighborhood.

If everything goes well, what a retinue I shall take with me, even though I am a modern woman. I shall certainly have a strange bridal dower.

The Regent of Rembang is marrying a whole *kotta*. What business has he to put himself between the people and their bride? Oh, heavens! I shall strike an unfortunate time, for I shall arrive in the dry season of the year. I have said all along that I would not allow my foot to be kissed. I could never allow anyone to do that. I want a place in their hearts, not outward forms.

I cannot think of the future without my Roekmini. How shall I get along without her and she without me! When I think of her my eyes stay wide open the whole night long.

Do you know what has happened? At his earnest request the date has been changed. The wedding will not be on the twelfth, but on the eighth of November, and on Wednesday the eleventh, at about five o'clock, I shall leave my home.

Your girl is alive again, she is alive. Her heart glows and thrills, and it is not burning pain or bitter, dumb despair that makes the strings vibrate; love is sounding the chords. Why did I complain, ungrateful that I was, with such a rich treasure within me?

Love is greater than all else! And she is richest who gives most. And I shall give, as a rich father's child, with a full hand. What has been given me, I shall give back with interest. Oh, there are so many that hunger and thirst after love!

Strange and wonderful things can happen in life. He and father were drawn together from the first moment they set eyes upon each other two years

ago. They have been friends ever since; and he has visited us often.

It was one of his poor little wife's wishes to come and see us, with him and all the children. Both of them called my father, 'Father.' She was so anxious to make our acquaintance; alas, before her wish could be granted, death took her away.

Shortly before her death, he saw his wife in a dream; she was deep in fervent prayer, and the prayer that was sent up to the All-Highest was, that she and Raden Adjeng Kartini might meet and be friends through all eternity. Since that time, I have never been out of his thoughts.

Yes, he has suffered much; when she went away it was a deep blow to him: he loved her very dearly. And his hope for himself is, that father's treasure — his *wasiat djati*,¹ as he calls me — shall help him to forget his grief.

May I not find a little message from you when, on the eleventh, I enter my new home for the first time? It will be as if you had raised your dear hand to bless me.

MY DEAREST MOEDERTJE, —

This is the last greeting from your little daughter as a young girl, on the day before her wedding. To-morrow, at half-past six, we are to be married. I know that to-morrow my whole heart will be with you. Good-bye, my dearest. Greet your husband heartily for me, and remember that you will always have the deep affection of

Your own little daughter

K.

REMBANG.

MY DEAREST, BEST FRIENDS, —

You do not know with what affection this, my first letter from my new home, is written. A home where, praise

¹ Heir of his existence, in whom his whole being begins and ends. — THE TRANSLATOR.

God, there is peace and love everywhere, and we are all happy with and through one another.

I regret so deeply that through the press of circumstances I have not been able to write to you before. Forgive me. The first days were so frightfully hard; then our children were ailing, and at last I felt the reaction from the wearisome days through which we had passed. I was far from well and was obliged to take care of myself. Now I am again fresh and happy. Once more it is the old irresponsible, hare-brained creature of other days, who can look forward to the future with smiling eyes.

Do I have to express myself still more plainly, dearest? I bless the day on which I laid my hand in that of him who was sent by the All-Father to be my comrade in the journey through this great and difficult life.

Everything that was noble and beautiful in my eyes I find here realized before me. Some of the dreams that I still dream he has carried out years ago, or he dreams them now with me. We are so entirely one in thought and ideas that often I am frightened. You would both love him if you knew him. You would admire his clear brain and honor his good heart. I have thought so often that the noble should live for the people, and I have wanted to preach this aloud. Our nobles would not care to hear it; but he, my heart's king, has gone before me.

It is just a month to-day since my husband brought me here to his country, and led me into his house, now our home. The queen could not have been more warmly welcomed. All of Rembang made festival; even on the border, every house was decorated with flags; the very hired carriages on the highways bore the tricolor. The enthusiasm of the people was so spontaneous and genuine, the expressions of sympathy

came so warmly from their hearts. The people were gay and rejoiced because their beloved ruler was happy. Again and again my husband took me out on the balcony — the people must see his new *Goesti-Poetri*.

I sat on a stool near him, silent, my eyes full of tears, and my heart overflowing with emotion; there was happiness, there was gratitude, there was pride: pride in him, that he had gained such a warm place in the hearts of the people; gratitude because one of my dearest dreams was realized; and happiness because I sat there at his side.

And our children — how can I tell you of these delights? I felt drawn to them at once, they are such dear unspoiled creatures; and every day they grow closer and closer to my heart. Their father has laid a good foundation to their education; it began just as I always wished education to begin, in simplicity and modesty. My little treasures do not hold themselves above the most humble person here in the house; everyone is alike to them. The field is prepared, I have only to go forth and sow.

In January I hope to be able to open our little school. We are looking for a good teacher; and till we have found one, I shall have charge of the lessons myself. If unforeseen circumstances should intervene and I be prevented in any way, one of my sisters will carry on the work for me, till I am able to take charge of it again.

Several parents have already asked me to teach their children. Our idea is to open a school for daughters of the native chiefs here, if we can get a suitable teacher. If we could find a good governess, then she could care for the mental development of our children and also for the formation of their characters.

When everything is in good working order, could we not hope for a subsidy

from the government? The expenses of the school would be as low as possible; the children would receive their board and lodging free from us.

The parents are full of confidence and are asking us to take their children. This is now our opportunity. We must begin. After a while I shall write to you at greater length about our plans. I have the fullest confidence that a girl's school, held by us at our home, under the direction of a European teacher with me as head mistress, would succeed. We have great plans, and we would give anything to be able to talk this over with you and your husband face to face.

I am writing this at five o'clock in the morning. The children are awake and hanging over my chair; mother must give them bread and milk.

You must see our youngest just once; he is not yet two years old, but so intelligent. As I sat here, he came with a little footstool; it was too heavy for him to carry, so he dragged it to mother; mother's feet must not hang. Then the darling child climbed on my lap. When I call the children to me, they fight to see which one shall reach me first, and our little sister brings me the spoons and forks.

The one who is naughty must not come to mother. They have the greatest fun when they bathe with me, and I too enjoy this more than anything else. It is such a pleasure to see the fresh, laughing little faces.

And now I am going to talk about myself. I have not thanked you yet for the many expressions of love which we have received from you of late. I was made so happy by the letter from your husband and yourself, which I received at Japara; my warmest thanks to you both. And you, Moedertje dearest, I kiss you heartily on both cheeks for your welcome greeting, which I found upon my arrival.

To-day I feel a great peace. A whole history lies behind it. And this letter must not go until I have told it to you.

Guess who has been staying here and who went away only this morning. *Mevrouw* and *Heer Beervoets*, from *Marjowarno*. They had been to *Japara* to see my parents, who sent them here to us. It was an inspiration of father's, and we bless the happy chance which led those good angels here.

I had been anxious for a long time to make the acquaintance of this noble couple. My wish has been granted, and in what manner! I have always thought of them with sympathy, but now deep gratitude is mingled with the sympathy.

Day before yesterday, my husband was cheerful and wide awake all day. At noon the *Beervoetses* came, and he was so well that one would have little thought that a few hours later he would be lying desperately ill. Much interested, it was past midnight before we took leave of our guests. An hour later, my husband was suffering from a violent indisposition; the sickness came suddenly, and in less than three minutes it was so severe that he hardly expected to see the morning. How I felt, you can easily imagine. I had *Doctor Beervoets* called. He had expected to leave the next morning at eight, but neither he nor his wife had the heart to go away and leave us in so much trouble; they would go at one o'clock instead. But even then they saw that my husband needed constant medical attention, and our doctor was away on a journey.

It was an acute case of colic; an illness from which my husband had never suffered before in his life. Yesterday at midday he began to mend, and fell asleep. You can imagine how thankful I was. This morning at eight o'clock, our new friends went away. My husband is improving steadily and is only very weary. At this moment he is

sleeping quietly, and has been for a full half hour. God grant that he may soon be entirely well!

It is so strange that in her last days his first wife should have thought of me. She longed to know me, and to become friends with me. Her dream was to go to Japara and to take her children to me; she hardly laid my portrait out of her hand, and even on her last sick-bed she had it by her.

After she had departed, and her earthly pain was over, everyone here, even the native officials, has had but one wish, which has now been granted since the eighth of November. That is why there was such general rejoicing when we came.

My husband thinks the idea of moving the Japara wood-carvers here excellent. He supports me warmly in that, just as he does in all my other projects. A handicraft school for natives has been one of his dreams all along.

My husband is anxious for me to write a book about the sagas and legends of Java. He would collect them for me, and we could work on them together — a wonderful prospect.

There is so much that he wants to do with me; on my writing-table several articles from his hand are already lying.

MY OWN DEAREST MOEDERTJE, —

I wish that I could throw my arms around your neck. I long from my soul to tell you of my great joy, to make you a sharer in our splendid secret. A great, sweet happiness awaits me. If God so wills it, toward the end of September, there will come one sent from heaven to make our beautiful life still more beautiful, to draw the bond closer and tighter that already binds us together. Mother, my mother, think of the little soul that will be born from our two souls to call me mother!

Can you picture it? I a mother! I

shall make you, old Moedertje, I shall make you a grandmother! Will you come later on to see your grandchild? I shall not be able now to go to Batavia. Our plan was first to go on a journey this month, to take a month's holiday. Now we must give up the idea. I am not able to travel, and when our little one is here, then, too, I may not travel. So I shall see Batavia no more, at least while you are there. And what would it be worth to me without you and Mijnheer? My husband is so glowingly happy because of this new life which I carry under my heart. That alone was wanting to our happiness.

HIGHLY HONORED FRIENDS, —

It must have seemed strange to you not to have heard from me in reply to your cordial letter, and to have had no word of acknowledgment for the splendid presents with which we have been so greatly pleased. If every thought sent to you had become a deed, what an array of letters you would now have! Forgive me, dear friends, that no word has gone to you long before this.

The change from a simple young girl to a bride, a mother, and the wife of a highly placed native official, — which means much in our Indian life, — is so great that I could think of nothing at first but of how best to fulfill my new duties. But that was not the only reason. Shortly after our wedding, my husband was taken very ill. After that I myself began to ail. Even now the Rembang climate does not agree with me. We live close by the sea; but what at Japara was an advantage, is here, at Rembang, a plague. Here we must have a care for the sea wind, which is very unwholesome, because it must first blow over coral reefs and slime before it reaches us.

And now I must tell you about my new life. You will be glad to hear of that, will you not? Because you take

such interest in your Javanese friend, and have been so concerned about her future. God be thanked, your fears for me have proved groundless. A young wife writes you these lines, a wife whose happiness beams in her eyes and who can find no words to express it.

My husband (and it is known through the whole of Java that I am different from others; yet he has bound himself to me) is not only my husband, he is my best friend.

Everything that I think has been thought by him too, and many of my ideas have already been expressed by him in deeds. I have laid out for myself a full life, I have planned to be a pioneer in the struggle for the rights and freedom of the Javanese woman. I am now the wife of a man whose support gives me strength in my efforts to reach the ideal which is always before my eyes. I have now personal happiness and also my work for my ideal.

I am sure you will both be pleased to know that your little Javanese friend of the turbulent spirit is now anchored in a safe haven. I wish that you could see me in my new surroundings. You know how little I cared for luxury and worldly position; they would have no value in my eyes, were it not that it is my husband who gives them to me. But they are means by which I may reach my goal more easily. The Javanese are deeply loyal to their nobles. Everything that their chiefs desire is readily accepted by them. So now at the side of my husband I shall reach the hearts of the people much more easily. The success of the plans for our school shows that I have their confidence.

We began to teach at home in Japara, and now our younger sisters are carrying on the work there. Our little school now has a hundred and twenty pupils, daughters of native chiefs. My sisters give them instruction. But here too I

have begun our work; my own little daughters were my first pupils. So you see that the little Javanese are beginning to realize the dream of their girlhood.

We do not go out often, and we entertain very little, yet my life is always full. Splendid! I divide my days between my dear husband, my house-keeping, and my children — both my own and the adopted ones. And these last take the largest share of my time and attention. When father is at work, then the children work with me from nine until twelve o'clock. At half-past twelve, father finds a troop of clean-faced but very hungry children. At half-past one the little ones are sent to bed,¹ and if father is in bed, and I am not too tired, I work with the young girls. At four o'clock I preside at the tea-table. When the little ones have drunk their milk and have bathed, they can drive the fowls to the coops, or walk with us, or play in the garden. We amuse ourselves for a little, and prattle about everything or nothing.

When our little troop comes in, then we are done with play. Father sits down to read the paper, and they range themselves around mother. I sit in a rocking-chair with the two smallest on my lap, a child on each arm of the chair, and the two eldest at my knees. We tell stories; soon afterward supper-time comes around. We eat early with the little ones; the smallest of all sits next to mother. The little fellow has taken upon himself the task of lifting the glass cover for mother. No one must take that little work away from him, and if he is not allowed to do it, he knows it is because he has deserved a punishment.

At eight o'clock the little treasures are sent to bed. And we parents sit up

¹ In Java it is customary to take an hour's rest in the afternoon. — THE TRANSLATOR.

and talk to each other till Klaas Vaak drives us to the *poeloe kapok* [bed]; and this is not so late as at Japara, for we get up very early in the morning.

Sunday is a holiday for both of us. We begin it always with a walk; after that I teach my girls cooking, and then the mother and wife can do the things for which she had not had time during the week. It is not much that she can do, for my husband is happier when I sit by him. He charms me sometimes with beautiful *gamelan* music and songs. I think it is delightful in my husband to add the songs. For the *gamelan* music alone makes too great an impression upon me. It takes me back to times of which I must not think. It makes me weak and sad.

So the days fly by, calm, quiet, and peaceful as a brook deep in the forest.

If the child that I carry under my heart is a girl, what shall I wish for her? I shall wish that she may live a rich full life, and that she may complete the work that her mother has begun. She shall never be compelled to do anything abhorrent to her deepest feelings. What she does must be of her own free will. She shall have a mother who will watch over the welfare of her inmost being, and a father who will never force her in anything. It will make no difference to him if his daughter remains unmarried her whole life long; what will count with him will be that she shall always keep her esteem and affection for us. He has shown that he respects women, and that we are one in thought, by his desire to trust his daughter wholly to me.

Oh, if you only knew the things that slander has spread abroad about me! What I heard before my marriage was praise compared to what I have since learned. My husband must indeed have had courage, to offer me his heart, his hand, and his name. He had heard many things concerning me, but

never a single word of praise; still, in his heart there was a conviction, which nothing could shake, that we were the bearers of new ideas, which were incomprehensible to the great multitude, who scorned us because they could not understand. When his first wife was still living, he would always take my part when they dragged my name through the mud. He had a premonition that some day I should play an important rôle in his life. Everyone here in the house had been interested in me. So there are premonitions, secret longings, that come often as forerunners of what will happen in the future. Only I alone did not dream that this would be my future existence.

I am not giving my little ones any vacation; they will have one in September when my child is born. For the first fortnight I must rest, and then my baby will go into the schoolroom. I have already prepared a corner where baby can sleep, while mother and little sisters and brothers study. Now we shall have something *à la* Hilda Van Suylenburg—a mother who with a suckling baby goes out to work.

When shall I ever be able to write to you as of yore? From all sides come reproaches that I write so seldom. But I cannot do anything else; I have undertaken a great task, and it is my hard duty to carry it through to completion. The children are doing their best, and I have now twelve, among them several who are full-grown.

I am busy now with the outfit for your little grandchild. My sisters are eager for a girl, and my husband for a son. If it should be a girl, then I shall have to love her doubly, for everyone here is anxious for a boy.

MY OWN DEAREST MOEDERTJE,—

My love for you and my interest in everything that concerns you must not

be measured according to the number of my letters to you.

With the best will in the world, it is almost impossible for me to write to anyone at all, now especially, when I am struggling against bad health. I have been quite sick: I caught a cold and suffered severely. That is now past, thank God! but I still have to take care of myself. And I must — I will be well, for our child's sake.

How much a child costs its mother! All the tedious suffering is still to come. O Moeska, I must take care of myself, and be prudent in everything. For a month past, I have received only members of the family, who can come into my room. I write this in a long chair. I cannot sit up straight comfortably.

Mamma was with me last week; the dear one, nothing is too much for her, where the welfare of her children is at stake. Just so she went to Pamalang when Kardinah was sick, and just so she came all the way here, when my husband in his distress telegraphed for her. My husband is looking forward to the approaching time with great apprehension. He cannot bear to see me suffer, poor dear one; he really suffered more than I when I was so sick. He would turn the whole world upside down to spare me suffering and pain.

MOESKA DEAREST, —

I think of you so much! Above all do I think of you now, always with a feeling of tenderness, but, at the same time, a deep sadness.

Sadness because you are so far from me, and will be even farther removed beyond my reach. Why must it be that just those souls that are most closely akin should be separated so far from one another? I am so unhappy when I let myself long for you. I sit still, looking straight ahead, neither hearing nor seeing what is happening around me. I live in the past, that

sweet and that bitter past, when I was so eager for suffering, and where your love is interwoven always like a garland of light. I suffered and I rejoiced. My heart is full of sadness, but also of gratitude, for the happiness which your love has brought me. I never cease to thank God for having brought you to us.

Good-day, Moeska; perhaps this will be my last letter to you. Think sometimes of your daughter who loves you and your husband so dearly, and who presses you now to her heart.

DEAREST MOEDERTJE MINE, —

After all, that was not to be my last letter. I have been afraid; but perhaps it will be for the best that my time is coming quickly. I feel it, Moedertje; it is very probable that your grandchild will be born sooner than we first expected him.

Greetings, my dear one. Think well of me, both of you; in my heart there is a prayer which says, 'God keep my dear friends.'

Your own little daughter,

KARTINI.

MY DEAREST MOEDERTJE, —

How can I thank you for the precious little frock that you have given our baby. It has all the more worth in our eyes because we know under what circumstances you have worked this present for your little grandchild. We heard through Roekmini that you made it yourself after your return to Batavia. To think that you, who were indisposed yourself and had so many cares upon your shoulders as always, but especially at that time when you were under great pressure, could still take such delicate and patient stitches for our child! Your friendship must indeed be great, and your love for me deep and sincere. I looked at the little frock yesterday with wet eyes and a grateful

happy heart; and often I feel I must look at it again. It tells me much, Moedertje dearest. It has made your daughter so happy.

Later your little grandchild can wear the figured ornament around his neck, when the dress grows too small for him. I shall keep it for him till he can understand me, when I tell him of the great love which God has given to his mother, so that the little ornament will be even more precious to him than it is now to me.

My husband said to me yesterday, when we received your present: 'Go, wife, and write to Moedertje right away, or it may be too late.' And I have followed his advice and, at the same time, the voice of my own heart.

Our little one is not here yet, but it may be any moment now. I feel that his coming is very near.

Thank you so much for your encouraging words, dear. The thought that far from here there is one, a part of my soul, who hopes and prays for me, makes me strong, and does me unutterable good.

People who have seen me during these last days think me unusually cheerful. And why should I not be cheerful when such great happiness awaits me? What matter all the hours of pain, when they are the price of such sweet happiness? I long so for my little treasure, and it is sweet to know that many whom I love are with me in thought in these last days. Do I not know how at my dear home, hour by hour, they think of me, hope and pray for me?

When so many hearts pray the same prayer, Heaven will not be deaf to it. Moeska, I am so firmly convinced that

all will go well with your daughter; naturally you will be notified as soon as the great event has taken place.

Oh, if you, my good angel, could but stand at the cradle of my child, how blissfully happy I should be! I know that you will love our child even though it should grow into a greater simpleton than its mother. If it is only not too sensitive, all will be well—*hè*, Moeska? And that will not be unless the evil spirits watch by its cradle. But your talisman will take care of that and protect your little one from evil spirits.

My mother has been with me for two weeks, and there is also an old grandmother who has come to be with me during the hard hours that are coming. I am waited upon, spoiled, and watched over like a princess.

The layette and the little bed are in our room all ready for the coming of our treasure.

How delightful is the odor of the little fruit which is our true native perfume. I have put it away with the baby's frock, in a chest with other garments, so that they will be perfumed delicately. My treasure must smell sweet.

Good-night, dearest Moedertje; accept again sincere thanks from us both. Greet Mijneer heartily for us, and feel yourself softly kissed by your own little daughter.

KARTINI.

[This was her last letter. Six days later her son was born; and after four days, she died suddenly, being just twenty-five years old. She was deeply mourned by all who had known and loved her.]

THE UNCONQUERED

BY AMORY HARE

I NEVER hear the thrush's mellow flute
In the hushed gloom of woods where threads of sun,
From tree-trunk to tall tree-trunk, one by one,
Move in slow beauty, eloquently mute;
Nor watch dark skies swept by the trembling tops
Of poplars bowing to the evening breeze;
Nor tread the tufted grass the heifer crops;
Nor feel the fog blow past me from the seas,
Without that leap of blood, that catch of breath,
Coming to strike me dumb at thought of Death.

Death, the strange dream beyond all thought withdrawn,
Incredibly beyond compassion's sting;
Deaf to all grief, immune to pitying,
Ultimate conqueror of beauty's dawn
That saw the myriad seeds of eager life
Willing themselves to growth and rapturous
Content in being! Brief, but beauteous,
The conflict, glorious the strife,
That takes such joy of living for a span,
Knowing the verdict before Time began.

Splendid to have been one of those who fought
To be, defying death in every beat
Of a full-pulsing heart; to drink the sweet
Dark wine of ecstasy, the milk of thought,
Until such pageantry of the unseen
Comes to reality within the mind
That the blind heart can consolation find
In heaven and hell and all that lies between,
And comes to think on Death as the indenture
That binds the deathless will to new adventure.

THE DIVE. II

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

UNDER a pale and fading light Ronald Ronald was thrashing his way about in a jungle — a jungle of underbrush bound together with netted festoons of dog-brier and wild grapevines. He beat them down before him with a stout club, trampling them wearily underfoot as he advanced. He felt himself to be near exhaustion; but there was always something that gave him the courage for one more rod. What was it that did this? he asked himself in a kind of stupor.

He was not quite alone: there was another presence behind, following submissively at the end of a rawhide leading-string which he held in his left hand. But this seemed to have nothing to do with it. He was drawn forward by something that lay waiting for him beyond. Just what this something was, he could not at all bring his mind to focus upon. But there came to him again and again, in waves, the assurance that he knew, if he could but think clearly enough to remember.

One more curtain of dry and crackling branches between himself and a broader diffusion of light ahead. He braced his feet and pushed his body against this curtain with all his strength, tearing his way and carrying a latticed snarl of the thorny creepers with him. His lunge brought him out stumbling into a small cleared space near the edge of a great descent. He saw, as if he had expected it, that he was on the rim of a cliff partly enclosing the upper end of a long, deep, and narrow valley, the bottom of which was already wrapped

in twilight. He made out in a blur of dizziness that the saddled pony had forced its way through behind him; then he sank down on the carpet of parched grass and weeds to wait for things to stop whirling blackly.

His mind was like two confused and intermingled liquids of different densities, one of which, he seemed to know, would presently rise clear to the top while the other sank. He tried to think back along the trails he had followed — or were they roads? The two terms jostled each other in his thought. One item emerged sharp and tangible enough: Chiswick Valley. Not so long ago, he had come into Chiswick Valley, and this was the lower part of it that lay spread before him. How had he come? One scrap of an odd sort of answer popped back from nowhere: '— a-straddle of a volcano.' Meaningless. But was it? or had he merely happened to lose the meaning somehow? Anyway, there could be no doubt about the real answer, for here was the indubitable pony, familiar enough to him now that he stared at it cropping the dried grass.

Patiently he set about visualizing the just accomplished stage of his journey. Another detail came with certainty: the long descent into the Upper Valley. Then another blur. There was a rude cart-path, half swallowed in dense encroaching bushes, through which the pony had ambled with a swishing noise. But was there not also a straight brown road, pulverized by innumerable hoofs and wheels? Neither image gave his

mind the equilibrium it wanted. He saw, at one and the same time, the track rankly overgrown, and, much as if this had been transparent, something else underlying it — the ghost, as it were, of the dusty brown thoroughfare that had once traversed the place. Ah, but *had* it? The road, or trail, or whatever it liked to call itself, remained with him like two photographs, each clear enough in itself, taken on one film.

There was another curious circumstance. He was uncertain of the last house in the Upper Valley — the last before, at a quite definite small red schoolhouse, he had turned into the woods. Not uncertain what that last house was like, but uncertain whether it was there at all. One moment he saw it, in a little pocket of a dell, with outbuildings attached, a roofed well-house in front, and a mill-pond behind. The next moment he saw only the empty dell, with a brook flowing through its greenery. In ostensible connection with that shadowy house, a name became articulate in his memory — a man's name, Elijah. No, Abijah. Well, which? Then a third name displaced both: Eustace. Eustace's house. Who might Eustace be? A click in his memory shut off speculation here, as if someone had slammed in his face the door of a lighted room which he wanted to enter. It broke on him with the starkness of a winter dawn, bringing a dismay that swelled through his whole being until it was terror, that he did not know who he was.

He began making hysterical efforts to get back one step further into his immediate past. His mind caught hold of one corner of a sort of moving picture. Running Indians. There were also gaunt bronzed men, not Indians, with grim faces, smudged and half lost in smoke. And sounds — a din of yelled orders, the pop of musketry, the occasional boom of a field-piece, making

earth and air shudder. These attached themselves to another name — John Stark. Now he had it: Battle of Bennington, of course! But forthwith there came again that same click in his memory. The details vanished, and in their stead he had nothing but a sharp awareness of a page in a book — a right-hand page, the text straggling down in a narrowed column past a sketch-map toward a topic that stood out in bold-faced type near the bottom: 'Successes in the North (1777).'

His effort frayed out into trivialities. He heard clearly spoken, in a high and querulous voice which he seemed to have known ages ago, a phrase which he could not for the life of him make sense of: '— these queer new-fangled *s's*.' He worked over this as if it had been of immense importance, and then gravely substituted 'here' for 'queer.' This pleased some fastidious sense of sound inside him. The words were like actual physical things, which he was to find and slip into notches already shaped to fit them with precision.

When he opened his eyes, things no longer blurred together in that mad whirl. On the height there was only a vanishing gray dimness, through which the first stars twinkled out one by one. He strained his eyes downward. The Lower Valley was filled with a great standing pool of darkness, near the bottom of which he made out, faint and wraith-like, a level body of mist. At this he stared, endeavoring to pierce through it to what lay at the bottom.

A rustling east breath from the opposite wall fanned him. He saw with a start that what he was looking at was the smooth expanse of a lake. Out of the night below it sprang to his vision as things do in a lightning flash. He could see the mist, clinging above and reflected below. The surface of the water was like tarnished silver. 'Almost dawn,' he muttered in bewild-

erment. No sooner had he heard this said, than he wanted to deny it testily. He knew well enough that it was not long after sunset. Also, he realized that the lake which had presented itself, whether or no its counterpart lay down there in the Valley, was nothing that he could truly have seen with his physical eyes, in that light. He passed a hand nervously across his face. The whole mirage of a lake was gone like a cobweb that one brushes away. Then, perversely, he was flooded with dismay because the lake was *not* there.

There followed a short interval in which he understood everything perfectly, within a narrow ring of immediate circumstances. The rim of a red-dish moon showed above the east wall across the gorge. Somewhere back in the woods a screech-owl began spreading its immemorial woes broadcast on the night. All this was familiar. He got up and went to the pony, which he could still hear crunching the withered grass with a faint tearing noise. He tethered the animal to a sapling at the edge of the cleared place, unsaddled him, and hung the saddle over the lowest limb of a tree. From one of the saddle-bags he produced a folding candle-lantern. Without a second's hesitation he lighted it—with flint and steel and a tinder-box.

He patted the pony and promised it water. It whinnied softly as he walked away toward the edge of the cliff. Every one of these movements was obvious and comprehensible to him. But as soon as he tried to get beyond, into past or future, there was no sense or meaning.

Between two trees at the edge of the descent he stepped into the path. He followed it down, understanding by some sixth sense that he had done so countless times before. He even knew, without the least thought, which roots and stones were secure footing, and which would tear away or teeter pre-

cariously. The shadows of his legs, thrown by the swung lantern, criss-crossed rhythmically on the steep rock wall and effaced whole boulders and clumps of bushes with the clipping motion of shears. The incessant wail of the screech-owl came to him more faintly. He did not pause until he reached a flat ledge of rock twenty or thirty feet from the bottom.

There he lost himself again for a moment in another of those strange fits of mental biplicity, based this time on the automatic cropping up in his mind of two words—'shelf,' and the queer word 'chaps.' Chaps? What chaps? English slang. Fellows. No. Then a line from—was it Shakespeare?—'Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps.' There might, he thought, be a gleam here, if he could work it out. Chaps—jaws. Lion's jaws? Not that. And 'shelf'! He gave it up, and peered down over the edge of the flat rock.

Nothing there but darkness. What had stopped him? Something in the texture of the silence, over which he puzzled, frowning. Suddenly he had it: water falling over rocks. He strained his ears for this sound. There was nothing audible except the crickets and that one everlasting screech-owl. A kind of stagnating quality in the stillness made him think of death—the valley of the shadow of death. He shivered imperceptibly.

But he was going on down. There was that which called him as if from the darkness below, and to which everything inside him answered. He understood in a vague way that the call itself had really come from inside him. It was nothing more than his inward certitude that down there, in some mysterious way, all would be accounted for, justified. Walking along the flat ledge back near the cliff, he found with relief that he knew precisely where to look for the continuation of the path. It

led down a rock stairway and then eased off to a level among waist-high shrubs. Here was a sudden pocket of damp, cold air. He shivered again, this time with the merely physical chill. The darkness was one more breath of familiarity touched with strangeness.

II

He was now on the floor of the Valley itself. He paused.

At the blackest point of the shadow ahead, a dog broke out into a shrill yelping clamor. He understood that it was neither fear nor anger, nor yet warning, but only — welcome. He could hear the dog pounding toward him on the hard ground, tearing its throat with cries, tossing its body into the air as if only by turning completely inside-out could it express the furious abandon of its delight. He stooped down as it neared him, and murmured a caressing word. Instantly there fell a dead stillness between himself and the animal. Instead of the anticipated transport, there came one low, drawn-out, ululating whine. He could feel the dog's hair bristling as if it had risen along his own back. The voice in which he had just spoken to the dog was one which he had never heard before in his life. He stood and trembled, in a renewal of overwhelming psychic terror.

Quick, light steps came toward him, stopped a second, came on again more swiftly.

'Ronald!' It was the unbearable excess of joy breaking over into a cry uttered by the most familiar voice in the whole world.

In the firm arms that swept round him, he knew at last the answer to the dark riddle of his existence. The lips that found his own in a long ardor of possession, of fulfillment, summed up everything. He stood dazed with the rightness and expectedness of it, encir-

cling her with his left arm and holding the lantern stiffly away from her in his right hand, not knowing that he did so. They stood motionless while the great brown collie danced round them, uttering soft whines and nuzzling them alternately for recognition.

Suddenly she was crying, in little broken-off sobs that constricted her whole body. Rising from somewhere inside her, they tore at something inside him. The lantern went out as it fell; his freed hand, behind her head, pressed her cheek more tightly against his. It was the gesture of his tenderness charging her never to sob again but for joy.

'My dear love!' he murmured; and after a little, again, brokenly, 'Oh, my dear love!' It was all he could say.

With her first cry his identity had swept over him like the waters of a pent-up freshet suddenly released, until he was drowned in it. The past and the present were washed clear. In the one surge of clarity he had both found himself and lost himself again in the sense of her. It seemed to him then that never in his life had there been anything to stand in the way of his certainty of himself and of her, of himself as hers. The period of wondering who and where he was, the singular speculation about a house that both was and was not, his groping for the name of the ledge on which he had stood, the dog's spasm of terror — all that was not only a forgotten dream, but a dream that had occurred to someone else entirely. He, Ronald Ronald, was in the secure valley of home, under its shielding wall. He stood within a stone's throw of the Devil's Chaps, the ledge forming the mouth and jaws of that vast stone face which watched eternally over the Valley with its sardonic and inscrutable regard, giving the whole locality its nickname of Devil's-Pate Valley. It had all been familiar to him from the

dawn of his memory. And he was fastened in the arms of his wife.

What words was she breathing into his ear? — 'It must be that God has brought you to me.'

'That may indeed be,' he answered her. 'But only let me know that 't is well with you and the child. And what word from Eustace? Is father better?'

She was still sobbing a little, and trying to nod assent against his shoulder; but this she could hardly manage, he was holding her so fixedly, and they both laughed, as young lovers since the beginning of the world have always done at such trifles.

'Yes,' he repeated, 'why may it not be that God has had care of me? There has been more than one piece of hot work in the field, and I in the thick of it. And there was hazard in the journey, as indeed I had foreknowledge. Yet here I am — and with no help save that of a good pony which is spent with the journey and waits up yonder for food and water.'

She pushed him a little away, keeping her hands on his shoulders. 'But why,' she demanded, 'must you undertake these perils without need? Always the rashest boy! You might have cost your general a stout soldier, and me —'

'An indifferent husband,' he supplied; then drew her back closer. 'The birds fly in their seasons,' he said, 'but I never heard that they ask first whether the way be free of dangers. It was to you, and — I must. And did you have no need of me? Something was for ever crying your need into my ear, and would not be silent; I heard it in the night, and on the march, and through the sentry's watch. Was it only *my* need that spoke?'

'Ay,' she answered quietly, 'there was need — great need. But now' — she laughed happily — 'here are you, and what need of anything? Father Abijah is as he was — no more ailing.

From your brother, no tidings still. — But did you surely come without harm, my Ronald?'

He laughed too, because she had laughed, and because he was in the giddiness of pure joy.

'That I did,' he assured her — 'at least, with no worse scath than by some thousands of brambles up yonder, where I had thought there was a path.'

She was serious again.

'Few have come, these many months, by any path that leads to this place,' she said. 'And — fewer have gone. — But, oh! great gooscap that I am, to stand gabbling here — and you so spent and famished! And he has never, never seen his babe, has he, Tubal?' She affected to put this to the dog.

'While I have you thus —'

But she was pulling at his sleeve, in a sudden intolerant gust of solicitude. He knew: she was going to be inexorable, ruthless, until she had him properly looked after, showered with creature comforts. He supposed it was one of the traits without which she would not have been Martha; certainly it was one common to all the women whom the Ronalds married. He stooped to pick up the extinguished lantern, and to let Tubal vent himself in a wild transport of caresses: then he started on, Martha haling him after her by the wrist as one does a resisting child. He barely made out the steep gable of the farmhouse, dominating a shadowy huddle of out-buildings.

'Tell me, then,' he said, 'of the child. Our son — think of that! Yes, I know: I had your letter in the North, of Elim Whittaker, who had it of Nathan.'

Her clutch tightened on his wrist, and her pace slackened.

'Oh, never was such a babe!' she affirmed. 'When you take him, you will perceive and understand what it was that drew you. He thought it was his wife, the silly! When a man has his

first child to play with, what is a doll of a wife, that he should keep her in remembrance? Tell me that, thou great vanity! But, oh, he is the strongest, and the best — ! The blue eyes, like yours — ! And the straight back — ! He has but just found that his wrists do most wonderfully turn, and he lies on his back watching his two hands turn to and fro, and never wearies of it.'

'Which of us twain, I ask you now,' said Ronald, with a crushing severity, 'has the greater cause to look on the child with a jaundiced eye — your own words to be the judge? And, pray, was not his name to be Joel, after *your* father?'

'His name is to be Ronald Joel, after my father and his own.' She said it with a triumphant kind of tenderness. 'And he shall be called Ronald, lest —'

He caught a glimpse of her omnipresent fear. It was true enough that the desolation of widowhood might descend on her at any instant, almost before she had crossed the threshold of life and love. In bestowing *his* name upon the boy, she was squarely reckoning with the common lot of young wives and mothers in those troublous times. For his own part, he was strong in youth's illusion of immortality. But he could only tighten his clasp in comprehension of her pervasive dread.

She lingered again in the shadow of the great gable.

'There is one matter,' she said in a low voice, 'that you need prepare yourself against. Father Abijah is — is not altogether as you have known him.'

'Not — near death? You cannot mean that?'

'Tis not so much the body, ailing though that be. But — the mind fails. In one small matter, nothing if you but understand it aright, he does not do himself justice. There may be that which would be overlooked by all who love him.'

She would say no more. She checked his questions by raising the latch. They passed through a wedge of yellow candlelight into the great warm kitchen that had always been to Ronald a familiar everyday sort of heaven.

III

His first minutes under his own roof were marred, as home-comings most often are, by the impact of too many crowding emotions of the first magnitude, crossing and interrupting one another. Later, he was to sink gratefully into the remembered serenity of everything — the freshly sanded floor, the gleam of brass and pewter, the vast fireplace with its smouldering logs ready to be blown into flame, the ticking of the great clock that was too tall for the room and had been allowed to thrust its head through the ceiling, the bottle-green Windsor chairs, the Windsor settle covered with a brown bearskin, the still cradle, and Martha moving among all these about her tasks as airily as if she danced to some tinkling gavotte by Rameau.

But what he first experienced was a shock. It was the shock of actually seeing her, by the tell-tale light of the candles. Her tiredness, the worn pallor of her face, the look of added years in her eyes and the lines of her mouth, her general air as of one inflexibly resolved to carry all the way a burden she could but stagger under — it made him cry out at his first real sight of her.

This in turn brought an outcry, in the testy and querimonious voice of an old man, from the kitchen bedroom, and Ronald must hurry in and pay his filial respects. The change in Abijah Ronald, even as seen by the dim light that flowed in through the open door, was immeasurably disturbing to his son. It was not merely the change from a seer to a dotard, though it was all

that: there was in it, besides, a suggestion of something odious, abominable, inhuman yet too utterly human; something that struck at the root of the son's self-respect by causing in him a strong instinctive revulsion for which he must curse and loathe himself, powerless though he was to stamp it out of his heart. He could not have phrased any part of this feeling; yet it was so definite that it sickened him. Why was it that his father regarded *him* with suspicion, subtly resented his presence there, perhaps his very existence?

From grappling with himself at the bedside of his father, Ronald turned back to receive at the door the bundle which Martha held in outstretched arms — the child that was hers and, incredibly, his — his little sleeping son, Ronald Joel. He drew both the woman and the child into a gentle embrace, so that the little thing lay between its parents, held by her. Ronald looked down at it, the shy wonder of paternity dawning in his boyish eyes. He saw, through a suspicion of tears, that it had fabulously long black lashes, like Martha's, and hair like hers, brown with glints of red-gold where the light touched it slantwise. He smiled down at it; and instantly, as if it had been an echo, a smile fluttered across the face of his sleeping son.

'Dreaming of his supper, mayhap?' whispered Martha.

Ronald knit his brows in a portentous frown. He pretended to be furious with her for this crass invasion of his sentimental rights. His own eyes had just seen that his son's smile was like butterflies and dancing elves, and he was not going to have it dismissed by Martha with any such crude levity. Mauling and manhandling his pretty fancies like that! He leaned forward and kissed her defiantly, to show the completeness of his disapproval. Already the jealous egotism of paternity had clutched him.

The old man in the bedroom began to weep, in little whimpering snarls like those of an animal. Some unnamable suggestion in the sound froze Ronald's blood. When Martha released herself to put Ronald Joel back into the cradle, he let her go almost coldly. The thing that his father had become — not that he at all understood it just yet — seemed, somehow, an outrage on all humanity. A frost of misanthropy chilled everything for him.

But Martha was her warm and sunny and unruffled self. That she should be, was almost more than he could take in; it recalled his attention from his own feelings and warmed him to himself again, for a moment, through admiration of her. She was younger than he, — barely twenty, — and it was manifest that her poise had nothing to do with obtuseness as to her father-in-law's actual condition; yet she was somehow above and beyond this present horror, to a degree which made Ronald feel himself indescribably callow.

She went to the door of the bedroom. 'You will have your tea now, Father Abijah?' she called.

There was a mumbled assent. She knelt by the hearth to pour and stir. The aromatic pungency of sassafras filled the room.

'T would doubtless pleasure your father,' she said, 'if you were to fetch it to him'; and she held out the green-and-gold china cup in its deep saucer.

'Nay, *you!*' croaked Abijah. 'You, always.'

She checked Ronald's angry exclamation with a gesture, and herself passed into the room. Ronald strode back and forth, scowling blackly and knowing himself ineffectual. Through the cavernous dimness of the bedroom he could see Martha pause by the high four-posted bed and, holding the saucer with one hand, raise the old man with the other. He sat up, and she slipped

the bolster behind his back. Ronald was just at the turn of his stride. In that moment he saw what froze him to the spot. His look followed the bony and claw-like fingers of Abijah in the terrible fascination with which one looks at a crawling snake. The old man's eyes had become two hot devouring coals, with glints in them of senile cunning and of triumph. Ronald was staring appalled, against his volition, at the suddenly revealed horror of a dotard's monstrous and sterile concupiscence.

'Martha!' He cried out her name in a terrible and choking voice, and would have started forward to tear her away.

In a trice she had dropped the cup and saucer. It was deliberate. Ronald could see her fingers coolly uncloset and let the two dishes fall.

At the crash that followed, the old man was suddenly different, years and leagues away. 'I would not have seen this untoward thing,' he said in a voice more like that which Ronald remembered, 'for the worth of a whole merchantman's cargo of such tea as we had once. 'T was a piece from my own mother's set of dishes. From France she had it, a many years ago, and this was the first ever I saw broke.'

He felt not a vestige of responsibility for what had happened. Ronald wondered sardonically whether his father meant to blame him for startling Martha, or her for allowing herself to be startled, or both. Ronald was alien in that moment to his father, his wife, his child, himself, the very house to which he had made his way with such labor and peril, thinking it home.

He looked stupidly at the great clock, still ticking away as leisurely as if its task were not in time but in eternity. Altogether he had been in the house a scant six minutes.

Martha brushed past him, with a sign that he was to say and do nothing. She filled another cup with the brew,

took it to Abijah, and removed the traces of the mishap.

'There, Father Abijah,' she said, 'I am sure you will sleep now.'

Her impassiveness struck Ronald as in itself a sickening abnormality. She received the cup from the old man; then she stepped back into the kitchen and, latching the door behind her, turned to face her husband.

'You give me black looks, dear heart,' she said.

'If thou and I were but to change places,' he said with a face like flint, 'I would sear the place with a hot iron.'

He spoke with the implacable fury of youth when its normality is outraged. He had no sooner got the words out, though, than he felt himself once more as a child in the presence of an inscrutable wisdom, ancient and mysteriously derived.

She dropped her hands in a hopeless gesture. 'You do not understand,' she said wearily. 'Oh, is there no pity in you? Not for me, — God knows I want none, — but for him.'

'Nevertheless, it is for you that I have most pity, that you can be so blind as to suffer this thing to continue. And for myself,' he added bitterly. 'As for him, there be other humors that I should counsel, and of better pertinency. You prate of pity! Bethink you that we deal with a father's itching lust after the wife of his son.'

'Bethink you that we deal with a father.' She looked at him fearlessly, with an almost appraising candor, as if wondering how much she could hope to make him understand; then went on tentatively, 'T is you who are blinded, my Ronald. And think you self-pity is any light for such devious ways? Oh, believe me, you do but soil and wrong yourself with these angers.'

'He soils you with his touch. Ay, the very look of his eyes is a festering abomination.'

She waived this. 'Hearken but patiently to me for a little,' she said. 'I know myself, and I know him. All men, 't would seem, know Abijah Ronald better than do his sons.' Ronald winced, but she did not pause. 'If I know him best, 't is because, these many weeks, I have been the one to listen perforce to his prayers and lamentations, and oftentimes to his delirium. He has opened forth his whole soul, so that 'tis like a book, simple to read. His whole life is without stain or blemish. He is a strong man, broken at the last by his own strength.'

'A dark saying,' said Ronald.

'Yet a true one. — Tell me, are not some men driven and rent all their lives by passions that were born in them, while others of lesser turbulence easily rule and curb themselves?'

Ronald nodded, a scarlet shame in his face. This was not all a consequence of the prudery of thought and speech in which he had been reared, and through which Martha was driving to essentials: there was in it also a trace of something vicarious and not ignoble. Ronald blushed, as extreme youth does, because the sins and shames of other men hurt him inwardly, defacing his whole image of himself as a man, of manhood itself. As for Martha, her cheeks were pink, but with excitement. She seemed inordinately young, girlish, as she stood there, a wisp of incarnate bravery and imagination, expounding life to her husband, and looking, while she did it, as if life would never dare lay an ungentle finger on her. Ronald's eyes fell before her level regard.

'Your father,' she went on, 'is of those who have conquered the unruly part of themselves at a most great cost. Others have deemed him a cold and forbidding man, of a stern and frowning piety, the safest of all men from sins of the flesh. You too — yes, and your brother, if I mistake not — have

thought of him as a being saintlike and far removed from the frailties of them we call bad men.' This struck home: that was exactly how Ronald always had felt toward his father, regarding him with far more of awe than affection. 'Consider, then,' she hurried on, 'that his whole life, whether sleeping or waking, has been one long fiery battle against this demon of appetence in his own nature. You know, do you not,' — her face crimsoned, — 'that your father did not wed until he was thirty years older than you are now? Yet all those years he lived without one hidden sin to repent. All his days have passed in chastity and honor. You know well how all uncleanness enraged him: 't was for no reason save the hourly fear and hatred of it in himself. When he was most merciless to others, the scourge was in very truth for his own soul. He dared countenance no weakness, lest it tempt him to clemency for his own.'

'A whole lifetime his spirit has been cumbered with this incubus: what wonder, then, if at this last he be broken in both mind and body? All that Abijah Ronald was he gave, and gladly, to this one end, that he keep himself without stain. Saving a few memories, there is left scarce a fibre of the man he was. He died fighting against the adversary in his own heart. Would there had been enough of him to last out the little time that remains, say I! No more gallant life was ever lived.'

Tears came; she choked them back. She had forgotten herself, and well-nigh forgotten Ronald. Her look pierced through him; she had eyes for nothing less than the discarnate and quintessential part of Abijah Ronald, the thing she must somehow make manifest to his son. This reality, the son now suspected, he had never had a true glimpse of before; and, strangely perhaps, it came to him in a great lift of emotion that he had never had a true

glimpse of Martha before, either. Her sheer greatness was beyond everything. It abased him utterly, and at the same time robbed him of the words to express his abasement.

'All that is left us,' she resumed, 'is to keep the taste of defeat from his lips. When this dire frailty comes upon him, we must affect not to perceive it. His own power over himself is spent, and we have strength aplenty: why, then, higgler about the trifle more or less used to save him from himself? All that needs is to be the least blind, patient with him. 'Tis an easy thing to turn his mind from the distemper, which is but of the body. Arouse old memories, or set his thoughts running on the fortunes of our arms against the King's men, or but speak to him of the work of his own hands and brain, and briefly he is himself again. 'Twas in truth for that I let fall the dish of tea just now. Was not that better done than to fling his trouble in his face with curses, as you would have done? There would be neighbors enough, in all conscience, to point the finger and shoot out the tongue at him, had they seen what you have seen. If his own son join that base hue and cry, he goes down to his grave a bitter and beaten man. Were not that more defiling to the soul than his touch can be to the body? It is in my thought that what we have to do is fasten his mind on all that which he was, and ever forfend from him this other. And if,' she ended valiantly, 'his touch be in very truth noxious to the soul, better mine suffer a slight damage than his be utterly destroyed.'

'No more—say no more!' cried Ronald. 'Only forgive!'

The next instant she was weeping in his arms. '— All, all yours,' were the words that he caught.

They were more than he could answer. Gently he pushed up the sleeve of her kirtle and pressed his lips to the

very place where the withered fingers of Abijah had fastened like pincers on the rounded whiteness above her elbow. The kiss thrilled and sang in his veins like the first kiss of first love. Words could not have said so much just then. His recantation was complete in its humility. Martha had stamped herself upon him as she was in her great moment, with the rapt and visionary look in her eyes of one who has got beyond logic and self-justification and all little things. Her words and, still more, what she was in herself had washed him clean of jealous rage and self-pity. A whole cycle of growth had passed over him, all in a few moments of time. More, even, than when he had held his first-born, he felt himself beginning to be a man—for what is the real beginning of manhood, but to feel one's self less than a noble woman? Ronald had turned the last page of his youth.

But he was not to catch up with her: that was clear. Already she was deep in her interrupted task of making him comfortable. Before he could rid himself of the stains of travel and clothe himself in the clean, tight-fitting garments of two years ago, she was calling him back to a feast that would have made his scarecrow comrades of the Continental Army rub their unbelieving eyes. At sight of it his soldier's conscience smote him, for he remembered suddenly the abandoned pony up on the height. But even that, it seemed, was all right: Martha had already dispatched their Indian satellite Paskahegan with oats and water, and he would lead the animal round into the Valley by the lower road.

Ronald was centuries away from the privation and strain and ghastliness of warfare. It seemed to him, in his serenity, that there had never been any such thing as the armed struggle for independence. Sitting there at the laden kitchen table, with Martha smiling and

glowing across it, he could have sworn that this alone was reality, and all that contradicted it a grotesque nightmare of impossibilities. When his eyes, chancing on the dial of the tall clock, told him that it was still no more than early evening, he was astounded and incredulous. It seemed to him that there could have been no past, night after night as far as he could remember, except sitting there just in that way; and that there could be no other future, night after night, so long as he lived. He was already forgetting how many past hours of discomfort, danger, and solitary longing he had spent in order to accumulate the need of home that had consummated itself in the sweetness, the lingering and almost terrible beauty, of this one hour.

IV

Later, when the two lay hushed and wordless in the great bedroom above the kitchen, hardly breathing lest either miss one pulse-beat of their supreme mutuality, it seemed to Ronald that his marriage was a thing as new as the first sunrise of creation. It also seemed to him that it had begun under singularly happy auspices. For this he felt grateful to a certain shy fastidiousness in himself, and still more to a kind of invulnerable daintiness that he could but reverence and wish to preserve in Martha. He remembered, against his wish, the strain of blunt impudicity in the talk of some of his married comrades, and how this strain had appeared whenever the talk verged on the prospects of peace and an interval at home; and he shuddered, not in pious self-approval, but in something like grateful wonderment at the luck that had created him sensitive to the texture of his young wife's exquisiteness. Not coy, certainly not cold, she had an unconscious rarity, any affront to which

would have been the worst possible affront to his own self-respect. He was glad that there had never been any importunate crude invasion of the citadel of her privacy. More than two years before, they had drawn each other into a warmed and sunlit caravansery of tremulous enchantment, and half deliberately left passion waiting at the door. The lately sounded call to arms, and his answer, might have done something to deepen the pitch of their young gravity; but fundamentally, he was sure, those few days of the broken honeymoon had owed their piercing sweetness to just themselves, their profound and fervent awareness of each other. He lay, now, suffused in the recovered sense of that beginning, until he had it all through his blood, wonderfully vibrating. It made this first night at home with the mother of his child precisely what he would have had it if it were to be the last of his life. He was breathless with awe and gratitude.

Gratitude to what, to whom? To Martha, first: that was of course. But then a strange thought occurred to him, at first a mere whimsical flicker in his mind, afterward a light that steadied and glowed until he could almost read his own soul anew by the lambency of it. It was to his father, Abijah Ronald, as truly as to Martha, that he owed gratitude for the perfection of his own bridal. He was reaping where his father had sown. Every second, every heartburn, every separate agony of the prolonged and fiery ordeal through which the father had kept himself pure according to the awful exaction of his code, had gone into the making of the son. Half the son's battle against himself had been won for him vicariously, years before he came into the world. They had spoken of helping preserve to the end the old man's hard-won victory: why, *he* was his father's victory.

A partial revelation flooded him of what Abijah Ronald had done it all *for*. Not with conscious design, perhaps, — he might have thought first of his own rectitude, the evil that imperiled his own secret soul, — but with the effect of conscious design, as it was worked out by the inscrutable will at the back of things. The continuity of life had hold of Ronald. Here he was, a clean-hearted lad, a chivalrous mate to his bride: and what he was now had quite definitely something to do with the invisible past of that crumbling wreckage of body and spirit that lay asleep in a room below, and that he had surveyed, not so long ago, with unappeasable loathing. And it must have something to do in turn with the invisible future of that little bundle of unformed energies that lay sleeping in the cradle not far from his side; nay, with the future of his children's children. His thought groped among unborn generations, conjuring images of radiant youths and maidens every one of whom owed something to the harsh self-imposed conditions of an old man's life, whose very name might never reach them. Everything was purposive, so far as its results were concerned, whatever the original intention. It was an intelligible way of looking at things, an idea the mind could work on. It was almost a complete guide to living.

For the first time in his twenty-two years he experienced absolute tenderness for his father. His emotion reached out to embrace even the objects that were the work of his father's hands. He felt a queer little rush of compassion for the very clock-case in the kitchen, the cornice of which, projecting through a hole cut in the floor of this very room, was integral with each of his earliest recollections. Into the whole house under whose sloping eaves he now lay had been wrought the same qualities of which Abijah had built his own life and

character. Fine things, solid things, put together to last.

Martha's words slipped imperceptibly into the mid-stream of his thoughts. 'When Eustace went away in that wild and violent haste, 't was in part your father's doing. I knew at the time no more than you; but it has come out since, by little and little, in your father's mumblings. He is very like a child at times. He saw that Eustace wanted to marry me, — oh, what was I, that two such brothers should be offering me love? — and he cursed him and commanded him to let me alone. Eustace knew by then that I loved you and not him. But he was proud, and without a word he parted in anger from his father. You know why your father had set his face like a flint against Eustace's winning me?'

'If by reason of that one forgotten incontinency of his youth,' said Ronald, 'there was a most grave injustice done. For the fault was clearly the woman's, who was the older, and not my brother's. But, oh! I am glad you have told me this, for I have Eustace's forgiveness to ask when we meet again. I had long thought he parted in jealous anger against his only brother.'

'That could scarce have been,' she returned, 'for I had his last farewell, and he spoke of you in all brotherly love, praising you to the skies and saying I had chosen nobly.'

'T is strange,' said Ronald musingly, 'that in a single night you should give me my son, my father, and, now, my brother. And yet not so strange, but meet, and most like you. You unbar curious doors to me, dear heart! 'T is certain you handle the keys of a new heaven and a new earth.'

'Ah, my dear!' she answered softly, 't was I who entered the new heaven, made out of the old earth, when your lantern came bobbing down the path this night. — How now?'

There was a summons from below, in the querulous voice of Abijah. Martha raised herself to slip from the bed, but Ronald caught her wrist.

'Hearken again,' he whispered.

Once more, distinctly, came the cry: 'Ronnie!'

'Go quickly,' she breathed.

'What is amiss, father?' he asked when he had hastily opened the door of the bedroom off the kitchen.

His father was struggling to sit upright. Ronald helped him, with an arm round his shoulders. The gaunt feebleness of Abijah's frame hurt him almost unbearably. For a moment, before Abijah spoke, he thought he was in the presence of death.

'I — I don't know,' answered his father. His tone sounded more puzzled than anything else. 'Something comes on me — weakness — like waves.' He panted for breath. 'It is — death-like. Death, mayhap. Call Eustace for me, that's a brave little lad. I was about to go to him. 'T is likely I swooned.'

Ronald saw that his father was wandering somewhere in the past, and that his present physical weakness had given him a shock, without in the least setting his memory straight. How far back had his father gone? Evidently he, Ronald, was only a young boy.

'Eustace is not returned yet,' he said at a venture.

The old man revolved this painfully. 'Tell him —'

The effort to formulate his message was too much. Some shutter fell on this section of his memory, and he began over in another context. But he had recurred to a time before anything had defaced his relation with the elder son; that was what was significant and gladdening.

'Ronnie,' Abijah said, 'you are nigh to a man grown now.' He touched his son's arm with a stiff, embarrassed fondness. 'Ever since you was born I

have prayed that you might be a good man — a better than ever your father was.'

Ronald brushed away his tears. 'That I could never, never be, father,' he said.

Abijah acknowledged this only by a catch in his voice as he went on, 'I have thought now and again that, come the right and due time, you and Martha might be for starting life together.'

'Yes, father, I — we mean to.'

The old man sighed with relief. 'If I die —' he said, and left it pending. 'Ay, a good maid — never a better, saving one.'

This was in answer to something never said, or perhaps said years ago.

He seemed to have dozed off against the supporting arm. Ronald laid him gently back upon the pillow, and waited a long time to make sure that his breathing was that of natural sleep. Then he tiptoed out. While his hand was still on the latch, a loud cry startled and electrified him. It was almost a deep shout, in a great baying voice such as he had not heard from his father for years.

"Believe it"? I tell ye, John Tredlecomb, I *know* it! Ye may bandy all the King's words, and all your fine Roman Latin to boot, and ye may, if so it please ye to do, misdoubt what your own eyes see, but *I* tell ye that wheel will turn, and keep turning while the water runs — ay, and do its office too. When I open that gate, as, under Providence, I do before another sun goes down, ye shall see the power that runs in the water harnessed like a wild stallion to the treadmill. Nay, within this se'nnight ye shall see it grind you corn, and whet you axes, and saw you timbers, and bore you holes in solid iron — if so be you can a-bear it, and not hide yourself in the forest for very shame! Pah! you with your great swelling words —!

He trailed away into disconnected

rumblings, then into a doze. Ronald waited, and listened again to his breathing until it was calm and even. He latched the door noiselessly and passed through the kitchen toward the stairs. When he rejoined Martha he was still thrilling to the spirit that had once raced in his father's being, with a power like that of the unharnessed water in the mill-race.

And, after all, he did not find out the secret of Martha's pallor and physical exhaustion until, in her own time, she chose to let him. He might, when the morrow came, take up his share of the burden common to all of the Lower Valley; but at least he should drain, on this one night, every drop of the cup of peace which home offers the veteran of wars.

IV

He awoke, as it seemed to him, posterously early, to find Martha already stirring. He made one drowsy protest; then she told him everything — the long drought, followed by the pestilence; the failure of the springs and wells; the spread of the sickness; her efforts to keep it from her child, her father-in-law, and herself; her daily labor of drawing water and distributing it among the Seven Farms, with the red oxen yoked to the great wain; her watching with the sick and the dying; the fidelity and serviceableness of Paskahegan, the last of a dispossessed tribe and their ancient servitor, without whom, so she said, she could have done nothing. He gathered incidentally that for many nights she had not removed her clothes, and that she had been able to do so on this night only because two of the sickest had just died.

Ronald took it all in, asked questions, made her repeat parts of it. One detail struck him forcibly: she had boiled the water for their own drinking, 'to take out the flavor of fish and frogs,' and

cooled it in earthen vessels. Theirs was the only house in which this had been done — and theirs was the only house, and they almost the only persons, to remain unaffected by the pestilence. This set him thinking that the whole trouble lay at the bottom of his own well. If that were so, he meant to find it out. He dressed, went down into the kitchen, and put his hand on the water-bucket that always stood by the end of the stone sink. It was empty.

For some reason, that trivial circumstance directed his notice to an inexplicable emptiness in the room. He fell to wondering about this, and paused. Of a sudden he perceived that the great clock in the fireplace corner was not ticking off the seconds. He tiptoed over to it, opened the long door that was like a black coffin-lid, and felt inside for the weights. It was clear that Martha, in the excitement of having him, had forgotten to wind the clock.

In that superstitious and impressible hour of the gray preceding dawn, the fact disconcerted him. The stopping of the clock seemed like a symbol of a life's stopping — the life of the clock's owner and maker. Ronald started to pull the weight down. The wooden works gave out a clacking noise that startled him, shattering the silence of the house as if that had been something fragile and valuable. He desisted, meaning to wind the clock the rest of the way later on, after his father was awake. He placed the hands by guess, set the pendulum swinging, and closed the door. Then, cautiously, he raised the latch of the door leading to his father's room. There had been no significance after all, thank Heaven, in his ironic symbolism. His father's breathing was still the same slow, even rise and fall. Ronald stole back across the kitchen to take up the empty bucket.

Swinging it in his hand as he passed toward the well below the cliff, under

a sky of pearl, he had for one instant a dismayed feeling. It was as if it had occurred to him that he was going to be snatched away from everything — or, perhaps, that everything was going to dissolve round him and leave him floating there alone, anchored in a void of space and time. The Valley was ghostly in the dimness of its mists.

He thought of Martha, and shivered. Suddenly, he did not want things to dissolve round him; he wanted them to be there always for him, as they had always been. His fear was like seeing a solid form without any shadow attached to it, or a shadow without any solid form to make it. It passed quickly. There, towering above him, was the friendly cliff, the everlasting bulwark of their quietude; and there, figured upon it in great blotches of rock and boulder and ledge, was that likeness of a human visage, or rather a Satanic one, which had given the place its traditional name, 'Devil's-Pate Valley.' This too seemed to him rather a friendly than a grim piece of reality. *All* reality was friendly, on this one morning.

He attached the bucket and let the rope unwind itself whirring from the windlass. When the filled bucket came up, he lifted it out to the well-curb and sniffed at it. Then he tilted the bucket and took a mouthful of the water. He spat it out with a grimace. The well must be cleaned before it was used much; that was certain.

Breakfast was a hurried affair. After it Paskahegan appeared from nowhere, stolid and inarticulate as ever, expressive only where grunts would serve, neither manifesting surprise at anything nor acknowledging the manifestation of it by others. Ronald had long had a curious feeling that his father materialized and dematerialized Paskahegan at will. Now it was Martha who did it; that was all the difference. Ever since Ronald could remember, Paska-

hegan had been the same, to the last bronzed wrinkle.

He had the oxen already yoked to the wain and the two great casks loaded upon it. These the two men set to work filling. Ronald drew, using two buckets alternately, while the Indian poured. By the time Martha had given Abijah his breakfast, the day's water-supply was ready for her to distribute.

Ronald bent and kissed her, and waved his hand gayly as she trudged off leading the red oxen. 'Better times coming, lass!' he called after her. He was happy, excited. There was nothing that he did not relish to the full. Even the comic dilemma of Tubal, wondering whether he more wanted to go with Martha or stay with Ronald, and looking the picture of woe when it dawned upon him that, whichever he did, he certainly could not do the other — even this struck Ronald as immense. After two years of the monotony and squalor and hideous waste of soldiering, he was going to have the time of his life — cleaning a well.

First they rolled a third cask down from the barn and filled it for an emergency supply. The sun came up over the east wall, burning off the mist and the dew. The leaves of bushes and low trees began to droop and look dusty in the fervent heat. Exertion in that parching sunlight began to mean acute bodily discomfort. But nothing could daunt Ronald. He whistled as he worked the heavy windlass, and kept the buckets coming up almost as fast as Paskahegan could empty them. When he found, by the black ring that showed farther and farther above the water-level, that they were really making progress, he redoubled his efforts. The water came roiled and muddy, with pieces of mouldering leaves in it. Then there was a draught at which the dipped bucket grated on the rocks of the bottom. A few turns more, and

they had done all that they could to the well without going into it.

The slow oxen were coming back up the Valley road behind Martha. Ronald could see their hoofs kicking up little reddish spirts of dust like the smoke of puff-balls.

He was in high feather. He shouted, and waved a greeting. Martha waved back — a trifle wearily, he thought. He did a snatch of war-dance in a circle round Paskahegan, with furious comic flourishes of his arms and legs, amused because the Indian only stared at him, unblinking. Martha, still far down the road, made the motions of clapping her hands in applause. Ronald executed a courtly bow. He had never been so content.

Then he began to clamber down the shaft of the well.

At first the damp chill was grateful to his skin, after the baking dryness above. Ten feet more, and he began to shiver. He kept on, though, straddling the diameter of the shaft, finding the crevices with his toes and leaning forward with his hands against the wall. Half-way down, he began to think that perhaps he had never properly considered the depth of a fifty-foot well. When he looked up, the saturnine face of old Paskahegan, cut like a black cameo against a tiny circle of robin's-egg blue, seemed forbiddingly remote. It was easier to keep on down.

A foul odor began to attack his nostrils: an odor dank, execrable, mephitic; a breath from some grisly animal corruption. He wondered if he were going to be ill. Bending down by lowering his hands on the wall in front of him, he peered into the gloom below to see if he could make out anything. He was opening his lips to call for a lantern to be lowered to him on a string. The first syllable was already rumbling and bellowing in the shaft, as if it were going to break his ear-drums.

He did not know when the dislodged stone fell. He heard a crash, only it seemed to be inside his head. For the fraction of a second he thought that his own shout really had burst his ear-drums. There was a scream, 'Ronald!' in a woman's voice. Against a crushing resistance, he tried to lift his head toward — what? A searing white light flashed, once, as if a shutter in his brain had silently opened and closed.

Then he was whirling — whirling —

V

It was the middle of the first Sunday forenoon of September when it was found that Elijah Ronald's grandson was not, as had been supposed, oversleeping in his bed. When his motorcycle was discovered in its usual place in the barn, it was disconcerting to the theory that he had posted home to attend to some matter of studies and examinations. But there were always independent fishing excursions and solitary rambles about Chiswick; and it was late Sunday evening before anyone was disturbed at all. Even then no one was enough disturbed to hint real alarm to the others.

When on Monday morning Ronald had not appeared, it was different. The boy's father commandeered the motorcycle, to hurry home and learn that nothing was known there of Ronald's whereabouts. The rest of the day was spent in searching and asking questions about Chiswick, a process as fruitless as it was frantic.

Early on Tuesday morning Ronald's Uncle Eustace was completing his second trip through the rugged hills to the east of the Reservoir. He had gone through them the first time on the preceding afternoon, hoping valiantly that his nephew had merely twisted an ankle among the rocks, and would be lying helpless somewhere within reach

of a shout. Eustace had shouted himself hoarse, and listened to the futile echoes of his own voice. Now he was coming out on the east shore of the Reservoir, a few hundred yards below the gorge.

There he saw something that very few living persons ever had seen, and none unless they were approaching the age of Payne Gilbert. The Reservoir had been draining continuously since the Saturday night before, and the floor of the gorge was now empty, except for the reduced trickle of Salter's Run through the middle of it.

Eustace walked along up the shore to where it shelved away into the lower end of the gorge, and then kept on between the rising walls toward the Shelf, stepping among slimy rocks that, less than twenty-four hours ago, had lain under several feet of water. Near a certain hillock (one of the twin islands) not many feet from the spot on which Abijah Ronald had laid the foundation of his house, he solved one of his pet antiquarian riddles. He had long known that the old colloquial designation of this whole terrain was Devil's-Pate Valley, but he had never found any reason why. Approaching the west wall from this angle, he came front to front with the Devil's Pate itself, the chin and throat, revealed by the subsidence of the water below the Shelf, completing the likeness. The discovery might have interested him more if he had had Ronald at his elbow to explain it to. This was, in fact, his exact thought as he stepped round a black standing pool below the Shelf, thinking to go on up the path and so back to the farmhouse.

He noticed, as he made the circuit of the pool, that the round cavity which contained it must once have been the

mouth of a well. The well, of course, it then broke upon him, in which the first Ronald Ronald was killed! He stepped nearer, drawn by a shuddering fascination. In the opening, wedged there by the current, was a tangle of branches, sharply pronged like antlers, and bleached a leprous white.

Then Eustace had his moment of frozen horror. Projecting upward through the tangle, and so like it in color that he had already stared at it without perceiving it, was the sole of a bloodless human foot.

Eustace was so sick and dizzy that he will never know much about how he got Ronald's body up the path to the level part of the Shelf. Until this point, curiously enough, he had thought of the tragedy as *his* tragedy; and it had left him reeling. Now it dawned in his mind that he was the one who had to tell his own father, and Ronald's father, and — Ronald's mother. This last was beyond all horror. He threw himself down by the white body of the boy who had so nearly been *his* boy, and weeping shook him until he was exhausted.

When he covered Ronald Ronald's face with a white handkerchief, he could not help noticing that it had a strange and unreal beauty, like that of certain lost marbles of antiquity, of such surpassing loveliness that they could be suffered to come down to us only as legends. He also noticed that the look had nothing to do with any schoolboy of eighteen. It was as if Ronald had outlived himself by several years before he died, Eustace thought.

'It is often said,' he mused, 'that a drowning person lives through centuries in a few moments. I wonder what he could have lived through, that put *that* into his face.'

(The End)

LUDENDORFF'S APOLOGIA

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

THE most powerful man in Germany during the war was, undoubtedly, Ludendorff; and his book of War Memoirs which has recently been published in Germany — and by the time these words are in print will have appeared in an American edition — is the most authoritative and comprehensive survey of the war that has yet appeared. He was head of the Operations Department of the German General Staff from 1904 until 1913, and must not only have been privy to all the German preparations for war, but also have had a hand in shaping them. At the outbreak of war he was attached to General von Bülow's army and took part in the attack on Liège as *liaison* officer between von Bülow and von Emmich. Three weeks after the outbreak of war he went to Russia as Chief of Staff to Marshal von Hindenburg, won the battle of Tannenberg, — perhaps the greatest single victory in the war, — and took an important part in the subsequent operations against Russia in 1915 and 1916.

After the fall of von Falkenhayn in 1916, Hindenburg and Ludendorff, who had saved East Prussia from the Russian invasion in the first month of the war, were given supreme command of all the German armies. Hindenburg took the title of Chief of Staff, and Ludendorff, offered the title of Second Chief of Staff, chose that of First Quartermaster, on the ground that there could be only one chief of staff. He

preferred the reality to the title of power, for it is quite obvious that, although Hindenburg was the great popular idol, Ludendorff was both the chief thinker and the chief driving force in German military policy. Ludendorff from time to time in his book remembers that Hindenburg is his superior officer and he always speaks of him as '*the Field-Marshal*.' But this is only the nominal homage that a masterful prime minister might pay to his constitutional sovereign. Hindenburg and he may have had differences of opinion, but, if they had, Ludendorff always had his way.

Ludendorff came of a family of Pomeranian merchants who lived at Posen up to the Franco-Prussian War. They were not well-to-do, and one of the few personal touches that Ludendorff allows himself in his book is his reference to his early struggles as a poor hard-working subaltern. Ludendorff's was a simple and loyal nature in the personal attachments of life. His homage to his father and mother for their '*devoted efforts which brought them no earthly reward*' increases respect for the man. He never had children of his own, but he was deeply attached to his two step-sons, both of whom were killed in the war. There was in Ludendorff nothing of the class pride of the Prussian Junker. His political views, honest, if retrograde, were the result, not of class prejudice, but of warped and one-sided study. East Prussia is a

Scotland which has never produced a Burns. In Ludendorff's character there is a good deal of Scottish strength and warmth, but nothing, unfortunately, of Scottish open-mindedness and democratic instinct.

His book concedes no more to popularity than his politics. It is hard and brutally written; it is long, graceless, and, truth to tell, a little indigestible; but for its strength, its honesty, and its stiff-necked obstinacy, it is the most indispensable of all books to an understanding of the Prussian military character.

In 1913 Ludendorff drafted a plan for a great increase in the German army, which was rather more than the civil government could stomach; and the rejection of this plan was the beginning of his quarrel with von Bethmann-Hollweg, which assumes monstrous proportions before the book is finished. Ludendorff lays the blame for the mess into which German military plans had fallen by the end of the first month of the war on the refusal of the government to give him the three new army corps that he asked for in 1913. Von Moltke, then Chief of Staff, bore a great name and was personally liked, but Ludendorff evidently thought him an old woman. He tells us that the plans of campaign begun in August, 1914, were the conception of von Schlieffen. They were made by him 'for the event of France's not respecting the neutrality of Belgium or of Belgium's joining up with France.' 'On this assumption,' he adds, 'the advance of the German force into Belgium followed as a matter of course.' The alternative of an offensive against Russia and defense on the side of France seems to have been discussed and made the subject of innumerable war games, but the conclusion drawn from them was that this policy meant a long war, and on that account it was rejected.

This was the biggest miscalculation made by the General Staff in the whole course of the war; for if Belgium had not been invaded and France not attacked, the war might well have been over soon after the first Christmas. England might not have come in; France, if her territory had not been invaded, would have been very lukewarm in the war; and Belgium would not have attacked, or, without a struggle, allowed anyone else to attack through her territory. We know from Lord French's book that one of the worries of the French and English General Staffs before the war was to know what Belgium would do in the event of attack. Belgium remained a dark horse up to the last, and, most unfortunately, she could never be persuaded to decide upon her attitude in the event of a general war. 'The idea of attacking Germany through Belgium, or in any other direction,' writes Lord French, 'never entered our heads.'

From all these doubts and ambiguities Germany freed us by attacking Belgium herself. This blunder, so far from shortening the war, made a long conflict certain, and as a matter of fact, lost Germany the victory. After the Marne, the plans of von Schlieffen were in ruins.

It was from these ruins that Ludendorff rose to eminence. Before the Germans had suffered any check in France, the Russians had invaded Prussia with two strong armies under Rennenkampf and Samsonoff, both of which vastly outnumbered the German armies opposed to them. Germany had already paid a frightful penalty for her concentration against Belgium and France and for her underestimate of Russia. In this, the first crisis of the war, Ludendorff was drawn from the French front and made Chief of Staff to Hindenburg.

All stories about the association of

this pair previous to the war are fiction. They first met at Hanover on August 23. The situation was indeed serious, for it had actually been decided to withdraw the German armies in East Prussia behind the Vistula — a decision which would have abandoned to the Russians more German territory than France had in hostile occupation during the war. But Ludendorff, who had taken a surer measure of the enemy than von Schlieffen had been able to in the staff war-games, vetoed this retirement and executed one of the boldest manoeuvres in military history. He withdrew almost the whole of the German army confronting *Rennenkampf* and united it with the German army in front of *Samsonoff*. From August 27 onward, there was nothing between *Rennenkampf* and *Königsberg* but two brigades of cavalry, and on his left were the exposed flank and rear of the German army marching to the *Narev* front. Had *Rennenkampf* advanced quickly, he must infallibly have overwhelmed the tiny forces left in front of him, and he might, had he seen his opportunity, have prevented the German army from reaching the *Narev* by a sudden attack on its unprotected flank and rear. But he moved slowly. His immense army lowered like a thundercloud in the northeast, but the cloud never burst. In the meantime, Ludendorff with his augmented army broke through *Samsonoff's* centre and won the stupendous victory of *Tannenberg*.

Tannenberg was not an elaborately prepared battle according to long-settled plan, but a sudden inspiration, one of the greatest gambles in military history, justified only by success, and by Ludendorff's knowledge of the enemy's psychology.

'A general,' he writes after describing the manoeuvres before this battle, 'carries a heavy burden and requires strong nerves. The layman is too much

inclined to think that war is only the working out of an arithmetical problem with given numbers. It is anything but that. On both sides it is a wrestle with powerful unknown physical and psychological forces, a struggle which inferiority of numbers makes all the more difficult.'

Ludendorff, or rather Hindenburg, his chief, was now the most famous man in Germany. But for the invasion of Belgium, the way would have lain open to victory. One half of the effort vainly expended in the so-called battle of *Calais* in the autumn of 1914 would, if employed against Russia, have brought her to her knees before midsummer. But having invaded Belgium, the Germans had acquired a vulnerable flank in the west which they were compelled to make secure; otherwise, as Lord French's book shows, the whole of the British army would have joined up with the Belgians, and French, in command of an Anglo-Belgian army, would have played *Stonewall Jackson* to *Marshal Joffre's* Lee. In consequence, Ludendorff was compelled to follow up his great victory at *Tannenberg* with insufficient troops, and the winter campaign of 1915 was one of the most arduous in the war.

When spring came, it was obvious, even to the German General Staff, that Russia, not France, must be the field of their offensive operations. The most promising line of attack on Russia was on the north flank of the great Polish salient, where rapid progress, such as might have been expected, would automatically have relieved Austria and forced the Russians to withdraw to the defense of *Petrograd* and *Moscow*. Unfortunately for the Germans, the reverses of the Austrians had been so heavy that they could not be trusted to stand their ground if left unsupported. German troops who would have been more profitably employed on the Nie-

men front had to be diverted south to support the Austrians; and when the Germans made up their mind definitely to fall back on the defensive in the west, the decisive blow against Russia was delivered, not on the flank where it would have been most effective, but at Gorlice, where the Russian advance threatened to spill across the Carpathians toward Cracow and Vienna. Ludendorff pays a justly deserved compliment to Mackensen for his victory at Gorlice, but it is quite evident that he regarded the whole scheme of operations against Russia as, at most, second best.

From this time dates his virulent dislike of the Austrians, a dislike which they returned. Early in 1915 he made a tour through the Carpathians in the company of von Linsingen, and was struck with the backward condition of the country and, in particular, with the badness of the housing. 'When I saw these hovels I realized that this nation could not know what it was fighting for.' He quotes, with approval, a remark made by a Jew in Radon — that 'he could not understand why so strong and vital a body as Germany should ally itself with a corpse.' His political views on Austria were not very different from those of Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London, and he bitterly resented the foreign policy which, he maintained, made Germany the tool of the effete and selfish Dual Monarchy. On the other hand, even he had to admit the force of the Austrian complaint that, owing to the German concentration in the west, she had been forced to bear the whole brunt of the fighting against Russia.

The second great crisis of the war came at the end of 1916. The invasion of Belgium had been punished by the Russian invasion of East Prussia and by the military breakdown in Austria which forced the Germans to despatch

troops to her relief and deprive them of the chance which, but for the straits of the Austrian army, they would undoubtedly have had, of bringing off a great strategic *coup* against Russia. Ludendorff praises the strategy of the Grand Duke Nicolas, but does not disguise his opinion that the escape of the Russian army followed inevitably upon the fact that the Germans had to deliver their attack against the Russian centre instead of on the flank. The Russian armies, in his opinion, would not have escaped complete disaster, as they did, if German strategy had not been tied down to the relief of the Austrian armies.

The military moral of the war, then, so far had been that, with Austria in her weak condition, the whole idea of concentration against France and Belgium was fundamentally unsound. The campaign of 1915 had removed this danger, and by 1916 not only did the west seem fairly stabilized, but Germany was in a position to finish off the war in Russia once and for all.

It was a great opportunity for the General Staff to repair its original mistakes. Instead, von Falkenhayn, the Chief of the General Staff, chose in this year to repeat them. Instead of finishing off the war in Russia as he might have done, he squandered the resources of Germany in the campaign against Verdun. Instead of disciplining Hungary's ambitions, he allowed her intransigence to bring Roumania into the war, with the result that the half-healed wound on the eastern front broke out afresh. The crisis of 1914 recurred in even more dangerous form. As the first crisis brought Ludendorff into fame at the victory of Tannenberg, this second crisis was the last step by which he rose to supreme power. In the autumn of 1916, Ludendorff became the real director of the whole of the German war policy.

II

At this time Ludendorff was so despondent concerning German military prospects that he was anxious to conclude peace on the first opportunity. He had hopes that the United States would intervene with an offer of mediation. When these were disappointed, he consented to Germany's making overtures for peace, stipulating only that they should not be made before the fall of Bucharest. His first business, then, was to defeat Roumania. The battle of the Somme was still in full progress, and it needed some hardihood to begin an ambitious new campaign against Roumania; but, while Russia was still undefeated, it was impossible to leave Germany exposed to the danger of a hostile combination between her and Roumania.

Once more Ludendorff showed military genius of a very high order. Von Falkenhayn's plan had been that von Mackensen should cross the Danube and make for Bucharest. Ludendorff vetoed the plan and substituted for it the march into the Dobrudja which was strategically one of the cleverest movements of the war. It closed the most promising avenue of coöperation between Russia and Roumania; it pleased the Bulgarians; and it also vexed the Austrians, which Ludendorff was not at all unwilling to do. His plans worked out perfectly, and by December 6, Bucharest had fallen and the way was open for the peace offer on December 12.

Ludendorff had insisted that the offer should be made in terms that would not imply that Germany thought she was beaten; and that was why von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech in which the peace offer was made sounded like the rattling of a sabre. But he is at pains to contradict the argument that an offer of peace made to such a rolling

of the drums was doomed to failure at the outset. 'The charge,' he writes, 'that the tone of our overtures had from the first excluded the possibility of reaching an agreement cannot be maintained. Our general position required a confident tone. I insisted on this from the military side. Our troops had accomplished much.' How would it have affected them if he had spoken differently? The peace overtures were bound not to be such as would weaken the fighting spirit of the army.

'If the Entente had really desired,' he says, 'a peace of justice and reconciliation, it was possible for them, and it was their duty, to come to the conference table; they could have stated their case there. If it had happened that the proceedings revealed the persistence of a German desire for annexations, the Entente could have inflamed their peoples by explaining to them the German attitude; and in such circumstances we should have been unable to induce the German nation, so anxious for peace, to renew the war. Still less was it to be expected that our war-weary allies would have agreed to continue with us. These considerations are quite sufficient to prove that we were ready for a peace of justice and reconciliation when we made the overture.'

What Ludendorff would have regarded as a peace of justice and reconciliation is not explicitly stated; for the proposals made by Count Bernstorff — with Ludendorff's consent — for intervention by President Wilson are rather his idea of the basis of discussion than a draft of the peace that he would have liked.

Probably the nearest approach to a statement of Ludendorff's real peace objects was made in a memorandum on the military economics of Germany which was delivered in the autumn of 1917. What Ludendorff wanted was a

row of buffers, on both east and west, to protect Germany's economic vitals. He pointed out that her iron-fields and coal-fields were near her frontiers. Silesia was exposed to Russian attack; Lorraine's iron and Saarbrücken's coal to French attack; and industrial Westphalia to the attack (save the mark!) of Belgium. At all these points he wanted protective belts. Belgium in particular must on no account be allowed to become a hostile area of deployment. 'Her neutrality I considered to be a mere phantom on which no practical man would rely. We must ensure that her economic interests should become identical with those of Germany with which she was already united by such strong commercial ties. . . . The Meuse at Liège could be given up, if at all, only after Belgium had completed her economic union with Germany and, in accordance with her real interests, taken her place on our side.'

He applied the same principles along the eastern front, and we may put it broadly that his idea of 'peace without annexation' was the creation of a continuous belt of territory on the east and west, nominally neutral, but really dependent on Germany. Whether, if peace negotiations had been entered into, this nominal neutrality of the buffer states could have been converted into a real neutrality is very doubtful; certainly it would never have been, if Ludendorff had had his way. He is furious with Bethmann-Hollweg for continuing to dally with the idea of negotiation after the decisive rejection of the German overtures at the beginning of 1917.

What the Chancellor's hopes were does not transpire through the continued abuse that Ludendorff heaps upon him throughout his book. It does, however, appear that Austria was anxious for a peace on the basis of a surrender of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany.

Count Czernin, at a conference in April, 1917, suggested that, if Germany would surrender those two provinces, Austria would unite Galicia to Poland and press for the union of Poland and Germany. This solution evidently attracted Bethmann-Hollweg, and Ludendorff had to fight hard against it. He was even driven at one time to argue that, if Germany offered to cede Alsace-Lorraine to France, the Entente would see in it a confession of Germany's military downfall and would at once increase their demands. Moreover, Ludendorff disliked the Austrian proposals with regard to Poland. A new Poland with Austria behind her (even if this Poland were united with Germany) would, in his opinion, destroy German unity and endanger Germany's eastern provinces. Ludendorff had his way, not so much by argument as because the breakdown of Russia increased the prestige of the military party and encouraged Germany to hope for military victory. Had Russia held out, it is more than possible that Bethmann-Hollweg and Czernin would have won, and that in the middle of 1917 a genuine peace offer would have been made by Germany. Either Alsace-Lorraine would have been offered to France on the basis of the cession of Poland to Germany, or some sort of autonomy would have been proposed for Alsace-Lorraine corresponding with the autonomy of Poland, and equally real — or unreal.

Ludendorff dates the decline of German morale from this time. On succeeding to power in 1916, he had launched a big programme of industrial conscription. He wanted the wages of the soldiers increased and the wages of the munition workers decreased. He also wanted industrial conscription extended to women, and held that there was enough female labor to replace a great deal of male labor and

free it for service in the army. He did induce the government to bring in a law for conscripting auxiliary labor, but he complains that it was neither fish nor flesh. 'The law was really a changeling, especially in the spirit in which it was administered, and had nothing in common with our desire to call the whole people to the service of the Fatherland and thus to supply reinforcements for the army and fresh labor to the army and the nation.'

He talks of England and France as the *Morning Post* in its most disgruntled war-mood used to do of Germany. 'Look at those democratic countries, England and France,' he says in effect. 'No shirking there, no slackening of the national fibre! no weak-kneed politicians depressing the resolution of the country.' He is particularly indignant over the success of the British propaganda, and wonders why Bethmann-Hollweg should not have done equally well for Germany. To his mind, propaganda is a meremanipulation of phrases, and he forgets, Prussian-like, that its strength is derived from the inherent justice of the cause that it defends. He complains that there were no grapes on the Prussian thistles. All our faith in freedom and democracy, the principles that the great democracies have debated eternally and fought for, are to him nothing but the cut and color of a uniform.

No book, not even Bernhardt's, shows up so clearly how miserably Prussian realism fails to fit the facts of human nature and human conduct. Austria, with all her selfishness and incompetence, was nearer to the realities of the situation in 1916 than this masculine apostle of Prussian militarism. Throughout the pages which deal with the events of 1916 and 1917, one gets the impression that the Austrian view was steadily gaining the upper hand, and that it was only the downfall of

Russia which released this bitter, hard doctrine of efficiency, this cold, merciless logic of the Prussian Ludendorff, to blow like an east wind over the world again.

III

What were the military ideas of Ludendorff? How did he propose to redeem the early errors of the General Staff? And what were the calculations on which he relied for victory?

His first principle of strategy was: Do nothing in the west until you have first settled in the east. He never wavered from his conviction that the war could be won only in the west, for to have done so would have been to cast down his idol, von Schlieffen, and to admit that the General Staff, in its preparations for war, had been supremely incompetent. But he did differ very profoundly from the policy of von Falkenhayn in 1916, who left the job half finished in Russia in order to begin his disastrous campaign against Verdun. He was fully determined that that mistake should not be repeated. Granted that the war could be won only in the west, it was still necessary that the offensive campaign there should be deferred until the east had been settled once and for all; and although he did not admit it, his policy was a reversal of the main idea which governed the policy of the General Staff in 1914. Then the principle was: hurry the settlement in France, Russia can wait. Now his central idea was: temporize in the west, hurry in the east. He never wavered in this conviction, but there were times when he doubted whether his resources were equal to holding out in France until he could settle accounts with Russia.

Luck favored him. At the beginning of 1917, no one could have foreseen the downfall of Russia; but when Kerensky was succeeded by the Bolsheviks, and

it became evident that Russia had ceased to exist as a military power, Ludendorff must have felt like a man who unexpectedly finds his prison door standing ajar. Yet it is significant of the strength of the man that he should have been in no haste to rush out. He despised the Bolsheviks even more than he hated them. Others, less strong than he, would have compromised and yielded; but Ludendorff, desperate as the call was from the west for reinforcements, insisted on the full rigor of his contract in the east, and was prepared to take any risk rather than leave it again possible for Russia to take offensive action. Only a very strong man would have undertaken the campaign in Courland in the autumn of 1917, or assisted the Austrian offensive in Italy with German troops. There were many moments in 1917 when he must have had the gravest fears for the security of his lines in the west. If they should give, what, he asked himself more than once, will they say about my Russian policy and my campaign in Italy? About the Italian campaign, in particular, he had the gravest misgivings, partly because Austria wanted it, and Ludendorff was never able to see any virtue in Austria, and partly because, true to his principle of finishing off Russia once for all and of building up his barrier of buffer states on the east, he would have preferred a campaign in Moldavia. The Italian campaign he regarded as a luxury, hardly to be afforded at such a time.

But he lived through the period of waiting, and by the beginning of 1918 he had his reward. Russia was definitely out of the war, and Germany could give her whole attention for the first time to the western front. Even Austria's weakness, he thought, need be no longer an embarrassment. Caporetto had put a little oxygen in her lungs

which would serve to keep her alive until the issue in the west was definitely settled.

Luck favored him, too, in his Fabian policy in France. After the unfortunate offensive on the Aisne in 1917, France had definitely dropped out of the war for the purposes of general (as distinguished from local) offense; and just as, in the first two years of the war, France had borne the main burden, so now, for the last two years, it fell on England. It was again pure luck that he captured the French plans for this offensive. The victories which General Pétain placed to the credit of France in 1917 were merely local, and were not part of any comprehensive joint offensive. The fact is that, although it was one of the best kept secrets in the war, a continuance of an offensive like the Somme battle would probably, even if it had been physically possible, have produced something like a revolution in the French army. It was not until later that Ludendorff knew of the mutinies that followed Nivelle's battle of the Aisne, or he would have felt far easier in his mind than he did. As it was, the whole burden of the offensive fell on the British army.

The two worst crises in these attacks were after the battle of Arras, April 9, 1917. 'A breach 12,000 to 15,000 yards wide and as much as 6000 yards and more in depth is,' Ludendorff observes, 'not a thing to be mended without more ado. . . . A day like April 9 upset all calculations.'

His other most anxious moment was after the battle of Cambrai. Ludendorff congratulates himself that Byng did not exploit this great initial success. If he had done so, 'we should not have been able to limit the extent of the gap, and in that case, what would have been the judgment of the world on our Italian campaign?'

The awful battles in Flanders drive

even Ludendorff to adjectives and metaphor. But though they inflicted on the troops on both sides more terrible trials than had ever been known in the history of war, it is evident that they did not cause Ludendorff so much anxiety for their result as Arras or Cambrai. This offensive in Flanders was ill-conceived and brought no reward at all proportionate to the expenditure of men and material.

All through 1917, Ludendorff's object on the western front was to gain time, and, in spite of anxious moments, he had succeeded: at the end of the year he was ready to attack on the west, and everything seemed to be in his favor. He had settled Russia once and for all; the British army was exhausted by an offensive which had lasted almost without intermission for eighteen months; and the resolution of France, even though Clemenceau was now the Premier, was still uncertain.

Ludendorff was a great tactical innovator as well as strategist, and some of the changes he had made in his system of defense had worked remarkably well. The withdrawal from the Somme battlefield in the spring of 1917 was a master-stroke, and Ludendorff was justified in claiming it as a victory. His system of elastic defensive zones, which replaced the old rigid lines, had also worked admirably, and had it not been for the invention of the tanks, the defense would have more than kept pace with the increasing strength of the attack.

He had given long and anxious thought to the problems of attack, and by the middle of 1917 he had already begun to train his troops behind the line for the offensive for the coming spring.

Ludendorff tells us very little in his book of these new tactics. But there was no doubt that he had supreme confidence in their success; and if they

failed, it was through their excessive elaboration, and through defects in material due to the blockade. The German system of light railways was perfect, but their road transport was immeasurably inferior to ours, and their troops suffered in consequence from lack of mobility.

But these were not the real causes of the failures of the German campaign in 1918, for which all of Ludendorff's previous work must be regarded in the light of a preparation. The causes were moral. Ludendorff, who, like every great general, knew that an army is never beaten till it thinks it is beaten, lays the blame for the decline of German morale on the Chancellor's vacillation and the infection of Bolshevism from Russia. But the master-cause was the unrestricted submarine campaign and the entry of America.

The contrast between the extraordinary liberality of Ludendorff's mind to new ideas of every kind on the conduct of field operations, and his denseness and obstinacy on all questions of mixed strategy and politics, stands out boldly from every page of the book. The grossest of all the miscalculations of the German General Staff had been the concentration against France and the invasion of Belgium, which brought Britain into the war. One of these miscalculations, the neglect of Russia, Ludendorff had been at great pains to repair, and he had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. But the other and worse miscalculation, which brought Britain into the war, he deliberately repeated, and for the same reason that the General Staff in 1914 took the risk of Britain's coming in, namely, that they thought that she could not develop her military power in time to be of service.

Exactly the same mistake was made with regard to America. Ludendorff was misled by the estimates which

were made by the German navy of the effect of the submarine campaign, but he never took them quite at their face value, and he was content in deciding his policy to make liberal deductions from it. Even so, for the sake of the chance of releasing the stranglehold of sea-power, he accepted a certain risk of America's coming in. She might safely, he thought, be allowed to come in, for by the time that her intervention could be made effective, the war would be over. So completely had his military studies blinded Ludendorff to the working of politics and even to the facts of human nature.

The American army in France did not achieve the great strategic success that Foch at one time had in mind. It was his intention, not merely to defeat the German army, but to annihilate it; not to drive it back to the Rhine, but to prevent its ever leaving France. To this end the British army on the left and the American army in the Argonne were between them to execute a double encircling movement which would bring them together on the Franco-Belgian frontier and strangle the narrow artery through which the German armies were supplied by way of Belgium.

Ludendorff in his book calls August 8 the black day of the German army in the war. He had been disappointed by his failure to reach Amiens in his first great offensive. The second offensive toward Calais, which so alarmed England, revealed to the eye of Ludendorff a failure in the morale of some German divisions which made him apprehensive of what happened later. But what shocked him in the Allied victory of August 8 was the evidence that, in spite of our heavy losses, we were still able to take a successful offensive, and that in front of Amiens. That was the doing of the American troops. It was not that the Americans at this time had very great numbers

in the front line, although they had some troops of fine quality who did invaluable service. Their most important contribution to the Allies was that they enabled us to throw all in. Foch could choose the exact moment for his counter-offensive because he knew that behind him he had the inexhaustible reserves of the American army. It was not the American troops actually in the field that won the war. It was the enemy's fear of them and Foch's absolute confidence in them. The mere shadow of the American giant falling across the battlefield shattered the morale of the enemy and brought him to the state of believing himself beaten, which is the only real defeat in war. Ludendorff had always hoped that, even if his offensive failed, he would be given a respite in which to fall back and rally on some strong defensive lines. That hope was lost on August 8.

In the next seven weeks the German army suffered a series of defeats almost unexampled in history, and it is not to Ludendorff's credit that his narrative should at this point become sketchy and evasive. On September 18 began the drive for the Hindenburg line, which ended on September 29 with the British in possession of the whole of this thirty-mile front, as well as of 50,000 prisoners and 600 guns. It was now that Ludendorff gave up hope, and the telephones between General Headquarters and Berlin buzzed with messages insisting on the necessity of immediate peace.

The Bulgarian collapse began on September 15. 'We could not answer every single call for help; we had to insist that Bulgaria must do something for herself, or, otherwise, we too were lost. It made no difference whether our defeat came in Macedonia or in the west. We were not strong enough to hold our line in the west and to establish in the Balkans the German front to replace the

Bulgarians, as we should have had to do if we were to hold that front in the long run.'

Thus the breakdown in the east contributed to the overthrow of Germany, as well as the victories in the west. On August 8, Ludendorff could still console himself with the thought that, at any rate, the eastern front held, and that, if he had to retreat in France, it would be with his face to the enemy and without the embarrassment of having to turn east or south to fight Russia or bolster up Austria. Now, that consolation was gone, too. And just at this time the American offensive in the Argonne was beginning, and it was doubtful even whether he could retreat, or whether the German army in France might not undergo a super-Sedan. Ludendorff lost his nerve, and no wonder!

Later he changed his mind, and having, in the last days of September, insisted upon peace on any terms, he now urged that resistance should be offered in the last ditch. He explains this change of mind in his book by saying that the terms of the armistice were much more severe than he had expected. But that is not consistent with the view which he had stoutly maintained since the beginning of 1917, that nothing would satisfy the Entente but the complete humiliation of Germany.

The real reason was that, whereas, at the end of September he feared that the German army could not get back at all, in the middle of October he saw that it could get back, broken, but still an army, and he was prepared to renew the gamble. It was too late. On October 24, Ludendorff issued an army order appealing to his troops to resist the demand to unconditional surrender, and attacking President Wilson. On the following day a storm of indignation burst out in the Reichstag over this act of insubordination at Headquarters; and on the evening of that day there was a discussion with the Minister of the Interior in which Ludendorff took part. His friends von Winterfeldt and von Haefen waited below. At the end of an hour and a half Ludendorff came out. 'My inward anguish would only let me say, "No hope! Germany is lost!" They, too, shook with emotion.'

Ludendorff saw the Kaiser on the following day, for the last time. The Kaiser censured the army order of October 24; Ludendorff begged most humbly to be relieved of his office, and the Kaiser accepted his resignation. He went back to Headquarters and told his officers there that in a fortnight there would be no Emperor in Germany. On November 9, Germany and Prussia were republics.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL INQUIRY

BY EDWARD WILSON PARMELEE

I

ARE our boys' boarding-schools in America fulfilling their mission? They offer advantages which even the best public schools cannot give. They cost beyond all calculation in time, effort, and money. They have enormous prestige. Are they 'making good'?

We have a right to ask more from our boarding-schools than repressive discipline and preparation for college. We have a right to judge them, not merely by what goes on within the school itself, where the influences are almost invariably gentle, helpful, and wholesome, but by what they produce. They offer unlimited opportunities for developing the highest type of manhood. They have at their command all the boy's time. They can mould and develop a boy's body, his mind, and his soul. They can cultivate his manners, correct his morals, arouse his enthusiasms, and fit him, as no other institution can, for a useful place in life. They are the best organs we have for creating the finest American manhood. Are they functioning as they should? Are they justifying their existence by enriching our national life with the choice young men that we need? Are they sending forth youths ready to take up the complex and exacting duties for which intensive culture alone can equip one, and to give themselves wholeheartedly to the difficult, delicate, often poorly paid tasks which in a highly organized community must be supremely well done: such tasks as research, medicine,

teaching, literature, the fine arts, government, public service, religion?

I fear they are not. We have men of prominence who have been sent out by these schools, but there are far too few of them. The overwhelming number of boys who are there educated, after a more or less unsatisfactory record in college, soon sink out of sight in the shallows of mediocrity. After time, thought, and effort, almost without limit, have been spent to make these boys the highest product of our civilization, let us see what are the results.

First of all, we find that these schools rarely produce scholars. It seems not unreasonable to expect them to, but actually they do not. They often so over-prepare a boy for college that he can outstrip those less thoroughly prepared; but while a college record is thus apparently made, it is usually a spurt of brilliancy rather than a solid scholarly feat. Undeniably these schools often develop brains, but these brains are later used chiefly in making money. They are not used in fruitful scholarship, even though it is to these members of the leisure class that we seem justified in looking for such attainments. The boys received in these schools seem not to have scholarly ambitions. They have, on the contrary, debased ideals of education. Instead of scholars, these schools immediately produce too many representatives of that cheap offensive type, the college 'Rah-rah boy,' whose chief ambitions extend only to

the gayety and frivolity of the most superficial and evanescent college activities. Boys of this type have in most cases bad manners, and in some cases worse morals. They lack all sense of the high obligation of privilege. They are, they shamelessly confess, 'out for a good time,' and one who scrutinizes their indulgences with any care must admit that, if money squandered as they squander it will give a 'good time,' they should be getting it.

Another point where the schools fail is that they standardize their product. There seems to be, almost inevitably, a certain crushing of individuality. There is apt to come to schoolboys a loss of originality, of taste, and of delicacy of perception. There is in schools so much fear of the scorn of public opinion too often leveled at a non-conformist, that even the occasional talented boy retires within himself and finds it discreet to remain mediocre. Thus there comes about an atrophy of the normal interest in art and beauty. A schoolboy does not dare, in the face of his mocking companions, to manifest any enthusiasm in the best poetry, music, or painting. He wants, not the realities, but the superficialities. He wants to be 'in fashion' — to value and praise only the things that the debased taste of the group values or praises. Not the best, but the conventional, becomes his standard. I have known a boy to wait until he was alone in his dormitory, in order to play, undisturbed by the taunts of his fellows, a Victor record of a piece of good music which he loved. I have known a boy, both well-taught and talented, to abandon the violin and take up the mandolin, simply that he might succeed in 'making' the popular musical club of the college he had chosen.

The results of all this are seen in our colleges, where the preferred pleasures seem to be precisely the pleasures of the

average factory town. Do not the 'Jazz band' and the 'movies' now satisfy completely the æsthetic natures of our college men?

Furthermore, the boys of our preparatory schools show almost no living interest in science or in nature. Science is not 'the thing.' Enthusiasm for the natural wonders of God's world is distinctly bad form. Athletics one may always safely grow enthusiastic over, but never plants, birds, trees — never chemistry, natural history, the stars. A talented lecturer imitated for us, one stormy winter's night, the songs and calls of our familiar birds. These sweet summer sounds thrilled me. Afterwards I asked one of the older boys if he had not enjoyed them. 'No,' he replied; 'why should I? I have never heard a bird sing in my life.'

Perhaps it is because the case seems hopeless; perhaps it is because they are so engrossed with getting boys into college, that schools of this kind make little provision for studies in nature and science. I once knew a boy in a prominent school who tried to educate himself. He would show his butterflies and explain all about them when, all too rarely, he could find a listener. I have seen him sit for hours, studying the tadpoles and frogs in a pond, so entranced that he did not know I frequently looked out for him when I was on my walks. But school gave him no information and no encouragement. He did not go to college, and he never became the naturalist I had hoped he would.

Another criticism I desire to make brings up a difficult problem — one so difficult that I hesitate to get myself involved in its discussion. It is that these schools fail to impress a vital, appealing religious faith. The private schools alone can do this, for to-day our public schools are gagged. I know that an earnest effort is made in most

private schools to give a real religious culture, differing, of course, according to the denomination and proclivities of the school authorities. But for some reason there is not great success. Perhaps the tendency to swing to one of those two dangerous poles, formalism or sentimentalism, has something to do with this failure. Perhaps a greater reason is the absence of any adequate religious nurture in many of the homes from which the boys come and in the colleges to which they go. I fear that they too often look on their religion as just another school-requirement, which it is proper to shake off as quickly as possible after school-days are over. Somehow religion does not mean to the boy what it should — the greatest power for illuminating and energizing his life.

I have said enough to demonstrate my conviction that the schools we are considering are not giving us what, with all their resources, they should give. They might be made to contribute rich forces to our commonwealth. Instead, they contribute too many cheap, shallow, self-seeking, and sometimes dangerous elements. The attack on the students and the buildings of one of the great New England universities last May can perhaps best be laid to the resentment of simple, hard-working, discontented returned soldiers against the flippancy of our gilded youth. It is a manifestation that deserves attention.

Our schools should not be turning out such products. They should be providing leaders — leaders in politics, in social and labor questions, in science, thought, manners, culture. The possibilities of such schools in making workable our democracy are too evident, too precious, for us to allow them to fail without search for a remedy. Unless the remedy be found, and these institutions, so full of potentialities for good, — so full, too, of an eager desire

for high service, — are made to contribute as they ought, we must, in a rightly ordered democracy, write 'Ichabod' over their ruins.

What, then, is the matter with them? There are, as I see it, three principal causes of their failure: their commercialism, their autocratic discipline, and the demoralizing influence which the colleges exert on them. These schools, on account of their high tuition fees, have become the exclusive domain of the wealthy; they have, in their zeal for discipline, forgotten that the boy must learn to govern himself; and they have existed to prepare boys for college rather than to prepare them for life.

III

First, as regards their commercialism.

A school of this kind, however high its ideals, is, we must remember, at bottom a business, and in the view of its authorities the first requisite of such business is that it must pay. Under present conditions it can pay only by collecting large fees, and large fees can be paid only by the rich. Such a business standard involves, unfortunately, compromises and concessions, and it is likely that there is not one school of this kind that does not bear on its body the scars of such moral defeats. The argument is, of course, that to have an institution perform its high function, the continued existence of the institution is necessary. There are times when I am inclined to doubt the validity of this argument.

To understand what this class-pressure has accomplished, we must consider the material with which boarding-schools have lately been loaded. It is said that, at home, the American boy is rather more feared than loved. This is particularly true of the rich boy. There is usually at hand sufficient of life's

discipline to whip the poor boy into shape. But with the son of rich parents difficulties multiply. What with motor-cars, cigarettes, cabarets, cock-tails, and chorus-girls, such a youth, left unrestrained, soon becomes impossible; and once the harm is done, it is hard to make anything serviceable out of him.

About the age when these dangers may be looked for, the puzzled parents, not knowing what to do with the boy, are glad to shift the responsibility. As amateurs they face a problem which they are eager to hand over to professionals who have both the experience and the machinery with which to do a better job. 'My boy's life is one long protest,' declares one anxious mother. 'How many weeks are there in your school-year?' Bernard Shaw may be right after all in stating that the chief purpose of schools is to enable parents to get rid of their children so that they can attend to their own affairs.

This is a matter for sympathetic treatment. There are many of us, I am sure, who echo from time to time the words of the Shepherd in *A Winter's Tale*: 'I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting —' At times I ask myself whether a boarding-school is not merely an attempt to bridge over these difficult years, since they cannot be 'slept out,' and whether a school's success may not consist in landing a boy safely on the other side of them.

There is, I fear, ample reason for the particular distress of wealthy parents at this time. Conditions are changing, standards are lowered, old restraints have been loosed, self-indulgence is the order of the day, moral ideals are un-

settled, and boys are in greater peril than they ever were before. Whether owing entirely to the war, as some people say, or to the radical tendencies and the changing religious sanctions of the day, the bringing up of a boy is more anxious work than it once was; and the bringing up of a rich boy is supremely difficult.

The best schools, forced to accept only the sons of the rich, — not merely those sons who were worthy, but too often all who could pay, — have felt the lowering of tone which the unsatisfactory quality of much of this material has brought with it. Background and ideals — both of them impossible matters to supply ready-made — have been lacking. Though many of these boys may prove to be fine, manly chaps, there has come to be too large a proportion of the unfit. Great attention has to be paid to sheltering and controlling the undesirable element. With all that is done, the frivolous wastrel exercises too much influence. He lacks the fibre built by self-denial. There is constantly before him the enticing example of self-indulgent parents. The eye of a needle was once spoken of metaphorically in connection with the entrance of a rich man into the Kingdom of Heaven. Sometimes one feels that metaphor does not adequately describe the minuteness of the aperture through which the son of many a rich man must go.

Our boarding-schools have, no doubt, served a useful purpose in getting many youths of such antecedents over the impossible age. They have furthermore been blessed with a small, but certainly admirable, group of amazingly worth-while boys from rich families. That has been their heaven, but there has not been enough of it. The schools have suffered; and although expulsions may still keep them from catastrophe, it is time that they consider seriously

whether such boys as seem predestined not to respond to the right influences had not better be steered toward the reformatories, to end the difficulty.

I am aware that Chesterton's criticism of some advocate of the superman may be brought against me. Chesterton said, you may remember, that this person was like a nurse who, having tried for a long time to feed a child something out of a bottle which the child resolutely refused to take, would end matters, not by throwing the bottle out of the window, but by throwing the child out of the window. For all that, there are some emergencies, it would seem, where radical action is justified.

A further detriment which schools suffer from the patronage of the rich comes from the tendency of some parents to use the school as an agent of social ambitions. If their sons are gentlemen-born, the parents, quite reasonably, wish them educated with gentlemen. If, on the other hand, parents newly arrived at prosperity are looking about for the best means of launching their sons socially, the right school offers just the opportunity they want. Too frequently the desire is rather for profitable social connections than gentle surroundings and refined friends. The school is eagerly used, and is made to suffer from this wrong motive.

III

But granting that there must be, in any school, a certain proportion of unworkable material, would not better results be obtained by a less autocratic and a more democratic system of government? The immediate results of the present system are, with a few heart-breaking exceptions, superficially good. But the ultimate result, the only one by which the system can fairly be judged, is not satisfactory.

The older schoolboy, on the threshold of the freedoms of college, is not permitted to learn to use for himself the impulses, the enthusiasms, the inhibitions, which spring up naturally in the human male in the critical years just before manhood. Exacting discipline deprives him of a feeling of responsibility for his actions. He is purposely kept childlike and dependent. It is easier to handle him that way. Then he is thrust without preparation into the life at college, which is getting to be almost as free as that of the gods on Olympus. The lessons of his little play-world will not serve him. He lacks in judgment. He lacks in self-control. Give a boy in this unfortunate state plenty of money, and we have a situation most difficult to cope with. Remember, too, that in facing it the boy usually has none of the steadying which a vital interest in academic work would give.

I am aware that the average headmaster will throw up his hands in consternation at any suggestion of student government. 'Student government is always bad government,' he will insist. That may be true. It is also true that 'prentice work is bad work, and that all beginners make more mistakes than experts. Nevertheless, each new generation must some time begin to learn. The trouble is that headmasters look upon discipline as devised for the convenience of the authorities, not for the education of the boy. But unless it really educates the boy, trains his will, develops his judgment, and fits him for self-government, it is worse than useless. If it merely represses him, it weakens him; it raises in him a false sense of confidence in his own will, makes him think he is self-directing when he is not, and brings some day a shattering realization that his own will was never developed at all.

If school authorities would see this;

if they would, at whatever cost of patience, anxiety, and disappointment, consent to rely more on the self-directing forces that really exist in boys, it is likely that, not only would many school problems grow less troublesome, but that the college history of school graduates would be less disappointing.

IV

The third cause of failure lies in the relation of these schools to the colleges.

It seems to be the fashion for every boy born in prosperous circumstances to count on going to college. He counts as well on attending some preparatory school, but rarely, it often seems, for the helpful influence of the school on his life. He goes chiefly for two reasons: one, that he may be sure of passing the hide-bound entrance examinations to his chosen college; and the other, that he may enter college with a group of ready-made friends.

The demand for getting boys into college has tied the hands of many schools. It has distorted and devitalized their functions. High schools have felt this demand and resisted it; private schools simply cannot shake it off.

The fact that many boys who need school, and who by the right school could be moulded to a fine usefulness, ought never to go to college at all, is lost sight of. The other fact, that school-life and college-life are two perhaps equally important steps in the education by which boys rise to manhood, is forgotten. And the nurture, the culture, the upbuilding which the school might give if it were allowed to, is lost in a sort of mad rush to get boys past the rigid college-entrance examinations, tempered only by such disciplinary measures as are necessary to control their high spirits and keep them in hand while the process of cramming is going on.

Thus our schools are made mere conveniences, stepping-stones to a more attractive life beyond. They are necessary evils — institutions to be used for a brief time and then cast aside.

But this is not all. The college hurts the secondary school even more seriously in its academic demands. As we all know, few public schools have been able to prepare boys for the arbitrary, excessive demands made by our large eastern colleges. None but the most brilliant public-school boy, willing to do considerable self-educating could in recent years pass those entrance examinations. That fact alone has filled many eastern private schools. What effect the easing of those harsh requirements, as recently announced by the colleges, will have on private schools will be an interesting matter to watch. It seems likely that the demands which have throttled our schools in the past will in the course of time become modified. A more enlightened policy may be at hand.

Every schoolmaster is looking to the system of 'comprehensive examination,' and the more humane methods which may grow out of it, as an emancipation from the pitiful, sordid school curriculum of grind, grind, drill, drill, review, review — stultifying to mental growth and inhibitive to socializing, humanizing, informative studies and experiences, which the schools long to give and cannot. For example, the time may come when the modern languages will be taught in a rational way, and a youngster, after two years of study, even if ignorant of twenty or thirty exceptions to some rule of French grammar, will not be tongue-tied in a French community, and will read and write the language with pleasure. Or, in the matter of history, even if a little shaky on all the reforms of Solon, the Constitution of Clisthenes, or every provision of the Licinian Laws, an American

boy may go up to college so well read in general history, ancient, mediæval, and even modern, that he has a social perspective, a richly furnished mind, and a sense of confidence in himself as a future citizen of the world.

But in some ways the most cruel injury which the colleges inflict upon the schools is due to the cynical fashion in which, for years past, they have debased the prestige of the schools by making examinations, set by the colleges themselves, or their servant, the College Entrance Board, the sole, or at least the preferred condition for admission, when for the good of the schools, the good of the boys, the good even of the colleges themselves, they should have made such entrance requirements primarily the fine school-record of the boy himself and the possession of a regular graduation diploma of a reputable school. I often wonder what would become of the prestige of the colleges themselves if the post-graduate schools refused to accept their degrees, and threw the applicant on the mercies of a written examination on his college work, set by a group of learned lecturers, isolated from all undergraduate conditions.

This, it seems to me, is the crowning sin of the colleges against the schools; and to say in extenuation that the standards of the secondary schools are too unequal to warrant any other course, simply throws us back to wondering what has held down those standards. One must bear in mind, also, that no one has ever forbidden the colleges to make their own list of eligible schools.

V

So much for the failures, and some reasons for them. Can adequate remedies be found? The problem is difficult. But it seems as if something must be done, first of all, to improve the quality

of the boys taken into our schools. The schools must be made more independent of wealthy clients. Some sort of endowment would be needed for this. The best form for this endowment to take, perhaps, would be a definite and sufficient number of scholarships, which should be granted only to boys proved to possess the finest qualities of character, earnestness, and mentality. The influence of even a small group of such boys could be made to tell tremendously in the school community. The selection of these boys without regard to their class in society, but only for their exceptional promise, would make for democracy. There are in our land hundreds — yes, thousands — of splendid lads whose parents desire for them just what the boarding-school can supply. But most of them cannot afford to pay the fees. Thus it comes about that the worth-while boy is shut out, forced to an inferior education, or even perhaps spoiled by adolescent idleness, while many a rich boy who can pay gets the advantages, and either will not or cannot use them. At present the schools must take what comes, — do their best for them, — and get criticized for their failures. They find out, as the old saying runs, that you cannot polish a brick.

Would that some American Cecil Rhodes could see the possibilities of these schools, or that some group of rich men of clear vision might be found, willing to devote a few millions thus to the public good. For endowment must, I suppose, be by private capital. There seems to be no inherent objection to handing these private schools over to the state and developing them in the highest interest of the public. Such a solution could be made very satisfactory. But in our present state of advance, it would be politically almost impossible. One could hardly persuade the nation that Annapolis and West

Point are really just such schools; and that, though their contribution to the public good may be more easily recognized, it is not more necessary.

Financial independence alone, however, will not accomplish all that we wish. With the possibility of entering better boys must come the certainty of better equipping these boys after they are secured. A more normal and democratic system of government must be devised, which will train a boy's powers in self-direction and fit him for responsibility. And with this must come a broader, richer, and more stimulating curriculum.

But the colleges must do their part. They must revise their system, making less of arbitrary demands, and more, much more, of fine school-record, character, high motive, and enthusiasm for learning. They never should, I think, admit a boy (and they do admit hundreds of such) whose declared motive in going to college is to have a good time. It seems a case of misappropriation of endowment funds, — those gifts of self-sacrificing men of vision, — to allow them to be spent in the futile effort to educate boys who do not come to be educated at all, but to have a good time. It is like using the revenues of an orphan asylum for carousing.

VI

There is a question, of course, whether our select boys' boarding-schools should have any place in a democracy. Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp, whose well-reasoned article in a recent number of the *Atlantic*¹ has set many of us thinking, would say that they should not. Indeed, judging by their present accomplishment, it might be somewhat difficult to demonstrate their value; for they seem too much concerned with

developing the wrong kind of exclusiveness. The exclusiveness which is an end in itself certainly should not feel at home in a democracy.

But there is an exclusiveness, if one may so term it, which results from high purpose and exacting responsibilities — an exclusiveness which is almost a synonym for consecration. Such exclusiveness is, I believe, essential to a democracy.

For true democracy is not a flattening, leveling process. True democracy must build up to the highest powers of serviceability the most promising individuals. It must develop them under the essentially democratic teaching that, however great their powers or their freedom, they cannot live to themselves alone, but must devote all their powers to the good of their fellows.

Unconscious as seems the soul of America even yet regarding the goal of her dreams, she will never accept the uninteresting, inefficient, hopeless state which the extreme advocates of communistic democracy are urging. Such a state would rob life of all that makes it worth while. It would create a society paralyzed by jealousies and fears; a Sahara Desert without mountain of vision or well of refreshment. Flat mediocrity is a bastard democracy. We can never accept it. For the finest flower of democracy is not drab equality, but *noblesse oblige*. This is a spiritual force for raising men, not for leveling them.

The democracy that is bred in the fibre of my own nature recognizes classes. It must. It recognizes a diversity of gifts, a diversity of opportunities, and a diversity of responsibilities. It recognizes a diversity of social standards, of families, of homes. And until it is granted that all homes must be alike, I will not grant that all schools must be alike. It is evidently impossi-

¹ 'Patrons of Democracy,' in the issue for November, 1919.

ble, for example, that all homes can be made equally refined, mannerly, inspiring. But we cannot, therefore, lose the blessed influence of the best of those we already have. There must remain something above us to live up to.

Your true democracy must have leaders; and the better the leaders, the better the democracy. These leaders must be men of the most gracious and sincere manners, the most cultivated imagination, the finest self-sacrifice, the highest ideals. Wherever we need leaders, we need such men. And such men do not just grow. They must be developed and inspired somewhere. Where can we do it if not in our regenerated select schools? The public schools cannot do this work as it should be done, for the same reason that the private schools as at present conducted cannot do it. They are too mixed, too inclusive, too much cluttered with inferior material. More than this, they are apparently unable to command the services of the right sort of educators. The low salaries paid to teachers in public schools do not attract first-class men and women. It is an admitted fact that the schoolbook-publishing firms are striving more and more to produce 'textbooks that presuppose a minimum of intelligence on the part of the teacher — books that will teach themselves.' (I have quoted that sentence verbatim from the statement of an agent of such a firm.)

Mr. Sharp believes the education of all children in common schools makes for democracy. To a certain extent, perhaps, it does, if the standards of such persons are not too entirely dissimilar. But what should I have advised a refined mother, herself a public-school teacher, who asked me if I thought she was wrong in sending her delicate little daughter to a private school? 'In the public school to which I sent her for a

time,' said she, 'she picked up vermin, diseases, and bad language.'

Even if Mr. Sharp's theory were carried out, and children of all classes tumbled into properly fumigated and inspected common schools, what would be the result? Not, I fear, the stimulating, hearty democracy which Mr. Sharp looks forward to, but rather a division into groups, congenial within themselves, scornful or quarrelsome toward the other groups. I have myself observed this tendency in public-school life. It seems to show that even a common education does not root out snobbishness or class-feeling.

No. The forced association of uncongenial units does not break down exclusiveness. It often creates it. Certainly it does not ensure mutual understanding. A little aloofness often makes for both understanding and sympathy.

To Mr. Sharp's contention that unless labor and capital are educated together they can never understand each other, I would reply that the willingness to understand each other is far more needed than any association of school-days, and that it is a lack of fairmindedness rather than of understanding that is at the bottom of all the trouble between labor and capital. Not closer association, but better moral culture, will help solve the problem. In my ideal democracy, strong, sympathetic brotherhood sometimes looms so large that it gathers unto itself all that we know of human rights and the essential equality of men.

It is the more sympathetic education in ideals, in true values, in brotherhood, that I look to the regenerated boarding-school to give. Never must this school teach the condescension of superior beings for inferior, but always the responsibility of privilege, and the supreme obligation of fairmindedness in those who are permitted the highest

training to fit them for the highest duties.

Thus it is that, with firm faith in democracy, a hatred of caste, and an ardent enthusiasm for our amazing American opportunities for advancement, I find myself, after sharply criticizing one class of our private schools as at present administered, defending the system in its ideal form, and earnestly desirous that it may be purged and used as it should be in the high interest of the nation.

For I believe in the special cloistered education for boys. I believe it is capable of giving them benefits that a public day school can never give. For years I have watched its influence on boys of the right qualities, and I have found this influence to be good. The distinct gain in manliness and independence that results from the separation of adolescent boys from their homes and families is good. The power they develop of getting on well with their fellows is good. The intimate association in daily life with other youths of kindred minds and common aims is good. The training in manners is good. The health they build up by regular life in favorable surroundings is good. And the gain that comes from detaching them from the distractions and temptations of mixed society and enabling them to concentrate attention on their studies is inestimable.

More can be done with earnest boys in these boarding-schools than anywhere else. I am sure of that. To-day we need these schools alarmingly if we would save and develop our choicest treasures of boyhood, and raise up men of power and integrity who will lead us aright. But I insist that such schools are not now fulfilling their mission.

They cannot be permitted to go on as 'cramming' schools, elegant reformatories, rungs in the social ladder, or money-making businesses. They can no longer, in these stirring, anxious days of the new world, continue as they have been. They must be freed from the compromises and concessions that have been required of them; they must be relieved from the necessity of nursing defective, subnormal scions of proud families, and crude or impossible scions of 'climbers.' They must not remain the caterers to the cheap ideas of half-baked youths, inoculated with the 'Rah-rah' virus eternally raging in our colleges. But they must be opened, not to the richest, but to the best of our youths — to those who will feel that their admission to special privileges pledges them to unusual effort. These schools must bring together and bind together only the choicest, the most honorable youths, to whatever class of society they may belong. They should be made centres of the most solid and the most stimulating culture — physical, mental, ethical — which the world can give to its best sons. They must come to stand on their own feet, dispensing without fear or favor the education which the most experienced men may deem desirable; and nurturing the loftiest ideals of brotherhood, of service, and of enthusiasm for what is true, honest, just, lovely, and of good report.

The best schools should be for the best boys; the best boys for the best schools — the schools which can kindle their spirits at the most points and can command all their time, effort, and devotion.

For in a democracy there should be one thing that money cannot buy, that influence cannot buy, that worth alone can buy: and that thing is Education.

THE SUBURB DE LUXE

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

AUTOMOBILES are streaming in from all sides to the station, and are engaged at the platform in their everlasting business of disgorging well-dressed and highly polished men and women for the nine o'clock train.

Newspapers are selling fast. It is the beginning of another day, and a most auspicious beginning, because the day begins in Toppington. If you can begin your day in Toppington, you have begun it right; and if you can end it there also, in a Tuxedo, you can fill it up with anything, and it must be a profitable day.

There is an air of glad well-being on the platform; shoes have been polished in basements by the man who does the shoes; clothes have been taken from closets full of very well-pressed and very recent clothes; and breakfast has been of the ritualistic sort — with the crusts trimmed off the toast, the cream particularly rich, the cantaloupes especially luscious, the coffee in extra large cups, the omelette soufflé.

The children have come in with the governess, made their morning salutations, been kissed and jollied, and taken their seats at a side table. There have been gracious remarks and inquiries as to how everybody slept, and plans hurriedly suggested for golf or other engagements in the afternoon.

Everybody is very sure that this is the height of family life, and that here the foundations of society are laid in the concrete of good form.

The motor whirls up to the front door, and amid hurried messages, kisses,

and cigarette smoke, the males briskly enter the shiny car and buzz away to the train.

'Good morning, good morning; beautiful day! How is Natalie this morning? Oh, so glad to know she is better. And now you will be leaving soon for California. We go in January, but to Florida. No, the links in Florida are inferior, but Kate demands that Gulf air and the early tomatoes and strawberries.'

'What do you think of Wilson's drool this morning? Going to the smoker? Well, so long, old top.'

Or — 'Hello, Joe — back again, eh? How long at a time do you pretend to live a serious life? You certainly are a bum. Where were you? Well, French Lick's the only place for you brokers. Did you see Sam there? He made a big killing, I hear, and is fixed for life. Bully for him! And I am especially glad for Mary and the kiddies, who have been down to brass tacks lately — only two servants, and Sam fixing his own furnace and blacking his own boots.'

Or, — from Bob, very highly dressed and very twitchy and jerky about the head, with roving eyes and a flannel mouth, — 'My dear boy, where the hell have you been? Oh, you're the predatory rich, all right! But see here, for God's sake, what about that gas stock? Sh! Come here, man; I'm going to talk to you.'

From a bright and natty lady: 'Good morning, doctor. I did so want to see you after church yesterday — to thank you for that beautiful sermon.'

The doctor smiles, — a smile as old as Toppington — a smile that represents the worst that Toppington can do to a man, — and the doctor says, —

‘I had you in mind — and that sweet family of yours. How is Rosalie this morning? Give her my love; she’s a dear, dear child, and very close to all our hearts.

‘No, my suggestion to the House Committee regarding whiskey at the Golf Club was — was — well, I actually think they resented it, and so, of course, I dropped the matter. For it is furthest from my desire to offend anyone in this dear place.

‘Is that Caroline? Dear me, did she really move to Roseville? I have often wondered how her father and mother survived that. And they do look older, don’t you think so? But Mary, Rose, and Catherine are a great comfort. They are maintaining the fine old Toppington tradition: they are very dear girls, very dear girls, very close to all our hearts.

‘Yes, I go in town Mondays to look over our mission parish. Really, I regret the fact that our Toppington people take so casual an interest in this beautiful charity. I am sometimes afraid I do not quite fulfill my obligation here by pointing out a little more clearly the disparity between some of my friends here and some of them there, as regards — income.’

‘Yes, but, doctor, nothing could be done about it, of course: it is just one of those things, you know, that happen to be so, don’t you think?’

‘Oh, yes, I know it, I think so; but those people are a little too much forgotten, perhaps, and I frequently have cause to think that they may remind us of their presence some day in an embarrassing manner. Did you ever think of that? And, you know, nothing is so embarrassing as to be confronted with an importunate widow, for

instance, who kicks on the door and keeps screaming, “Justice!”

‘But, my dear, I must n’t worry you with my doubts. My best wishes for you always. Good-bye.’

At that point the train grinds to a halt, with a resolute expression of taking into New York a group of people who add all the salt to that otherwise tasteless stew. Very important gentlemen, saying very important things and thinking priceless thoughts, take their seats and open their papers, and even more important ladies — on their way to Lord and Taylor’s or leaving for a little change in Lakewood or Asheville — settle into places, and talk about nothing with great animation.

Two men in spats and gloves, and with the ‘club-car’ faces of commerce, after looking over the paper, hurriedly begin to discuss the situation.

‘One would suppose, now the war is over and the necessity for improvements and extensions is very great, the railroads would begin buying; but they don’t seem to want to begin, for some reason.’

‘Why, don’t you see,’ says the other pink-faced worshiper of Baal, ‘it’s this way: the railroads, and the other interests too, for that matter, don’t propose to do anything to promote employment until the labor-world comes to its senses on wages. They propose to show labor where it gets off at.’

‘Well, that sounds reasonable to me. I only hope they don’t show us first. You know I sometimes say to my wife: “Carrie, what would you do now if we busted higher than a kite — if we had to come to living on \$5000 a year, say — about a tenth of what it costs us now?”

“Where would we live?” she asks.

“Well, suppose we had to move to Newark or Jersey City?”

“Don’t talk utter nonsense,” she says, “and be sure to engage two

staterooms on the Limited to Santa Barbara for Friday, the 20th."

'But I can't help thinking of folks in Petrograd these days who used to do about the same thing we do — but are doing something very different now: standing hours in line for black bread. Two staterooms to Santa Barbara on the Limited!'

One of the wives in front, overhearing this outburst, turns about and with a flashing eye says to her husband's friend, —

'John is n't the sport he used to be, is he? What's the matter with him, anyhow? I think it was that book by Jane Addams about children and the city streets. I've had a lot of trouble with him since that. Brace up, John; just because you are virtuous, or dyspeptic, or senile, or something, do you expect *me* to join the Christian Endeavor society?'

And so the conversation develops, indicating on the part of the men a certain faint-hearted respect for history, and especially very modern history, in spite of their repugnance for change; but revealing the women as defiant, and unchastened by any least appreciation of what is taking place in the world.

The entire package of humanity, done up in several yellow steel cars, is injected into New York and ejected from New York daily. It stays long enough to move the little levers that divert a great deal of the wealth earned by thousands of poor folks into the channels that irrigate Toppington and sustain its beaming countenance. It is a nickel-in-the-slot machine raised to its highest power.

In the club car forward, groups of absorbed gentlemen, shrouded in tobacco smoke, play cards while the train rushes through more and more inferior suburbs as it approaches the city. They

never look out of the windows. They might get a hint from Greenwood Cemetery as it flies past, making hideous gestures with its obelisks and granite deformities. They are polished people, operating in polished grooves — things outside have no interest and excite no curiosity. A man from Roseville may meet a man from Toppington on business, or through mutual friends; he may get a word on that occasion; but it is the only occasion on which he will. Thereafter he will get the fishy eye or the far-away gaze of the preoccupied man.

For Toppington is very much preoccupied; its engagements are imperative. It has an intense sense of its responsibilities. It is part of the two per cent who own sixty per cent of the wealth of the country. Its idol is *ability* — ability to maintain about that proportion of ownership. It is actually reptilian in its hissing anger against the opponent of orthodoxy. It is capable, with complete complacency, of defeating every effort to make this war anything but a frightful catastrophe with no actual moral value. It is draped in all sorts of flowing sentimentalism; and beneath that drapery is a hardness and selfishness beyond belief.

It poisons its own children with the insidious sense of caste — of the low value of real work and the high value of mental dexterity and sleight-of-hand. It produces mental invalids full of the immorality of self-pity and the vulgarity of parade.

If this war means anything, it means that the Toppingtons of this country will be left by the tide, and will dry up, like stranded jelly-fish, in the sun of a new adjustment which will appraise people according to their actual contribution to the wealth and welfare of the nation.

A JUNGLE CLEARING

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

WITHIN six degrees of the Equator, shut in by jungle, on a cloudless day in mid-August, I found a comfortable seat on a slope of sandy soil sown with grass and weeds in the clearing back of Kartabo laboratory. I was shaded only by a few leaves of a low walnut-like sapling, yet there was not the slightest hint of oppressive heat. It might have been a warm August day in New England or Canada, except for the softness of the air.

In my little cleared glade there was no plant which would be wholly out of place on a New England country hillside. With debotanized vision I saw foliage of sumach, elm, hickory, peach, and alder, and the weeds all about were as familiar as those of any New Jersey meadow. The most abundant flowers were Mazaruni daisies, cheerful little pale primroses, and close to me, fairly overhanging the paper as I wrote, was the spindling button-weed, a wanderer from the States, with its clusters of tiny white blossoms bouqueted in the bracts of its leaves.

A few yards down the hillside was a clump of real friends — the rich green leaves of vervain, that humble little weed, sacred in turn to the Druids, the Romans, and the early Christians, and now brought inadvertently in some long-past time, in an overseas shipment, and holding its own in this breathing-space of the jungle. I was so interested by this discovery of a superficial northern flora, that I began to watch for

other forms of temperate-appearing life, and for a long time my ear found nothing out of harmony with the plants. The low steady hum of abundant insects was so constant that it required conscious effort to disentangle it from silence. Every few seconds there arose the cadence of a passing bee or fly, the one low and deep, the other shrill and penetrating. And now, just as I had become wholly absorbed in this fascinating game, — the kind of game which may at any moment take a worth-while scientific turn, — it all dimmed and the entire picture shifted and changed. I doubt if anyone who has been at a modern battle-front can long sit with closed eyes in a midsummer meadow and not have his blood leap as scene after scene is brought back to him. Three bees and a fly winging their way past, with the rise and fall of their varied hums, were sufficient to renew vividly for me the blackness of night over the sticky mud of Douaumont, and to cloud for a moment the scent of clover and dying grass, with that terrible sickly sweet odor of human flesh in an old shell-hole. In such unexpected ways do we link peace and war — suspending the greatest weights of memory, imagination, and visualization on the slenderest cobwebs of sound, odor, and color.

But again my bees became but bees — great, jolly, busy yellow-and-black fellows, who blundered about and squeezed into blossoms many sizes too small for them. Cicadas tuned up,

clearing their drum-heads, tightening their keys, and at last rousing into the full swing of their ecstatic theme. And my relaxed, uncritical mind at present recorded no difference between the sound and that which was vibrated from northern maples. The tamest bird about me was a big yellow-breasted white-throated flycatcher, and I had seen this Melancholy Tyrant, as his technical name dubs him, in such distant lands that he fitted into the picture without effort.

White butterflies flitted past, then a yellow one, and finally a real Monarch. In my boyland, smudgy specimens of this were pinned, earnestly but asymmetrically, in cigar-boxes, under the title of *Danaïs archippus*. At present no reputable entomologist would think of calling it other than *Anosia plexippus*, nor should I; but the particular thrill which it gave to-day was that this self-same species should wander along at this moment to mosaic into my boreal muse.

After a little time, with only the hum of the bees and the staccato cicadas, a double deceit was perpetrated, one which my sentiment of the moment seized upon and rejoiced in, but at which my mind had to conceal a smile and turn its consciousness quickly elsewhere, to prevent an obtrusive reality from dimming this last addition to the picture. The gentle, unmistakable, velvet warble of a bluebird came over the hillside, again and again; and so completely absorbed and lulled was I by the gradual obsession of being in the midst of a northern scene, that the sound caused not the slightest excitement, even internally and mentally. But the sympathetic spirit who was directing this geographic burlesque overplayed, and followed the soft curve of audible wistfulness with an actual bluebird which looped across the open space in front. The spell was broken

for a moment, and my subconscious autocrat thrust into realization the instantaneous report — apparent bluebird call is the note of a small flycatcher and the momentary vision was not even a mountain bluebird but a red-breasted blue chatterer! So I shut my eyes very quickly and listened to the soft calls, which alone would have deceived the closest analyzer of bird songs. And so for a little while longer I still held my picture intact, a magic scape, a hundred yards square and an hour long, set in the heart of the Guiana jungle.

And when at last I had to desert Canada, and relinquish New Jersey, I slipped only a few hundred miles southward. For another twenty minutes I clung to Virginia, for the enforced shift was due to a great Papilio butterfly which stopped nearby and which I captured with a lucky sweep of my net. My first thought was of the orange-tree Swallow-tail, *née Papilio cresphontes*. Then the first lizards appeared, and by no stretch of my willing imagination could I pretend that they were newts, or fit the little emerald scales into a New England pasture. And so I chose for a time to live again among the Virginian butterflies and mocking-birds, the wild roses and the jasmine, and the other splendors of memory which a single butterfly had unloosed.

As I looked about me, I saw the flowers and detected their fragrance; I heard the hum of bees and the contented chirp of well-fed birds; I marveled at great butterflies flapping so slowly that it seemed as if they must have cheated gravitation in some subtle way to win such lightness and disregard of earth-pull. I heard no ugly murmur of long hours and low wages; the closest scrutiny revealed no strikes or internal clamorings about wrongs; and I unconsciously relaxed and breathed more deeply at the thought of this nature

world, moving so smoothly, with directness and simplicity as apparently achieved ideals.

II

Then I ceased this superficial glance and looked deeper, and without moralizing or dragging in far-fetched similes or warnings, tried to comprehend one fundamental reality in wild nature — the universal acceptance of opportunity. From this angle it is quite unimportant whether one believes in vitalism (which is vitiating to our 'will to prove'), or in mechanicism (whose name itself is a symbol of ignorance, or deficient vocabulary, or both). Evolution has left no chink or crevice unfilled, unoccupied, no probability untried, no possibility unachieved.

The nearest weed suggested this trend of thought and provided all I could desire of examples; but the thrill of discovery and the artistic delight threatened to disturb for the time my solemn application of these ponderous truisms. The weed alongside had had a prosperous life, and its leaves were fortunate in the unadulterated sun and rain to which they had access. At the summit all was focusing for the consummation of existence; the little blossoms would soon open and have their one chance. To all the winds of heaven they would fling out wave upon wave of delicate odor, besides enlisting a subtle form of vibration and refusing to absorb the pink light — thereby enhancing the prospects of insect visitors, on whose coming the very existence of this race of weeds depended.

Every leaf showed signs of attack: scallops cut out, holes bored, stains of fungi, wreaths of moss, and the insidious mazes of leaf-miners. But, like an old-fashioned ship of the line which wins to port with the remnants of shot-ridden sails, the plant had paid toll bravely, although unable to defend it-

self or protect its tissues; and if I did not now destroy it, which I should assuredly not do, this weed would justify its place as a worthy link in the chain of numberless generations, past and to come.

More complex, clever, subtle methods of attack transcended those of the mere devourer of leaf-tissue, as radically as an inventor of most intricate instruments differs from the plodding tiller of the soil. In the centre of one leaf, less disfigured than some of its fellows, I perceived four tiny ivory spheres, a dozen of which might rest comfortably within the length of an inch. To my eye they looked quite smooth, although a steady oblique gaze revealed hints of concentric lines. Before the times of Leeuwenhoek I should perhaps have been unable to see more than this, although, as a matter of fact, in those happy-go-lucky days my ancestors would doubtless have trounced me soundly for wasting my time on such useless and ungodly things as butterfly eggs. I thought of the coming night when I should sit and strain with all my might, striving, without the use of my powerful stereos, to separate from translucent mist of gases the denser nucleus of the mighty cosmos in Andromeda. And I alternately bemoaned my human limitation of vision, and rejoiced that I could focus clearly, both upon my butterfly eggs a foot away, and upon the spiral nebula swinging through the ether perhaps four hundred and fifty light-years from the earth.

I unswung my pocket-lens, — the infant of the microscope, — and my whole being followed my eyes; the trees and sky were eclipsed, and I hovered in mid-air over four glistening Mars-like planets — seamed with radiating canals, half in shadow from the slanting sunlight, and silhouetted against pure emerald. The sculpturing was exquisite. Near the north poles which

pointed obliquely in my direction, the lines broke up into beads, and the edges of these were frilled and scalloped; and here again my vision failed and demanded still stronger binoculars. Here was indeed complexity: a butterfly, one of those black beauties, peppered with green and turquoise, hovering nearby, with taste only for liquid nectar, yet choosing a little weed devoid of flower or fruit on which to deposit her quota of eggs. She neither turned to look at their beauties nor trusted another batch to this plant. Somehow, some way, her caterpillar wormhood had carried, through the mummified chrysalid and the reincarnation of her present form, knowledge of an earlier, infinitely coarser diet.

Together with the pure artistic joy which was stirred at the sight of these tiny ornate globes, there was aroused a realization of complexity, of helpless, ignorant achievement; the butterfly blindly pausing in her flower-to-flower fluttering — a pause as momentous to her race as that of the slow daily and monthly progress of the weed's struggle to fruition.

I took a final glance at the eggs before returning to my own larger world, and I detected a new complication, one which left me with feelings too involved for calm scientific contemplation. As if a Martian should suddenly become visible to an astronomer, I found that one of the egg planets was inhabited. Perched upon the summit — quite near the north pole — was an insect, a wasp, much smaller than the egg itself. And as I looked, I saw it at the climax of its diminutive life; for it reared up, resting on the tips of two legs and the iridescent wings, and sunk its ovipositor deep into the crystalline surface. As I watched, an egg was deposited, about the latitude of New York, and with a tremor the tiny wasp withdrew its instrument and rested.

On the same leaf were casually blown specks of dust, larger than the quartette of eggs. To the plant the cluster weighed nothing, meant nothing more than the dust. Yet a moment before they contained the latent power of great harm to the future growth of the weed — four lusty caterpillars would work from leaf to leaf with a rapidity and destructiveness which might, even at the last, have sapped the maturing seeds. Now, on a smaller scale, but still within the realm of insect-life, all was changed — the plant was safe once more and no caterpillars would emerge. For the wasp went from sphere to sphere and inoculated every one with the promise of its kind. The plant bent slightly in a breath of wind, and knew nothing; the butterfly was far away to my left, deep-drinking in a cluster of yellow cassia; the wasp had already forgotten its achievement, and I alone — an outsider, an interloper — observed, correlated, realized, appreciated, and — at the last — remained as completely ignorant as the actors themselves of the real driving force, of the certain beginning, of the inevitable end. Only a momentary cross-section was vouchsafed, and a wonder and a desire to know fanned a little hotter.

I had far from finished with my weed: for besides the cuts and tears and disfigurements of the leaves, I saw a score or more of curious berry-like or acorn-like growths, springing from both leaf and stem. I knew, of course, that they were insect-galls, but never before had they meant quite so much, or fitted in so well as a significant phenomenon in the nexus of entangling relationships between the weed and its environment. This visitor, also a minute wasp of sorts, neither bit nor cut the leaves, but quietly slipped a tiny egg here and there into the leaf-tissue.

And this was only the beginning of complexity. For with the quickening

of the larva came a reaction on the part of the plant, which, in defense, set up a greatly accelerated growth about the young insect. This might have taken the form of some distorted or deformed plant organ — a cluster of leaves, a fruit or berry or tuft of hairs, wholly unlike the characters of the plant itself. My weed was studded with what might well have been normal seed-fruits, were they not proved nightmares of berries, awful pseudo-fruits sprouting from horridly impossible places. And this excess of energy, expressed in tumorous outgrowths, was all vitally useful to the grub — just as the skillful jiu-jitsu wrestler accomplishes his purpose with the aid of his opponent's strength. The insect and plant were, however, far more intricately related than any two human competitors: for the grub in turn required the continued health and strength of the plant for its existence; and when I plucked a leaf, I knew I had doomed all the hidden insects living within its substance.

The galls at my hand simulated little acorns, dull greenish in color, matching the leaf-surface on which they rested, and rising in a sharp point. I cut one through and, when wearied and fretted with the responsibilities of independent existence, I know I shall often recall and envy my grub in his palatial parasitic home. Outside came a rather hard, brown protective sheath; then the main body of the gall, of firm and dense tissue; and finally, at the heart, like the Queen's chamber in Cheops, the irregular little dwelling-place of the grub. This was not empty and barren; but the blackness and silence of this vegetable chamber, this architecture fashioned by the strangest of builders for the most remarkable of tenants, was filled with a nap of long, crystalline hairs or threads like the spun-glass candy in our Christmas sweetshops — white at the base and shading from

pale salmon to the deepest of pinks. This exquisite tapestry, whose beauties were normally forever hidden as well from the blind grub as from the outside world, was the ambrosia all unwittingly provided by the antagonism of the plant; the nutrition of resentment, the food of defiance; and day by day the grub gradually ate his way from one end to the other of his suite, laying a normal, healthful physical foundation for his future aerial activities.

The natural history of galls is full of romance and strange unrealities, but to-day it meant to me only a renewed instance of an opportunity seized and made the most of; the success of the indirect, the unreasonable — the long chance which so few of us humans are willing to take, although the reward is a perpetual enthusiasm for the happening of the moment, and the honest gambler's joy for the future. How much more desirable to acquire merit as a footless grub in the heart of a home, erected and precariously nourished by a worthy opponent, with a future of unnumbered possibilities, than to be a queen-mother in nest or hive — cared-for, fed, and cleansed by a host of slaves, but with less prospect of change or of adventure than an average toadstool.

III

Thus I sat for a long time, lulled by similitudes of northern plants and bees and birds, and then gently shifted southward a few hundred miles, the transition being smooth and abrupt. With equal gentleness the dead calm stirred slightly and exhaled the merest ghost of a breeze; it seemed as if the air was hardly in motion, but only restless: the wings of the bees and the flycatcher might well have caused it. But, judged by the sequence of events, it was the

almost imperceptible signal given by some great Jungle Spirit, who had tired of playing with my dreams and pleasant fancies of northern life, and now called upon her legions to disillusion me. And the response was immediate. Three great shells burst at my very feet, — one of sound, one of color, and the third of both *plus* numbers, — and from that time on, tropical life was dominant whichever way I looked. That is the way with the wilderness, and especially the tropical wilderness — to surprise one in the very field with which one is most familiar. While in my own estimation my chief profession is ignorance, yet I sign my passport applications and my jury evasions as Ornithologist. And now this playful Spirit of the Jungle permitted me to meditate cheerfully on my ability to compare the faunas of New York and Guiana, and then proceeded to startle me with three salvos of birds, first physically and then emotionally.

From the monotone of under-world sounds a strange little rasping detached itself, a reiterated, subdued scraping or picking. It carried my mind instantly to the throbbing theme of the Niebelungs, onomatopoetic of the little hammers forever busy in their underground work. I circled a small bush at my side, and found that the sound came from one of the branches near the top; so with my glasses I began a systematic search. It was at this propitious moment, when I was relaxed in every muscle, steeped in the quiet of this hillside, and keen on discovering the beetle, that the first shell arrived. If I had been less absorbed I might have heard some distant chattering or calling, but this time it was as if a Spad had shut off its power, volplaned, kept ahead of its own sound waves, and bombed me. All that actually happened was that a band of little parrakeets flew down and alighted nearby. When I discovered this, it

seemed a disconcerting anti-climax, just as one can make the bravest man who has been under rifle-fire flinch by spinning a match swiftly past his ear.

I have heard this sound of parrakeets' wings, when the birds were alighting nearby, half a dozen times; but after half a hundred I shall duck just as spontaneously, and for a few seconds stand just as immobile with astonishment. From a volcano I expect deep and sinister sounds; when I watch great breakers I would marvel only if the accompanying roar were absent; but on a calm sunny August day I do not expect a noise which, for suddenness and startling character, can be compared only with a tremendous flash of lightning. Imagine a wonderful tapestry of strong ancient stuff, which had only been woven, never torn, and think of this suddenly ripped from top to bottom by some sinister, irresistible force.

In the instant that the sound began, it ceased; there was no echo, no bell-like sustained overtones; both ends were buried in silence. As it came today it was a high tearing crash which shattered silence as a Very light destroys darkness; and at its cessation I looked up and saw twenty little green figures gazing intently down at me, from so small a sapling that their addition almost doubled the foliage. That their small wings could wring such a sound from the fabric of the air was unbelievable. At my first movement, the flock leaped forth, and if their wings made even a rustle, it was wholly drowned in the chorus of chattering cries which poured forth unceasingly as the little band swept up and around the sky circle. As an alighting morpho butterfly dazzles the eyes with a final flash of his blazing azure before vanishing behind the leaves and fungi of his lower surface, so parrakeets change from screaming motes in the

heavens to silence, and then to a hurtling, roaring boomerang, whose amazing unexpectedness would distract the most dangerous eyes from the little motionless leaf-figures in a neighboring tree-top.

When I sat down again, the whole feeling of the hillside was changed. I was aware that my weed was a northern weed only in appearance, and I should not have been surprised to see my bees change to flies or my lizards to snakes — tropical beings have a way of doing such things.

The next phenomenon was color, — unreal, living pigment, — which seemed to appeal to more than one sense, and which satisfied, as a cooling drink or a rare, delicious fragrance satisfies. A medium-sized, stocky bird flew with steady wing-beats over the jungle, in black silhouette against the sky, and swung up to an outstanding giant tree which partly overhung the edge of my clearing. The instant it passed the zone of green, it flashed out brilliant turquoise, and in the same instant I recognized it and reached for my gun. Before I retrieved the bird, a second, dull and dark-feathered, flew from the tree. I had watched it for some time, but now, as it passed over, I saw no yellow and knew it too was of real scientific interest to me; and with the second barrel I secured it. Picking up my first bird, I found that it was not turquoise, but beryl; and a few minutes later I was certain that it was aquamarine; on my way home another glance showed the color of forget-me-nots on its plumage, and as I looked at it on my table, it was Nile green. Yet the feathers were painted in flat color, without especial sheen or iridescence, and when I finally analyzed it, I found it to be a delicate calamine blue. It actually had the appearance of a too strong color, as when a glistening surface reflects the sun. From beak to tail it threw off this

glowing hue, except for its chin and throat, which were a limpid amaranth purple; and the effect on the excited rods and cones in one's eyes was like the power of great music or some majestic passage in the Bible. You, who think my similes are overdone, search out in the nearest museum the dustiest of purple-throated cotingas, — *Cotinga cayana*, — and then, instead, berate me for inadequacy.

Sheer color alone is powerful enough, but when heightened by contrast, it becomes still more effective, and I seemed to have secured, with two barrels, a cotinga and its shadow. The latter was also a full-grown male cotinga, known to a few people in this world as the dark-breasted mourner (*Lipaugus simplex*). In general shape and form it was not unlike its cousin, but in color it was its shadow, its silhouette. Not a feather upon head or body, wings or tail showed a hint of warmth, only a dull uniform gray; an ash of a bird, living in the same warm sunlight, wet by the same rain, feeding on much the same food, and claiming relationship with a blazing-feathered turquoise. There is some very exact and very absorbing reason for all this, and for it I search with fervor, but with little success. But we may be certain that the causes of this and of the host of other unreasonable realities which fill the path of the evolutionist with never-quenched enthusiasm, will extend far beyond the colors of two tropical birds. They will have something to do with flowers and with bright butterflies, and we shall know why our 'favorite color' is more than a whim, and why the Greeks may not have been able to distinguish the full gamut of our spectrum, and why rainbows are so narrow to our eyes in comparison to what they might be.

Finally, there was thrown aside all finesse, all delicacy of presentation, and the last lingering feeling of tem-

perate life and nature was erased. From now on there was no confusion of zones, no concessions, no mental palimpsest of resolving images. The spatial, the temporal, — the hillside, the passing seconds, — the vibrations and material atoms stimulating my five senses, all were tropical, quickened with the unbelievable vitality of equatorial life. A rustling came to my ears, although the breeze was still little more than a sensation of coolness. Then a deep whirr sounded overhead, and another, and another, and with a rush a dozen great toucans were all about me. Monstrous beaks, parodies in pastels of unheard-of blues and greens, breasts which glowed like mirrored suns, — orange overlaid upon blinding yellow, — and at every flick of the tail a trenchant flash of intense scarlet. All these colors set in frames of jet-black plumage, and suddenly hurled through blue sky and green foliage, made the hillside a brilliant moving kaleidoscope.

Some flew straight over, with several quick flaps, then a smooth glide, flaps and glide. A few banked sharply at sight of me, and wheeled to right or left. Others alighted and craned their necks in suspicion; but all sooner or later disappeared eastward in the direction of a mighty jungle tree just bursting into a myriad of berries. They were sulphur-breasted toucans, and they were silent, heralded only by the sound of their wings and the crash of their pigments. I can think of no other assemblage of jungle creatures more fitted to impress one with the prodigality of tropical nature. Four years before, we set ourselves to work to discover the first eggs and young of

toucans, and after weeks of heartbreaking labor and disappointments we succeeded. Out of the five species of toucans living in this part of Guiana we found the nests of four, and the one which eluded us was the big sulphur-breasted fellow. I remembered so vividly the painstaking care with which, week after week, we and our Indians tramped the jungle for miles, — through swamps and over rolling hills, — at last having to admit failure; and now I sat and watched thirty, forty, fifty of the splendid birds whirr past. As the last of the fifty-four flew on to their feast of berries, I recalled with difficulty my faded visions of northern birds.

And so ended, as in the great finale of a pyrotechnic display, my two hours on a hillside clearing. I can neither enliven it with a startling escape, nor add a thrill of danger, without using as many 'ifs' as would be needed to make a Jersey meadow untenable. For example, *if* I had fallen over backwards and been powerless to rise or move, I should have been killed within half an hour, for a stray column of army ants was passing within a yard of me, and death would await any helpless being falling across their path. But by searching out a copperhead and imitating Cleopatra, or with patience and persistence devouring every toadstool, the same result could be achieved in our home-town orchard. When on the march, the army ants are as innocuous at two inches as at two miles. Had I sat where I was for days and for nights, my chief danger would have been demise from sheer chagrin at my inability to grasp the deeper significance of life and its earthly activities.

THE PRICE OF INTOLERANCE

BY GRAHAM WALLAS

I AM an Englishman who has visited America at intervals during the last twenty-two years. I have a very real affection for America, and an interest in her social and political development, which has become more intense now that the war has left her the undisputed financial and industrial leader of the world. But in November, 1919, after some months' stay, I find myself surprised and troubled by a fact as to the existence of which all my American friends agree, and which may, I believe, indicate a serious danger both for America and for the world.

On earlier visits I had noticed that, in spite of a wide-spread habit of personal good-nature, majorities in America are apt to deal rather summarily with minorities. But this time it seems that the whole tradition of political toleration has been broken: that freedom of speech and writing and meeting has become an open question: and that many important newspapers and politicians, supported by a large body of public opinion, approach that question with a presumption against freedom.

The Chicago *Evening Post* said the other day, 'Just now, in popular parlance, a Bolshevik is anybody, from a dynamiter to the man who wears a straw hat in September. In more enlightened circles, Bolshevism includes paternalism, socialism, syndicalism, and anarchism, or any other questionable *ism*.' The words 'radical' and 'red' are being used in an equally loose and general way.

I am told that, at the New York pic-

ture-theatres, no portrait is more heartily applauded than that of Judge Gary. At a recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, Judge Gary referred to 'Bolshevism' as 'a disease,' and said, 'There is only one way to treat this disease, and that is, to stamp it out.' Judge Gary went on to explain that he relied on 'reasonable laws wisely administered,' and that it is only the 'slinking, desperate, murderous Bolshevik' whom 'the Secret Service Department should detect and expose, and the iron hand of justice should punish as they deserve.' But the picture audiences seem to applaud him as the man who is determined to stamp out Bolshevism in the larger sense of the Chicago *Evening Post*.

Judge Gary's popularity reminds me, indeed, of a picture in *Punch* in 1903, when certain respectable English Non-conformists were refusing to pay taxes for denominational religious instruction. Charles Keene then made an admirable sketch of a Hyde Park politician glorifying Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as the man 'who is going to have all these conscientious objectors vaccinated.'

This temper is especially dangerous, when, as at present, men are disputing about new problems which cannot be solved by any existing political or economic expedient, and which require the patient invention of new expedients. In America, as throughout the whole world, the extended use of mechanical energy has transformed human relationships. National isolation has been abolished, and we are only beginning to

invent means of international coöperation. Within each nation the size of the industrial unit constantly increases, and the chance of a workman setting up a business of his own constantly becomes less. The idea of breaking up the larger industrial units, as advocated in 1912 by Mr. Wilson's *New Freedom*, has been silently dropped, and no new idea for dealing with the situation can claim any general acceptance.

Therefore, behind the mutual suspicion of employers and workmen, lies an unsolved and extraordinarily complex problem. No one, except Judge Gary and Mr. W. Z. Foster, seems quite whole-hearted in defending either the existing system, or state-control, or trade-union control, or any definite combination of, or substitute for, the three principles. Everyone acknowledges that we require efficiency in production, a fair distribution of the product, and a reasonable degree of self-determination in the producer; but no one knows how we are to obtain what we require. This admitted ignorance of the right path in industrial organization is accompanied by certain profound intellectual changes, which have undermined the authority of religion and custom. And the rapidly increasing concentration of European and American populations in noisy streets and noisier factories, has made popular political discussion, except among tired men meeting after working hours in expensive halls, almost impossible.

When one realizes this, the stale old arguments for free speech and free thought seem to acquire a new and urgent significance.

What men need now, all over the world, and especially in America, is not only permission for free discussion, but a recognition that the positive encouragement of free discussion, and the provision of practical opportunities for it, are vital necessities. The biggest and

most strident newspaper is no adequate substitute for free discussion. One cannot argue with a newspaper, and the increasing size and complexity of the industrial unit has transformed, by division of labor between the proprietor and the staff, the whole conditions of journalism. No one now believes that a newspaper article always represents the serious and independent thought of the writer. A distant 'boss' may have telephoned a curt order to the editor, which the editor passed on to the writer. In the leading articles, and even the news columns, of some of the great New York or London daily papers, any man who is himself a professional writer constantly feels this. In paragraph after paragraph the professional eye misses those signs of exploring thought and considered statement which mark the effort of veracity. The writer, one feels, has merely been told to 'boost' one cause or person, or to 'knock' another.

If I had space, I might deal with the effect which this difficulty in securing serious and fruitful discussion is likely to produce upon party politics, upon law and order, and upon the workman's or employer's sense that he is being fairly treated by the community. But here I propose to deal only with its probable effect on the work of the professed political and social thinker.

Mr. Lowell, in his report as President of Harvard College for 1916-1917, said, 'Experience has proved, and probably no one would now deny, that knowledge can advance, or at least can advance most rapidly, only by means of an unfettered search for truth on the part of those who devote their lives to seeking it in their respective fields, and by complete freedom in imparting to their pupils the truth that they have found.'

Those who devote their lives to seeking truth in the field of politics and sociology require food and lodging, and help, and encouragement, if they are to

do their work. When Socrates was asked, after his conviction, to suggest his own punishment, he suggested the daily provision of a plain dinner for himself in the Athenian town-hall. The jury thought him either insane, or guilty of an insolent paradox. We can see that he was making a moderate and sensible proposal. The need for the intellectual 'midwifery' of Socrates is greater now than it was in the fifth century before Christ at Athens. But if Socrates, or Aristotle, or Locke, or Bentham, should be living now, say, at the age of twenty-three, in a great American city, conscious of the power and the will to undertake on behalf of mankind the 'intolerable disease' of political thought, how would he be received?

We recognize, as the contemporaries of Socrates did not, our dependence for material wealth on the natural sciences, and men now feel respect, and even gratitude, for any signs of preëminent genius and devotion in those sciences. When William Thomson (afterwards Lord Kelvin) won the Smith's Prize for mathematics in Cambridge University, one of his examiners said to another, 'The fact is that you and I are just about fit to black young Thomson's boots.' But political science, because it deals with human beings, inevitably arouses human passions. A young political genius would, by the necessity of his being, extend his thinking to include every man, woman, and child whom any proposed political or social arrangement affects; and that fact would make him, as Wedderburn in 1776 said of the young Bentham, 'dangerous' in the eyes of those who think in terms of a class or a profession. Even if so conservative a thinker as Alexander Hamilton was in 1780 were now alive in America, he would certainly be delated by someone as a 'Bolshevik.'

In 1915 I reviewed for the *Harvard Quarterly Journal of Economics* an

extraordinarily interesting and penetrating book on *Imperial Germany*, by Professor Thorstein Veblen, then of the University of Missouri. His analysis of the causes of German aggression was so effective, that the United States Bureau of Public Information suggested, in 1918, its use as anti-German propaganda. The director of the bureau did not then know that, some months before, the Postmaster General had forbidden the transmission of the book by post. It is still, as I write, barred, and the publisher, who has repeatedly asked for the reason, has received no answer. The whole story seems to show, if history had not already shown it in every country and every century, that those officers of the Secret Service Department on whom Judge Gary depends for 'stamping out Bolshevism' are apt to be almost incredibly stupid when they deal with the censorship of serious and sincere thought.

If, therefore, the American community had now to deal with a young Bentham, whose promise of preëminence in the human sciences was as great as was William Thomson's in the natural sciences, it is pretty certain that he would be suspected and abused. If he had something less than Bentham's dogged courage, and did not, like Bentham, inherit a competence from his father, he would probably be silenced. Lesser men might either choose more profitable occupations than that of political thinker, or might think and write on timid and conventional lines. As a fact, in spite of numerous and important exceptions, the great mass of American writing on social and political subjects has seemed to many outside critics timid and conventional. And some American leaders in industry and finance and politics — men who would never dream of employing a timid and conventional chemist, or engineer, or surgeon — are, I honestly believe, content that it should be so.

COAL AND RECONSTRUCTION

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

I

WITHOUT going elaborately into all the facts which strongly support the premise, the one outstanding fact of our economic history seems to be that in the past the causes of our industrial upheavals have been variable and, generally, local. For that reason, they have had their seat first in one district and then in another. When the cause thus moved from place to place, each new readjustment movement had to spring from a quarter which had not previously figured in any such enterprise. Thus, Washington supplied the remedy for the depression following the Civil War; New York readjusted railroad finance in 1873; Pittsburg and New York shared the honor of restoring the equilibrium after the depression of 1893 to 1897, and so on.

We have, in recent months, passed through a major economic disturbance. It is all the more serious because many, instead of few, things caused it, and because these things occurred all over the world and in practically all industries, instead of being confined to certain regions as heretofore. In a word, we are suffering from a complication of disorders. Without attempting a complete enumeration, I shall mention a few.

The world's gold-supply has so completely changed hands that many countries have less than they need and others have more than enough. The result in both cases is seriously to disturb currency values. This alone would, normally, bring industrial distress.

Also, the money itself has been transferred from customary into stranger channels. There was, first, an enormous subtraction of funds from peace pursuits to add to the outlay for war. There was, second, and after the war, the subtraction of vast sums of money from the production of necessities, to add enormously to the outlay for luxuries and amusement. There has been the withdrawal of cash from investment in sound securities, to increase vastly the volume of speculation in new and venturesome enterprises. And, finally, there has been the diversion of money from productive business to pay the vastly increased cost of government. Unsupported, these things would have caused an economic storm.

In business, the changes from what is usual or customary have been sweeping. Never, for instance, has there been such a shifting of labor as has taken place in the last two years. Two million men went out of business into the American Expeditionary Force. Four and one half millions were moved away from farms and hamlets in the West to the war industries of the East. And the flow of labor as between the countries has all but been reversed. If there had been no other cause, this would have given us one of our greatest reconstruction problems.

It may be a mere detail, but it is important, that, during the war, the old channels in which raw materials moved were destroyed and new channels were

created by governmental order. To indicate how sweeping this change was, we need only say that before the war the natural flow of coal was toward the West; during the war it was toward the East. Other changes were equally violent. This alone would have amounted to enough of a disturbance to call for a great effort at readjustment.

Furthermore, before the war we depended upon other countries for certain things used in our industry. We have begun now to produce those things for ourselves. Likewise, we have begun to change over from an importing to a large exporting country. Both of these things involve an era of uncertainty, and hence of business speculation. For that reason they are potent causes of industrial disturbance.

Although we have quite enough to contend against, we are, in addition, confronted by demands for violent changes of policy, which sink to the vitals of any industrial enterprise. It has been suggested, for example, — and frequently, — that we shall substitute coöperation for competition in business, and nationalization for private control. It is urged, also, that we shall abandon our established policy of national isolation, and become part of a world-federation. Either of these things would, if proposed and insisted upon in a period of prosperity, have so shaken the foundations of industry as to have required a great reconstruction effort.

One fact, it seems to me, stands out boldly. We were a people accustomed to industrial disturbances easily localized. We are brought face to face with an international disturbance so diffused as to defy centralization, to say nothing of localization. Consequently, we have become confused, and desiring to be rid of the problem, have unblushingly turned it over to 'the government.'

This can only prove disastrous, because our representatives in Congress

were not chosen because of any peculiar fitness even to discuss such problems, to say nothing of solving them. On the contrary, they were selected when the old order prevailed. In a word, we are imposing new and colossal tasks upon men who are, in the main, small men.

The world industrial situation has become so complex that every member of Congress is in the position of a lawyer who is forced to try one hundred cases at once. With so many and such complex problems confronting them, it is not to be wondered at that they are confused.

So great has been this confusion that it has been all but impossible at times to persuade men to abandon proposals of mere expedients and to discuss those measures which must be adopted if the new national policy is to be sound. At times, it has seemed likely that we would all be so blinded by the immediate and the passing problem, that we could not see at all clearly what must be done to assure the best good of the people in that calmer period into which we must soon pass. It has been particularly difficult to separate any one subject — even such a basic one as coal — from the mass of things pressing for attention, and to persuade Congress to discuss it soberly and constructively.

From the beginning to the end of the war, Europe had needed nothing more than it had needed coal. When this need was first expressed, Europe had leaned upon Great Britain, and Great Britain had failed at the most critical time. Thereafter, the safety of the Allied cause depended upon the ability of America to supply the needed coal. Rather, however, than employ precious ship space to move the coal itself, the European coal-shortage had been translated into a munitions shortage, — coal and other things in manufactured combination, — and was passed on to us in that form.

When this burden was first put upon us, we despaired of being able to carry it. At so late a day as May, 1918, we were on the point of confessing our inability to produce either the coal or the iron which Europe needed. We were — officially, at least — without hope. When they had been prodded out of this disconsolate mood, our officials abandoned their attempt to make good the world deficit by depending solely upon a programme of American sacrifice. Thus, finally, they agreed to try to meet the shortage by producing more coal. Our new programme had succeeded so surprisingly well, that by the middle of October, — only five months after its adoption, — not only had the shortage disappeared, but we had a satisfactory quantity in reserve.

In November, when the armistice was signed, the war needs, of course, subsided. This was followed by a mild winter during which there was subnormal industrial activity. On both accounts, the need for coal was reduced sharply. The resultant situation was unavoidable. The mines could produce twice as much coal as was needed, and they had to compete with storage piles which they had created. Knowing that every mine would want to run, if only to hold the miners together, and believing that more coal would be produced than could be sold, every buyer expected, and with excellent reason, a sharp drop in coal prices. However, prices did not break as sharply as was anticipated, because wages still were on the war basis. And so the buyers refused to buy, and coal-production fell off to an alarming extent.

II

Meanwhile, all of Western Europe had been led to believe that coal could be procured from America in practically limitless quantities, if only the

ships were provided. Europe believed there would be plenty of ships. Great Britain was so cock-sure on both scores, that she assumed that her own coal-supplies would thus be released to satisfy the demands of her established foreign commerce. So Great Britain stepped with confidence into the world-markets, to bid again for export coal business. She seemed particularly keen to accept South American coal contracts. She even insisted that these contracts should have a life of five years. Thus, the implied programme was that America should satisfy Europe's demands for coal to a certain extent, while Great Britain used a portion of her production to bolster up her trade in South America and elsewhere. This programme was disturbed violently by several developments.

The American people began, in April and May, to fear that they might run headlong into a new shortage if they continued in the comfortable dream that such a danger was forever past. They came to realize that we never have produced in winter all the coal used in the winter months. Instead, it is the unburned summer production which assures an abundant coal-supply in the winter.

With customary impetuosity, America began to buy coal. She worked herself into such a state of alarm over the coal of the coming winter, that by the end of July she began to pay extravagant premiums for the higher grade coals — anthracite, smokeless, and some of the other favorite brands. With two and a half to three months intervening before any cold weather might even be expected, the coal users were as insistent in August upon immediate delivery as they customarily are in February.

Beginning about March 1, 1919, I made frequent trips over a territory which extended from the Atlantic

coast to the Missouri River. Diligent and persistent inquiries developed these facts.

The householders bought so eagerly during the summer that the retail coal-dealers had, in the main, done seventy-five per cent of their winter business before November 1. Many users, naturally, had none. But a large majority were amply protected.

The railroads were unprotected. They had engaged in a prolonged dispute with coal-producers as to the prices which they were to pay for coal. This delayed the storage of coal. Also, the Railroad Administration expected, on January 1, to return the railroads to their private owners, and did not desire to have on hand at that time any more fuel than the private owners had turned over to the administration. This kept storage down. All told, the railroads were in a dangerous position.

To the gas and electric companies, coal is raw material. With coal prices high and with the selling price of gas and electricity held down by ordinance, they had a very narrow margin to cover their manufacturing cost. Living from day to day, in the hope either that coal prices would come down or that the selling price of gas and electricity would be increased, they neglected coal-storage. They also were in danger.

Many big factories had such an uncertain business future and had had such a sorry experience with stored coal the year before, — many of their piles had burned, — that they had decided not to store.

Generally speaking, coal-storage among the larger and more important concerns which use coal for steam-making was decidedly subnormal. The big task, as winter approached, was to relieve industry generally from the danger of a shortage.

Meanwhile, Europe was confessedly puzzled by the turn of events. She

wanted American coal, but could not get it despite the report that our mines were idle because we could not sell the coal. Hundreds of ships had been released for war-service, but they were not available to carry coal, as everyone had expected they would be. Something was wrong, but no one could trace it. It was not until early fall that the seeming mystery was cleared. The fact was that Europe had expected to be able, in the main, to feed itself. Instead, its food-production had proved disappointing, and emergency relief had to be carried into the fall and winter. This took the ships which otherwise would have carried coal.

Also, in France and Belgium, the German army had destroyed 29,000,000 tons of annual coal-production. The Scandinavian countries had no coal and wanted it, and Britain could not supply it. Switzerland and Italy were almost wholly without coal of their own, and needed jointly about 12,000,000 tons to make their position secure.

Great Britain, upon whom they all relied, had not only sold large tonnages to South America, but was beginning to fall off in production. Her pre-war exports had been 77,000,000 tons annually. In 1918, they were 28,500,000 tons. Then, in 1919, the demand of her miners for the immediate nationalization of the mines raised an acute issue. While this was being threshed out, coal-production practically stopped. When resumed, it was admittedly upon such a reduced scale that Great Britain faced the immediate and alarming possibility that she might be forced to retire finally from the world-market. This implied not only her flat desertion of Europe, but also her repudiation of vital South American contracts. This was the amazing result of having yielded to the demands of the miners for the socialization of the mines, and the reduction in their hours of labor. This

situation may help somewhat to explain some of the forceful utterances of Mr. Lloyd George in the late summer and autumn.

The European situation resulted quite naturally in an imperative demand upon us for coal. Our mines were, however, involved at that moment in satisfying the intense domestic demand. Besides, our own Shipping Board was so pressed to supply ships to many ambitious industries, that it had less than enough ships to move the needed coal. Foreign-owned ships were not available, because they were carrying food. But if they had been available, and if we had had the coal to sell, we still had to face the fact that we lacked on our Atlantic seaboard enough docks over which to transfer the coal from cars to vessels. That was another discovery of the early autumn.

Thus we sat facing the fact that, with a great world-market awaiting our mines, and with enough mine-capacity — if we employed it steadily — to satisfy the whole world, we were blocked by the temporary preoccupation of the world-shipping and by our decided limitations as to tidewater dock facilities.

III

It was while we were in this position that, after a few false starts, the House deferred to the Senate in the matter of the coal investigation, and the Senate assigned a sub-committee of the Committee on Interstate Commerce to the task. It fell to the lot of Joseph S. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey to head this committee. Its confusion was apparent from the beginning. In the absence of a clear analysis of the facts of the industry, it had to fall back on general figures. It had as an estimate of demand only a rough guess made six months earlier by Dr. Garfield. It had the statement of production by the

United States Geological Survey. These two figures, when compared, showed a shortage of 85,000,000 tons. Thus the committee found themselves facing what they believed to be an acute shortage at home and the need to supply a stupendous tonnage of coal to Europe. They did not see how we could pass through the winter without a world competitive struggle for coal that would raise prices at home to prohibitive levels. Naturally, they were in a mood to resume price-regulation.

It was at this critical juncture in our coal-affairs — when a permanent policy touching a basic resource was likely to be announced in answer to what seemed to be a serious temporary problem — that the railroad brotherhoods sent their representatives to Washington, to begin what was to develop into one of the greatest labor crises in any country at any time. They demanded of the President either that their wages be advanced or that the cost of living be reduced. The alternative was a strike. Following closely in order were the demands of policemen and firemen that their unions be recognized; the strike of the steel-mill workers; the calling together and the dramatic adjournment of the President's Industrial Conference; and, finally, the calling of the strike of the bituminous miners, when their old contracts had still some time to run. I am content here with this partial catalogue because it punctuates the coal investigation, and indicates how many distractions the Senators who were trying to understand coal had to endure.

They had before them only the rough outline of bituminous, when the railroad brotherhoods created a diversion by their ultimatum.

They had received only the preamble to anthracite, when the steel men's strike came, followed at once by the Industrial Conference.

On these two accounts, the coal inquiry had been practically suspended for a month. Then the strike of the bituminous miners was called. This directed the attention of the Capital to coal. The Senate, which felt an impulse to act, naturally turned to its committee for information and advice. The House, which had deferred to the Senate in the matter of a coal inquiry, looked to the same committee. It was not prepared to respond.

On November 1, two major coal problems confronted Washington. One was to quiet — conquer, if necessary — the miners, so that enough coal might be produced to keep the country going. The other was to encourage coal to take its proper place in the world-markets and, at the same time, to expand along neglected but natural lines at home. Restoring order at the mines and preparing the ground for coal trade-expansion were in reality but two parts of one programme. And curiously enough, the adoption of a policy which would successfully meet either need would also meet the other.

That is, the miner contended that, while his daily wage was large enough, his annual income was too small. This he attributed to the fact that he had work to do on only 200 to 210 days a year. He did not believe it possible to get more work. So he demanded more money, and that his work period be spread more evenly through the year. His plan in the latter direction was to work the mines six hours per day instead of eight, and five days a week instead of six.

The other alternative was to find more work for the miner to do, so that he could earn more per year because he worked a greater number of days. This meant that American mines must find an export market. This was a logical line of development, for many reasons. Great Britain had been the world's

largest coal exporter, but for many reasons she was a receding factor. The most important of these reasons was that her coal-reserve was disappearing so rapidly that she could not afford long to continue to export 77,000,000 tons a year. To do so would endanger too greatly her own economic future. Lord Rhondda, her leading coal-owner, had told me, as early as seven years ago, that Britain could not hope to sustain her export coal trade on her own resources. Therefore, he spent months in an effort to buy American coal-mines. As early as twelve years ago, a royal commission had laid the foundation for Lord Rhondda's action by confiding to the government that, if Britain continued to export coal, her industrial future would be placed in grave danger.

The other reason for her withdrawal from the export coal market was that the production fell off sharply on account of labor unrest, and that her exportable surplus, which in 1913 had been 77,000,000 tons, was reduced to a possible 7,000,000 tons in 1920.

Germany was suffering in the same way. In 1913, she had produced 191,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, and some lignite; in 1919, she will produce only 70,000,000 tons (three months estimated).

When these two leading nations withdrew from the market, the burden of supplying the world with coal fell upon the United States. If we rise to the occasion, we shall not only find satisfying additional work for the miners, but we shall have done what both Great Britain and Germany did years ago: we shall have used coal as the cornerstone of our foreign trade in all lines. That is to say, those two countries sold coal only that they might get other things in exchange. If we ship our coal abroad when the world wants it, we must thereby open wide the door of

the world for our merchants and manufacturers. And we can do this without serious danger to ourselves, for the reason that America has at least forty per cent of the known world's reserve supply of coal.

That decision, if arrived at, will create a big problem. Great Britain has supplied the world with 'low volatile,' or smokeless coal — similar to our Pocahontas. Her coal of that quality was sturdy and quite lumpy, whereas ours is friable and becomes pulverized from rough handling. When the world cannot get the British coal, it will not take our smoky coal, which alone is lumpy. Instead, it will demand our Pocahontas, or smokeless, coal. Our annual production of low volatile coal does not exceed 35,000,000 tons a year, of which 15,000,000 tons goes into industrial use, being produced by the concerns which use it. If we sell in the foreign trade the remaining 20,000,000 tons, we must sacrifice the entire home market. That we cannot do. If, instead, we should decide to double the production, we should quickly run through with our limited deposit. This coal is our best fuel for use in apartment houses. It is the best coal we have for coke-making. We dare not sell all of it abroad and deprive our own people. Nor do we dare increase, too rapidly, its production, because by so doing we should exhaust prematurely our reserve.

If we try to persuade the world-market to buy our abundant high volatile coal, we face the fact that the world does not want it because it is not equipped to use it.

I see no other way out of this dilemma than that we should subtract the volatile matter from our more abundant coals, use the gas and oils at home, and ship the compressed carbon residue abroad as a fuel, in the form of briquets. Buyers there are familiar with briquets and will buy them.

IV

That leads directly toward the solution of the next big problem. Germany had built her whole industrial and military fabric upon her controlled coal industry. She controlled the coal trade — the quarrying end of the business. By an affiliated organization, she controlled the coke-making and gas-making industry. On a few ingredients taken from the coal-tar, she built her dye industry. On a few other ingredients taken from coal-tar, she built her explosive industry. Thus, the industrial and the military strength of Germany rested upon her controlled coal-pile.

No country is a larger user of dye-stuffs than America. No country has used explosives more extensively in the arts and industry. There are in the by-products of coal those things which will revive our wasted soil; preserve, to lengthen the life of, our rapidly disappearing wood; and supply those things which will give life to our languishing chemical industry.

Sleeping in the archives of our scientific bureau in Washington are dozens of processes for the distillation of coal. They need only encouragement to blossom into the foundation underlying rich new industries. To-day their processes exist as a laboratory fact only. They can be translated into a real commercial achievement. In the process of translation, scores of millions of dollars must be risked. Many of them will be lost. Still, we can develop that phase of coal industry. If we do, we shall have, as a by-product, the very sort of fuel, produced from our high volatile coal, which will satisfy every demand of the foreign trade.

One of the truly big questions is how to hold safely in reserve, until it is needed, our vast reserve of coal-lands. At first that does not seem to be much

of a question; but it is closely related to the others, as an incident or two will make clear. One of my ancestors was a certain Nathaniel Cushing, who was one of the ten members of the Ohio Company. Under government patent, he took up land in Ohio extending 125 miles up the Muskingum River and 100 miles inland. This embraces nearly the whole of what is now the Eastern Ohio coal-field. In Kentucky he took up two counties which are now known to be underlain with the Elkhorn seam of coal — the best in that state. In what was then Virginia, but is now West Virginia, he took up about 400,000 acres of land that is now known to be underlain with the 'Number Two,' or gas-seam of coal.

In time, every acre of that land reverted to the government in lieu of the payment of taxes. And only ninety years after the original grant, my brother and I canvassed the situation, — as a matter of curiosity, — only to discover that if we should do so little as pay the back taxes, our necessary capitalization upon the land would be vastly more than we could hope to pay interest on by developing coal-mines.

There are under private ownership to-day equally vast areas of coal-land which are accumulating, not only compound taxes, but compound interest on the money paid for them.

Part only of the anthracite coal-land has been so held for less than fifty years. The charges are accumulating steadily. If they are all assessed against current production, the current price must rise. But, if not so assessed, the compound interest and taxes must be paid by the investor and charged against the land itself. This increases every year the intrinsic value of the coal in the ground. This causes that value to rise so steadily that it soon becomes impossible to sell the coal in competition with other forms of fuel. Anthracite is, in fact,

now in a position where its value in the ground is, if honestly figured, so high that it cannot compete with other coals which are not similarly loaded with accumulated interest and tax charges.

The fact of immediate importance is that our whole reserve of bituminous coal-land is also being brought under private ownership. As it is purchased, it is listed as coal-land and tax assessments are levied against it. Also, interest charges are beginning to accrue. From now forward, the value of coal-land — which cannot possibly be used for 100 or 200 years — is rising day by day. All of this burden of to-day's interest charges and to-day's taxes must, under the present system, as a capital charge against the coal, be passed on to the oncoming generations as its cost of coal in the ground. We are, therefore, loading our grandchildren with the burdens which we refuse to carry. I can see no way out of this, unless we strive, by the distillation process, to make the coal more valuable.

One thing is sure, namely, that, if we continue to pile upon the coal in the ground this rapidly accumulating load of taxes and interest charges, and neglect to make the coal more valuable, we shall progressively force coal out of use. We shall progressively kill, not only the coal industry, but the other industries which grow upon cheap power. As I see it, we are to-day deliberately killing coal, because we are mentally too indolent to study it carefully.

Finally, we have the coal labor-problem. We may try to think of it as part of the big labor-problem and therefore as something separate and apart from any particular industry. I can never think of labor in any other way than as a part of that industry which must satisfy the demands of its workers. That is, the coal labor-problem is, in essence, a part of the coal-problem. It must be met as such.

One demand of labor is for a fair wage. That is the one most emphasized. The other demand is for opportunity for advancement. We hear little of that through any formal channels. I do not believe we are ever going to meet the labor-problem as a whole, or for any one industry even, if we continue to try to satisfy the workman with wages only, while denying him opportunity. I believe that we shall have to give him opportunity as a first consideration, and then a fair wage as an incidental.

And I do not see how we are going to give coal-labor the opportunity which it craves unless we have tied in with coal-mining — the lowest expression of the coal business — the various processes for the conversion of the raw materials into finished products. In this way only can we come to have a series of business enterprises so linked to-

gether that a man might step from one to the other in a natural line of progression along a chosen course.

This possibility for labor is out of reach if we adopt any such short-sighted policy as to make the price of coal — the raw product from the mine only — the sole matter for consideration. Instead, I believe that we must make the question of price subordinate to the other and larger considerations.

All of this means that, before deciding anything definitely about the future of coal, we should have a thoroughgoing investigation of it. It is difficult to know how we are going to get such an investigation while we face the complex political activities previously described. The only alternative seems to be, to defer a final decision about coal until we have both time and quiet in which to mature a comprehensive investigation.

D'ANNUNZIO AND THE NEW WORLD

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

I

I WAS standing in a Venice drawing-room, between Commander D'Annunzio and Judge Lindsey of Colorado. Acting for the moment as interpreter between them, I was repeating the words of one to the other, while the guns were thundering a few miles away, and the old house shook and the windows rattled, and instinctively we looked out of the glass doors as if we hoped to catch a glimpse, through the flaring pomegranates and drooping cedar branches, of the battle that was hourly gaining force.

'One thing the war has taught us,' D'Annunzio was saying — 'that there is no death. The old distinction between life and death exists no longer. We do not mourn our dead as formerly, because the dead, we know, live on. And we no longer fear to die.'

His manner of speaking would have commanded the attention of any audience in the world. The strange unattractiveness of his little bullet-head, close-shaven, of his pale face with its one seeing eye and its straight, graceless mouth, of his rather haughty, in-

different, introspective look — this was forgotten from the moment he began to speak. His expression had changed without any change in the lines of his face, without a smile. Only, from under his brow, that penetrating look, now turned outward, and that fibre of his quiet voice which riveted the group around him as I have seen it hold vast audiences in a Roman amphitheatre and in open fields of the war-zone.

In the sultry air, tense with expectation, one could have believed anything. Yet one knew that the tragedies announced by every thud of the guns could not be wiped out by the calm words of the erect little man in olive-gray, with the immaculate collar of white cloth about his throat.

But I was not deeply concerned just then with the meaning of his words. One could read similar statements in his latest novel. What impressed me was the amazing difference between the two men. Standing there between them, I felt myself planted between two worlds — the Old World and the New. These two might talk across the gap — for the time being inadequately filled — of such eternal verities as life and death. But what could they say to each other of the actual motives that govern life and persuade men to offer it voluntarily in exchange for death? The war, I reflected, had brought together two divergent worlds in the superficial contact of a great emergency. But when the war was ended, then what new developments should we see?

Our talk fell upon the 'Ode to America' which D'Annunzio was writing. It was to be cabled from the American Embassy in Rome, and was to appear on the Fourth of July in all of our papers. The poet, it was clear, was elated over this his newest adventure. He had refused an invitation to join his son in America, 'because,' he said,

glancing in the direction of the guns, 'I cannot leave my country now.' Meanwhile he would send a message in divine verse; and he had given up who knows how many trips with his flying squadron, to remain in his little red palace on the Grand Canal while he refreshed his mind with a review of our history and directed the flights of his fancy and rhetoric to the formation of an ode. No doubt he thought his words would be taken as seriously in America as in Italy and France and beyond the Adriatic. And, of course, he was deceived.

His message, I knew later, was almost unheeded: it fell flat with crumpled wings; and I was reminded of the difference between the Old World and the New, of which I had been conscious that day over the teacups on the edge of the battle of the Piave. Moreover, the Armistice was scarcely signed before I was aware of the new developments that had been vaguely foreshadowed in my mind.

In the meantime the poet-aviator had made his famous flight to Vienna, and the final victory of Vittorio Veneto had fulfilled his most glowing prophecy, causing him to exclaim, 'Now for the first time I believe in God!' Yet he envied those who could rejoice over the victory. As for himself, he longed 'to go apart in a high mountain and be alone.' Instead of which, he went among the people and began to talk.

With all the faults of his stupendous ego, D'Annunzio, if anyone, deserved a hearing. His words had raised the minds of the people to a high pitch of moral enthusiasm in two great crises of the national life. When the sentiment of the country was converging toward war, and in the stern days of recovery after the retreat from Caporetto, the discourses he pronounced were so exalted in tone and so important for their power of leading that, in the small

and unpretentious volumes that contain them, they seem confined within too narrow limits. D'Annunzio's surcharged style is a medium of astonishing efficacy for the expression of righteous indignation, and his prose has the poetic power, so dear to his fellow countrymen, of resolving into high symbol the episodes of dull existence. Just as he transmuted the official title of the armed motor-boats on which Rizzo and Pellegrini performed their naval feats, — interpreting 'MAS' (*Motoscafi Anti Sommergibili*) to mean *Memento Ardere Semper*, — so he translated the humdrum events of war and the task of patient resistance into 'a song and a story,' and fired the imagination out of which springs courage.

But his power is not of words alone. Nor is his popularity due entirely to the susceptibility of the Italian people to rhetoric and poetry. The Garibaldian tradition of deeds is no less a reality than the tradition of the Rostrum. To that complex people, in whom the fiery ideals of youth combine mysteriously with age-old habits of inexorable logic, deeds of valor have the force of conclusive arguments. And D'Annunzio the volunteer, the aviator, and the wounded soldier of the Carso, had a power after the war incomparably greater than when, returning from France, he bent himself to gird the nation for war. Whether men of lesser fame deserve the credit for his exploits is another question. The glory is his. And it is a glory of deeds.

If among his other endowments D'Annunzio had possessed the qualities of a statesman, he would have been a great leader of his people in the difficult months between war and peace. But in his 'Letter to the Dalmatians,' as in every word he uttered after the Armistice, he showed himself lacking in the conciliatory spirit which the hour demanded. He appealed to high mo-

tives of loyalty and courage. But he failed to touch the vital needs of the present time and to understand how he might accommodate them to his opportunity. His vision was of the Old World.

He had long aspired to be the national poet. The praise he most coveted was the saying that the mantle of Carducci had fallen upon him. During the Tripoli campaign he sang of heroes through many pages of verse, and at the end lamented that he had not ten battleships instead of ten poems to offer to his country. 'Because,' he said, 'in this war we are only whetting our steel for the supreme conflict.'

The supreme conflict was to restore the glorious days of Rome and Venice in a Greater Italy, and to make the Adriatic Sea once more the Gulf of Venice. Now the conflict — so much greater and less grandiose than he had imagined it — was ended, and he was demanding a 'Roman peace.'

At the other extreme of Italian feeling was Bissolati, who urged the government not to insist upon the terms of the secret pact, and advocated a frontier that should exclude Dalmatia and the German Tyrol and end with the Julian Alps east of Fiume. And the government, vacillating as usual, compelled Bissolati to resign and attempted to silence D'Annunzio. The poet, promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was forbidden to appear before audiences that awaited him, his speeches were censored, he was ordered back to his military duties, he was irritated until he too resigned and surrendered his commission. But he continued to foment nationalistic feeling, defying the government. He said to the Dalmatians, 'If my skin was tough before the war, it is ten times tougher now. And more than ever I know how to choose my means and my moment.'

The two extremes of national feeling met on the subject of Fiume. And if the

Conference of Paris had given heed to that fact, instead of acting as if the very opposite were the truth, all would have been different. There had never, indeed, been any question about Fiume except the question how it had ever happened that any Italian government had ever consented at any time, even under pressure from Russia, to put Fiume into the hands of the Croatsians. When Orlando reminded the public that national concessions must be made for the general good, he felt constrained to add, 'This does not mean that we shall ever be called upon to surrender the inalienable rights of Italian Fiume.'

II

On a public so minded President Wilson's open letter, announcing the disposition of Fiume in terms so humiliating to Italy, fell like a bolt. To appreciate what it meant, one must understand how far-reaching had been the influence of the Wilsonian ideas during the last years of the war.

The truth is that the words of Mr. Wilson had sunk far deeper into the consciousness of the Italian people than any words of D'Annunzio's ever did; and for this clear and simple reason. Wilson spoke to them of a new world, a world of peace and justice and equality. D'Annunzio spoke to them of a revival of Rome, of the resurrection of the Latin race, of the defense of Italy's national rights and the completion of her liberation from a foreign yoke. He spoke to them of the glory of war, of the magnificence of Italy's resistance, of the beauty of her sacrifice. Wilson spoke to them of peace on earth. D'Annunzio spoke the words needed to urge them to war and to sustain their courage through the long conflict. But at the end, tired as they were, exhausted as they knew the country to be, and weary with hope deferred, what

could an appeal to further resistance mean to them compared to the prospect of permanent peace? In the first flush of victory, one of the sturdy, muscular *bersaglieri*, distributing the plumes of his helmet to an applauding crowd, exclaimed, 'We are all one people now; the nations are united in friendship and peace, now and forever. Wilson has said it.'

The poet D'Annunzio, standing on the Roman Capitoline, kissing the war-stained flag of Trieste for each of the unredeemed cities of the Adriatic coast, and then binding it in *crêpe* until the day they should be liberated—what had he to offer in comparison to this new religion of unity among the peoples? Yet he had the power to hold many: and already on that day, three months before he led his ten thousand volunteers into Fiume, officers of the army and navy, combatants of all ranks, had declared themselves ready to answer his call if he decided to 'do anything more for Italy.'

Nothing but the deep disillusionment of the people could have made this possible. Whatever may have been D'Annunzio's motive, — whether, having failed to win an epic death, he now sought fame as the protagonist in a drama of life; whether, having made Dalmatia his mistress, he was burning to lay a living sacrifice at her feet; whether it was true patriotism that moved him or inflated selfishness, — it is certain that he won the approval of much of the best element of the nation. Idealists and liberals, disappointed over the Conference of Paris, had lost their faith in the future. The cause for which they had led the country into war against the materialists who stood for the greater gain of neutrality was being dragged in the dust. And it is not altogether strange if the Old-World ideals for which D'Annunzio stands — chivalrous resistance, fearless defiance,

and the determination never to yield — seemed to them more noble than all the compromises of the peacemakers. Italy had fought with the Allies for the rights of small nations, for the principle of self-determination, for democracy against autocracy. That she was now wronged, misunderstood, and treated as an enemy, was only the culminating stroke of disillusionment. The principles of the Allies had been flaunted — and for what purpose? If Mr. Wilson had denied Italian irredentism, miscalling it imperialism, then why had he yielded to Japan? It was clear that might was still right, in spite of the hard struggle to disprove it. The ideal of the New World had failed.

The reaction of the Italian mind against any form of deception is immediate and uncompromising. Italians will sacrifice anything to a cause. They are always ready to fight for a point of honor, and their power of endurance has no limit. But they are too proud to be imposed upon, and they will not endure that the idol they bow before should bear the least suspicion of a sham. They see things in clear outlines, all the details in bold relief, after the manner of the Latin race. They have not the advantage of a northern mist, which dulls the edges of wrong lines and makes compromise easier. It is harder for Italy than for England to see in the Covenant 'whatever we shall will to make of it.'

And now this strange situation has come about. Across the unity of sentiment in regard to Fiume, across the general resentment, there has sprung a new cleavage. A young captain of infantry, writing from the centre of Istria, expresses it thus, —

'And so the outcome of the war for Italy is that Italians are doomed to combat Italians, one side to defend the rights of Italy and Fiume, the other for the safety of that other Italy to which

the Allies say, "Yield Fiume to Croatia or we will let you die of hunger."

'Our government,' he goes on, 'was obliged to compromise, yielding on account of our poverty. But there were those who would *not* yield, and so we have had a D'Annunzio and an army of volunteers. . . . I do not know what will become of those brave heroes, but I say to Mr. Wilson, if the auto-decision of Fiume is not the self-determination of a people, then we must deny the existence of God. . . . We Italians can understand the Croats, though they were the most desperate defenders of Austria against us to the end, they who now sit in Paris, not in the seats of the condemned, but on the bench of the judges. Yet we can forgive them and live at peace with them. For was not one of the great reasons why we fought the war the desire to give liberty and a fatherland also to the Croats? . . . If only the Americans could understand! If they could know what the Allies have done on the disputed frontiers! They would not then believe that Italy wants what is not her own, that Italy will not be fair to the Jugoslavs. . . . You, signora, who have lived among us, you know that we love Italy because the name Italy spells to us liberty, respect, independence of justice and right, and above all, love of humanity.'

Another Italian, an enlightened liberal who, though depressed over the dark outlook, has faith that Italy will rise greater for her troubles, writes from Milan, —

'D'Annunzio has been making an ass of himself as usual. And Wilson is obdurate! How will it ever end? Our nerves are on the verge of a collapse.'

Is there a deadlock between the Old World and the New?

Watching the deliberations at Paris, we saw, or thought we saw, that Europe

and America were falling apart because of different aims and traditions. American ideals, we were told, were encountering a recrudescence of the old European nationalistic spirit. We were persuaded that the light of leading was all on our side, and that the density of Europe, especially of the Continent, was too dark to be quite penetrated by even so clear a light. What I felt that day in Venice — that D'Annunzio and Judge Lindsey represented two worlds that would inevitably show themselves to be fundamentally at variance with each other — seemed a presentiment of the truth. Yet to-day we are forced to acknowledge that the Old World is not all on the other side of the Atlantic; and my supposition that those two worlds were Europe on the one side and America on the other was based on a misconception.

We are asking ourselves to-day whether, as a people, we are endowed with an international conscience. The desire to reform all nations, great outbursts of generosity toward foreign peoples in all parts of the globe, even the throwing of ourselves into the world-conflict, may not imply that sense of a permanent international responsibility which, until the term 'international' is rescued from its abuse by the communists, must be called the 'new nationalism.'

If our eyes are now being opened, we ought to look far enough to see that the New World is no less real beyond the seas than upon our own soil. Where, indeed, should we look for a conviction of international responsibility, for the hope of uniting the nations in the serv-

ice of humanity, if not to the fellow countrymen of Mazzini? I will not maintain that Orlando is possessed of it, nor yet Sonnino. 'Mazzini has been an exile from Italy for ten years,' said a prominent Italian, impatient with a government that does not represent the governed. I do not maintain that a fair vote would show the majority of Italians to be Mazzinians. But I should like to bear witness to the fact that, having spent in America one half of the time we were at war and the other half in Italy, I saw as much enthusiasm for a league of nations in Italy as in America. It could hardly be otherwise, one can believe, if one thinks of what Italy has had to endure from the old combinations that were to be destroyed. If America had been bought and sold as often as has Italy, she would have been willing to take up as great a burden as Italy took upon herself, that such things might be possible no longer.

Immediately after the invasion of Belgium, a Milan periodical devoted to the ideas of Mazzini organized the first of many committees that were formed at that time to work for the cause of Italian intervention on the side of the Allies. The spirit of Mazzini lives and grows among the people, even though Orlando was an obstructionist at Paris, even though D'Annunzio at Fiume and Zara is a Renaissance figure against a background of debased Machiavellianism.

The line of cleavage between the Old World and the New is neither geographical nor ethnological nor national. It is a cleavage of the spirit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DIPLOMACY AND THE OCCULT

To begin with, a little geography.

When I bought my house-lot, years ago, I had in mind a future garden. So I chose a spot a little way up a hill, in what once must have been an alder swale, a catch-basin for all the loam and silt washed down in centuries. The said loam lies deep and fertile there, and the house now stands in the centre of it, on a low, built-up mound. In times of melting snow and flood, it has been known to be entirely surrounded by water. At other times, and more frequently, it has been entirely surrounded by small boys, who appear as suddenly from apparently nowhere as do tiny toads after some summer showers. This phenomenon, by careful study, has been found scientifically to coincide with the ripening of certain of my fruits.

Now, all my trees, both shade and fruit, line the outer edge of my lot. There is plenty of sunlight on the house; and in August the ice-chest on the northeasterly corner needs protection from the heat of the morning sun, and the dining-room on the southeast corner is also apt to be overwarm. One of the joys of home-building is to meet and circumvent just such ploys of the devil; and my first thought in the case was, 'Grapevines! lots of them!' But then came a second thought — the all-but-prehensile boy. Ultimately I won success and satisfaction to all concerned. Several feet above the tops of the dining-room windows I screwed to the house-wall a series of iron arms, five feet long, with wire guys from their tips to screw-eyes higher up. On these arms I laid chicken-wire netting, and trained

the grapevines up to run along that net fifteen feet from the ground — Niagaras and Wordens. Then, on a low gas-pipe trellis under the windows, I made a little arbor of showy grapes of no special value, as a whaleman throws out a tub to keep the attention of a too energetic whale. This arbor was systematically raided every season, in the dark, after sublimely innocent daylight inspection by a scouting party. A certain amount of fictitious energy about it on my part entirely satisfied the raiders on every point of success. Meanwhile, —

Item: the grapes I cared for were entirely above boy range.

Item: the broad mass of their green leaves and overhang shielded perfectly both dining-room and pantry from the fierce heat of the summer sun.

Item: certain vines were allowed to trail across the dining-room windows, for the beauty of the coloring of their grapes, hanging in rich clusters against the upper panes. A mass of others turned one outlook from an oblong to an oriel cave, fruit-hung. Bushels of clusters hung down from the horizontal netting up above, lovely to look at, convenient to the hand through the dropped upper sash of the windows when wanted; and for from forty to fifty days after September 15 they supplied the table with fruit absolutely fresh. Of course, for quantity, grape-juice use, etc., the house-ladder from the cellar was brought into action *pro tem*.

We all recall that bitter winter, the one that stands out in memory above all others. By it some of my vines were killed, and it was useful to plant more, especially Niagaras. So for days and days that spring, each early morn,

before breakfast and business, found me digging holes in that embankment and wheeling away the soil to be shoveled in under a piazza where there was still a cavity concealed and usable for such. Did you ever dig a hole the size of a barrel? Just one hole? It is remarkable how much earth and stones one such can produce — and the time it takes; and likewise the appetite for a subsequent breakfast. Well, just multiply that one hole, if you please, by nine!

From beyond the hedge, Cæsar, our neighbor's Airedale, watched me keenly with professional interest, possibly even envy. Said neighbor — a new one — had recently erected a small hen-house; and Cæsar found much enjoyable employment in digging out rats there from that time on. I discouraged Cæsar from crossing the Rubicon, for reasons.

In my time I have had some experience with grapevines, and did not care to wait too many years for growth which could be attained in less. So I made a deal with my butcher, who supplied me with one hundred pounds of raw beef-bones for each hole, each lot in a potato-sack for ease of handling. For the curious I will remark that each sackful cost me four dollars at war-prices; but they would save years of time in vine-growth.

That same night, in the darkness and mist, I planted those sacks, each in its own hole, as Homer would have said, a half-barrow-load of barnyard manure on top, well tamped down, and a barrow-load of fresh loam from the garden on that. In this last the vines were set and well watered, and flower-beds arranged for decoration while they grew. Thereafter followed a period of peace, 'under one's own vine and fig-tree,' as the psalmist hath it — or somebody else; a period that reached to weeks, until the vines had taken root and shot out green fronds, and gave every evidence of prosperity. Then came the shock!

Returning from business that night, I strolled around the house-corner, watering-pot in hand, humming a song of summer and fruition of desire; and lo! where had been my best vine-collection, now was a yawning cavity! The lawn was messed for square yards with sub-soil, and small stones kicked out; the vines were in a heap at one side, sad and wilted; and the place looked like a section of South Africa after the play-time of an Aard-vark.

I said somewhat, brief and staccato, after the manner of Anglo-Saxon men; hurried those wilted vines abed again, and turned the hose on. Then, with hoe and shovel, I cleaned the sward as best I could, and washed it off. With axe and stake and wire-netting I laid down a mat of protection, both above the vine-roots and for a full yard round about, and went to rest myself. Did it protect? It did not. Next night that wire net had been uprooted on two sides, and more holes dug, keg-size, in each! Again I repaired damage; but this time I raided the kitchen, brought out the red-pepper can, and dusted that place right well. That served — till the next shower: but it merely gave the enemy opportunity to attack the other vine-roots, which he industriously improved, with absolutely no improvement to the surrounding landscape. Always this was done during the hours when I was away from home. Never did I catch the criminal at work.

By just a grade of superior intelligence, plus red pepper as I worked, I kept about one step in advance of the game, but only one. It was efficient, to a certain degree; but I must admit it was unsightly in result. Moreover, I began to question if the said game had n't been carried on quite long enough; so with amiable mien I interviewed Cæsar's owner from the safe standpoint of my side of the high hedge.

She was calm, placid; she freely ad-

mitted that Cæsar had enjoyed home-training in digging out rats and mice, and she had seen mice appearing and disappearing in holes in my underpinning, so she was not surprised. But — she could not be expected to be watching Cæsar all the time: she had other things to do. Then — subacidly, and with no apparent sequence — she added, 'Your trees overhang my hedge.'

So they do, somewhat, although I have pruned them a good deal. Both hedge and neighbor were later arrivals; the trees started there first. But that is a detail. However — I had met the Prussian, and had been defeated in the first round. So, like others in like case, I sought allies — in my case, the village police.

The advice, given promptly, was energetic, even drastic. 'I'd shoot that dog if it was my place!'

I thought of big, lumbering, gentle, kindly-mannered Cæsar, faithfully following out home training, and shook my head. Not if I knew myself!

'Well: you tell 'em to tie 'im up, and if they don't, you tell the chief; he'll send *me*, and they'll catch it. We have lots of dog-cases to settle — and they always do,' he ended cryptically.

Evidently the police-idea was 'force,' by word or club. Now, so far as I know, our family for one hundred and fifty years back never had a line-fence or boundary war. They are mean things, at best; at worst, they are perpetual hell. So, why begin? At least, why not try diplomacy first? Would n't even a Hun see the velvet hand under the iron glove, if I first took up the bludgeon? There's heredity on both sides of that hedge to be considered. Why ignore mine?

So I hied me to my desk and thus indited my dispatch: —

MY DEAR NEIGHBOR, —

Beginning with July 1, in harmony with the Prohibition Law, I must ask you to

enact a special law for the dog, Cæsar, and keep him under restraint by leash or otherwise when not under your family's direct eye and control.

I think you will agree that I have been very patient regarding his diggings in our embankment during the past weeks. He has destroyed plants that I cannot replace, seriously damaged growing vines and set them back, and has made the spot unsightly — partly through his own efforts, partly through my attempts at prevention without hurting him. This I do not care to have continued.

I have been fully aware that he is not specially to blame, since you explained that he has been trained at home to dig out rats and mice around your henhouse; and — as you correctly pointed out — I am aware that there are and always have been some very attractive mouse-holes in my embankment, ever since the house was built. Mice are not made welcome inside the house, so they work outside.

But, my dear Mrs. Schimmelpink, you omitted to consider that they are my mouse-holes, not Cæsar's. Their attractiveness is my asset, not his; and if mouse-holes are essential to Cæsar's happiness, it is your duty as his owner to provide mouse-holes for him in place of those which he has already dug out around the hen-house, and not oblige him to rely on mine.

So, in all neighborly friendliness, my dear Mrs. Schimmelpink, I bring this to your attention.

Very truly yours,

I eyed it with satisfaction. There! that will perhaps have some effect, and save at least a police intervention. But first we'll give Cæsar one more chance, and fresh red pepper.

We did. Days passed, more days, a week, more weeks! yet Cæsar dug not. In fact he has not dug even a paw-print around there since. And what is even more significant, only the other day a fat, matronly white hen from that identical hen-house came pensively singing through the hedge; and instead of the customary hen depredations among the

flower-beds, with the directness of one heaven-sent and with the perfect Hausfrau gait she waddled to the very centre of that side of my little lawn and laid thereon an absolutely fresh and perfectly good egg!

Why is a hen, a *white* hen, if she be not a dove of peace, thus laying her 'olive branches' before my very door? Happy omen!

And now I am looking backward over recent history and happily deciding that the above is by all odds the most successful diplomatic letter that I never sent!

ON THE FRENCH METHOD OF CROSSING THE STREET

It is by observing some of the most trivial acts of human beings that we understand the most divine, and by appreciating the simplest works of God that we love the most complex. Thus poets and scientists alike have reached often the astounding principles that underlie the universal drama, as it is called, by the sudden consideration of a falling apple, a bouncing lid on a teakettle, a flower in a crannied wall. Why this should be so, I leave to those minds who have no bread and butter to earn. I am content to note the fact and profit by it.

I had long puzzled over the contradictory text of Tertullian: 'Credibile est, quia ineptum est . . . certum est, quia impossibile est.' To be sure, I would never admit to my friends that it puzzled me; to them I said it was sublime and hence mysterious; in the classroom I smiled with an *insouciance* found only in the hearts of those who have solved the riddle of the universe. I feel that I understand Tertullian better than he understood himself. For the passage from the up-stream side-walk of the Pont Neuf to the down-stream side-walk, at any time of day, — if actually accomplished, — belongs

to that class of events properly called miraculous, whose existence depends, not only on their absurdity, but on their impossibility.

A Frenchman who wishes to cross the street never looks up and down, to see if the current of traffic is stilled. He knows that he would be wasting time. He pays no attention: he starts in and walks across. When he comes to a taxicab, he makes his way around it, or he lets it make its way around him. He looks out for himself, and the taxi looks out for itself. Thus both parties are placed on an equal basis; no class-privileges are involved; and the democratic rule of tolerance and fair play is exercised at all times. At this very minute, there are three bicycles, an omnibus, a delivery wagon, five taxicabs, two hacks, four push-carts, seven old women, nine soldiers, three children, five cripples, four errand-boys, one postman, and thirty-four pairs of young lovers in the street between the Quai des Orfèvres and the Quai de Conti; and all are pursuing their ends at any speed pleasing to them, and succeeding very satisfactorily. And on the curbstone stand an American major and colonel, both of whom, my field-glasses tell me, wear the D.S.C. ribbon, helpless, nervously waiting for that moment, which will never come, when the traffic will stop and the tides roll back to let the chosen cross.

There is something very significant in this turmoil. To an American it seems like a veritable chaos; as a matter of fact, I believe it is that deeper harmony which philosophers speak of sometimes, which reconciles the contradictions in things and makes the absurd the probable. As Plotinus says in the Ninth Book of the Sixth *Ennead*: 'Whosoever thinks that things are governed by chance and by caprice . . . is very far removed from God.' No, it is not good luck alone which guides these

people through the labyrinth: it is an intelligence like that which keeps the atoms moving in their smaller but no less crowded world, an intelligence which in America has been replaced by the 'traffic cop.'

A traffic cop, when you come to speculate on his being, is an insult to the human spirit. In intention, he is put there to do good; in effect, he does harm. He is meant to save lives by regulating traffic; but he breeds in the soul of man a cowardice which makes him lower than a taxicab, which kills what is manly in him. What does it avail a man to cross the street at the price of his soul? 'There is a double death,' says Porphyry in the ninth paragraph of his *Opinions*, 'one of which is known to all, whereby the body is loosed from the soul; the other is the death of philosophers, where the soul is loosed from the body. Nor does one always follow the other.' It is this first death which our traffic cops prevent; indeed, it is the only one they appreciate. But they do not know that by their sedulous care of the body they are preparing it for that very divorce from the soul which they are trying to avoid. The Frenchman who is allowed to mingle courageously with the fearful instruments of bodily death is educating his soul for a freedom which he could never attain through the cares of another. The loosening of the soul from the body is realized every minute beneath my windows and the equestrian statue of Henri IV. 'Certum est, quia impossibile est.'

We Americans have been very obstinate about this matter of traffic in France, and on the bridge which spans the Gironde at Bordeaux have instituted a system of regulations which would be tragic if it worked. Fortunately, the system is not to stem the flow, but to guide it; not to hold it up for those who would cross, but to keep it on those sides of the street to which Amer-

ican custom has assigned it. When we crossed the bridge before this innovation, our car would often be surrounded by a drove of pigs being driven to market, impeding in its progress by a reflective ox-cart. But I had learned that oxen are no match for a Cadillac in speed, and that it is very expensive to disregard a drove of pigs. And so I would lean back in the car and give myself over to the mixture of sounds that stirred about me: the cries of the drovers, the honk of the automobile horn, the cracking of long whips, the shouts of newspaper-venders, the clanging of electric-car bells, all harmonized by the strangeness of things that are foreign.

And then, one day, we arrived to find all this in confusion. Ropes had been strung to divide the bridge into alleys; marines dressed like M.P.'s were on guard to chase traffic into the right alley. Needless to say, none of these obedient marines spoke French; none was aggressive in showing his love for the French soul. There was utter Bedlam everywhere. A man would arrive with six sheep and a barking, frisking dog. He would try to cross the bridge. Out would dash a marine and try to direct him into the proper alley. But, alas, a wagon loaded with fagots and drawn by two horses not hitched abreast would have already started over. And the poor sheep-man would have to keep his sheep from under the wheels of a thousand vehicles, whizzing here and there, until he could take his turn. As a consequence, the traffic crawled over in two streams; but the ends were so jammed with swearing, cursing, yelling, barking, shrieking, yelping, mooing, lowing, braying, desperate, bewildered, frightened, and thoroughly demoralized men, women, animals, and vehicles, that one preferred infinitely to swim the river rather than attempt the bridge.

A specious order was obtained from

this experiment, but all the pleasure of crossing the bridge was gone. Of course, it might have been different. For after a man has been sufficiently operated by his government, he is unhappy without its ministration. Thus, in a town in Germany, where I happened to be playing the rôle of cunning old Fury, the Burgomaster was miserable when I told him that during the American occupation he would be left to his own initiative, so far as was consistent with our interests. The scheme did n't work: he had to have a superior, and was paralyzed when given the use of his limbs—or mayhap they had atrophied. A superior was furnished.

Now, the spirit of the Parisian needs no superior. Like all liberal minds, his is capable of making choices. And his is furthermore capable of changing its choices. There are two characteristics which I never found in Germany. I found that my Germans would do fairly well what they were told to do; that, if one made up their minds for them, they were not difficult to handle; but I never found one of them who could make up his own mind. They live according to their place in a hierarchy; they work like trained animals. A German would never attempt to cross the Pont Neuf. He would begin on one side and walk to the end; and having reached the end, would turn round and come back. He would argue that sidewalks were meant to be walked on by human beings, and that hence human beings should walk on sidewalks; and that anyone who attempted to cross the street where no crossing was labeled was a pig-hound and had best be fined. Of such is the Kingdom of Wilhelm. You will notice that their new republic is still an empire. They cannot choose.

The same freedom of thought which prevents the existence of traffic cops in Paris caused the erection in the very heart of the city of a monument from

ancient Egypt, a monument whose inscription only the erudite can read, but whose symbolism in this most modern of places is irresistible. A Frenchman to whom I expressed my views on the subject agreed that it was a proper symbol for Paris life; for what is an obelisk, he said, but a phallos? He was an amusing man; but he came from Lyons, and hence cannot be said to understand the capital. The reason why the obelisk is so well placed is not his at all, but its simplicity of form and rigidity of pose. For were I to look for one thing which expressed the spirit of this splendid city better than another, I would seek it, not on the boulevards or at Montmartre, but in the Sorbonne and in the cold drama of the seventeenth century. I know that this would be a hopelessly fragmentary expression of what France and Paris mean; but it would be a fragment much more significant than any other. For the Sorbonne offers in its curriculum, not everything that was ever known, but those things which certain wise men think worth knowing; and the drama of the seventeenth century presents, not all the emotions experienced by man, but only those which certain intelligent artists think worth exhibiting in public, arranged in a manner best fitted to exhibit them. It is, in other words, the human power of choice in action; it is the Frenchman crossing the crowded street and choosing his own path.

THE WAR AND HIGHBURY

Anent those 'fascinating, compensating, curing nurses' of Trollope's, a Club member writes from Oklahoma to suggest that not more useful and more fascinating, but certainly as useful and as fascinating, nurses might have stepped from the pages of the inimitable Miss Austen. He fancies Elizabeth Bennet, Anne Elliot, and Elinor

Dashwood in a hospital managed by 'poor Miss Taylor,' with Emma in charge of the storeroom — who so expert in gruel and arrowroot? — and Miss Bates frequently coming in to share a 'beautiful little leg of pork' or some baked apples with the convalescents. Of course, that hospital was at Highbury, 'that airy, cheerful, happy-looking Highbury,' only sixteen miles from London; and in what house but the 'modern, well-built' Hartfield, empty since Emma's removal to Donwell Abbey? Equally of course it was a navy hospital. Miss Austen's preference for that branch of the service is too marked for that to be questioned.

For her part, said Mrs. Elton, she did not think it necessary for young women moving in the first circles to go into the hospitals; her second housemaid had gone, and she had made no objections: the girl was inclined to be impertinent — it was very proper for creatures of that sort to make themselves useful as nurses, but her sister Selina would be shocked at Mrs. Weston's taking in young ladies. Such doings were never tolerated at Maple Grove. Of course, it was all due to Emma Woodhouse, whose passion for the admiration of the other sex had always been so shockingly evident. Poor Knightley — she pitied him, but she had always known how it would be. She herself considered the preparing of hospital comforts, which could be done in one's own home, much more suitable work for women of delicate sensibilities; and she gladly gave the use of her drawing-room twice a week for the Sewing Guild. No one could believe the work it entailed. Only that morning she had been closeted at least an hour with her maid, making out the new directions for cutting out pyjamas.

I regret to say that under her chairmanship the Sewing Guild found difficulty in holding its members together,

and the Hartfield pyjama supply was deficient until Elinor Dashwood appealed to her elderly friend, Mrs. Jennings. That warm-hearted woman opened her purse and her house, rallied her old city friends to her support, and kept the sewing-machines clicking fast and long in Berkeley Street. A similar appeal from Anne Elliot to Lady Russell set dozens of Bath dowagers to making surgical dressings. A steady stream of hampers for Miss Anne's sailors poured in from Uppercross, their packing with chickens, eggs, cream, butter, and jam being the event of the week to the whole Musgrove family. Mrs. Bennet's poor nerves would not permit her to knit, but whenever the horses could be spared from the farm, she drove to her sister Philips's and to Lucas Lodge, to collect socks and descendant on the bravery of her three sons-in-law in France. Wickham was, of course, her favorite. Being in the regulars, he was early in Flanders.

As for that arch-bully, Lady Catherine de Burgh, when the guns in Flanders began to reverberate through Kent, she fled in terror to Pemberley. The Darcys gave her shelter, and by working on her pride of rank and sense of duty as a landed proprietor, finally induced her to make Rosings a refuge for Belgians, under the management of Mrs. Collins. Mr. Collins's spare time was occupied in writing daily reports to Lady Catherine, assuring her that the satin furniture was covered with holland, and that the refugees were allowed to use only the piano in the housekeeper's room. When the government accepted the early offer of Pemberley for a convalescent home, Lady Catherine took herself and her daughter off to Bath. She proposed to take her niece also, but the diffident Georgiana asserted herself. Her brother was in the artillery, and her job was to see that his supply of shells did not

fail. Before her aunt's wrath could fairly explode, Georgiana was out of the house and on her way to the nearest munition plant.

Her bench-mate there was Maria Bertram, finding at last peace and satisfaction in work that taxed all the energy of her vigorous, restless nature.

Mary Crawford followed her brother to France, and drove a motor ambulance with the same spirit and skill with which she used to ride Fanny Price's horse.

As for Fanny herself, her part was not in such deeds of derring-do; she stayed in her quiet rectory, 'working early and late, with neatness and despatch,' on comforts for her brother William and his Jackies on the North Sea, and her chaplain husband and his men in France. Many of their men, home on leave or convalescing, found Thornton Lacey a haven of rest.

Jane Bingley, too, stayed quietly at home, caring not only for her own little family, but for the children of her more active sisters. The little Darceys were there and so were the little Wickhams. The irrepressible Lydia was serving coffee to troop trains on the Somme, and many a Tommy went to the front heartened by her loud and jovial voice.

Jane Fairfax did not come to Hartfield, being occupied at Enscombe with recreation work for a neighboring training-camp. Frank Churchill won his commission early, served two years, had a touch of gas and was invalided home. Jane's nursing pulled him through, and he was back at the front before the end. Willoughby served, as luck would have it, in Colonel Brandon's own regiment, and each won the other's respect.

Colonel Fitzwilliam was in the first Expeditionary Force and became a brigadier-general. He also won a wife in France — no other than Mary Crawford. It was exactly the match to satisfy her ambition for position and his need for money, but I doubt if either of them knew it when they settled matters on a muddy roadside in Picardy, while his orderly tinkered with the engine of her ambulance.

Another and younger hero won his heiress at Hartfield. Commodore William Price, on leave from the North Sea, went there to visit his brother Sam, wounded in the Zeebrugge affair, and met Georgiana Darcy who was spending her leave with Elizabeth. Just how much Emma had to do with making the match, I hesitate to say. She disclaimed doing anything, but is certain that they dined more than once at the Abbey during their week of courtship. Another engagement that was made under her interested if not fostering eye was that of Lieutenant Sam Price and the little V.A.D. who wheeled his chair through the Hartfield shrubberies. Her name was Margaret Dashwood.

Commodore Price was not the only naval officer of our acquaintance who spent his leave in Highbury. Anne had the felicity of seeing her husband, Vice-Admiral Wentworth — of seeing him worn by the long strain of North Sea duty, but still with the old eager, impetuous ways. He was loud in his praise of the Americans coöperating with him. He had felt some compunctions, he said, remembering how he had taken their privateers in that lovely cruise off the Western Islands, but they did not seem to hold it against him.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Charles H. Grasty, a journalist of great experience, now correspondent of the *New York Times*, represented that journal at the Peace Conference. He has maintained close relations, political and personal, with Mr. Wilson for many years. Of his own history **Carleton H. Parker** once wrote:—

I was born on March 31, 1878. My father was a banker and orchardist. In the fall of 1896 I entered the University of California. The greater part of 1897-98 I spent farming. From 1898-1900, I was in college again, working during vacations in a coal-mine. In 1900 and 1901 I worked underground in Canada; following this, I was for six months a reporter in Spokane, Washington. At the end of this time I returned to the University, and graduated in 1904. From June, 1904, to September, 1905, I traveled in Europe and Africa; from September, 1905, to May, 1906, I was Secretary of University Extension at the University of California. After two years and a half in the employ of a banking house, I took a year's postgraduate work at Harvard. In 1910, I went to Germany and studied at the Universities of Leipzig, Berlin, Heidelberg, and Munich. In 1912 I returned to Heidelberg to take my examination for a doctor's degree.

The present paper embodies some of the results of the work to which he devoted himself during the last years of his life. He died March 27, 1918. His biography, by his wife, a human record of very remarkable interest, is now in its fourth large edition.

* * *

Carol Wight, because of ill-health, abandoned long ago the opportunity for a business career, and has since supported himself as a carpenter and, more rarely, as a mason.

When my health gave way [he writes], I had to give up study, and went later into business in New York, first in one of the big title and trust companies, and later as private secretary of a 'promoter,' or consolidator, of industrial concerns. Then, when my health broke again, I went to sea, and worked out of doors to get my nerves back in shape, principally at carpentry. At this trade I worked for the government during the war, and spent the last year of it at the League Island Navy Yard, with occasional excursions into New England farming. In the country districts a Yankee is always supposed to be able to

do anything, and so I have driven wells and laid bricks, and practised other trades as well as my own. I have long been interested in the rise of the under classes (freedmen) at Rome, and wishing to compare their story with my own experience, I am at present here at Johns Hopkins, working in Latin and Greek. . . . I have really seen a good deal of good and bad in both camps, as I told you in another letter; and a man who is caught in either caste cannot free himself and repudiate it. The railroad president *must* run his railroad. He may want to give all he has to the poor, but his first job is to run that railroad and not to be a philanthropist.

* * *

William McFee has been honorably discharged from His Britannic Majesty's service, and he 'practised literature' for more than three weeks in New Jersey before he shipped again, this time in the South American trade. His welcome letters have been coming to us for the past year from H.M.S. *Kharki*, which, in our simplicity, we thought might be an anagram devised for our mystification; but—

No [he writes], the *Kharki* is not an anagram. She's an anachronism. She is a humble minnow who has to rush frantically after 35-knot creatures as fast as ever she can, and when she does come up with them, breathless and disheveled, where they lie majestically and enigmatically at anchor, she starts a battery of highly polished and efficient pumps in her auxiliary engine-room and feeds them out of a four-inch flexible copper teat, with oil. When they have drunk their fill, they wipe their mouths and say, 'Now you stop right here while I go out and do a clip to Smyrna and back. Shan't be long.' And she stops for a while, cleaning herself up and scratching herself in the sun, and very nearly falling asleep over it, when *zip* comes a wireless to proceed to such and such a place to oil so-on and so-forth. Such is her life, and no anagram could stand it for a week!

* * *

Edwin Arlington Robinson has long been known as a poet with a thoughtful philosophy of his own, and a talent for dramatic condensation unique perhaps in his generation. **John Buchan**, one of the most versatile of modern writers, is not more at home in the eighteenth century, which long ago he made his own, than in

the capital detective stories which soften the asperities of his career as a serious student of history and a historian, on a 'quarto' scale, of the world-war. Incidentally he is a member of the firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons, the largest publishers in the world, we imagine. During the war, not neglecting the duties of which we have spoken, he was on the staff of one of the British armies operating in France, and later Director of Information to the Prime Minister.

* * *

Mr. A. Edward Newton is known to the readers of the *Atlantic* as the most genial of book-collectors and the author of *The Amenities of Book-Collecting*, now generally recognized as the classic of its kind. To his partner and business associates (as perhaps they would be willing to allow us to state) he stands as a large factor in the success of the I.T.E. electric circuit-breaker, which the *Atlantic* recommends to every well-equipped American household. **Edwin W. Bonta** has that pleasant characteristic of the intelligent traveler — a pictorial mind. Who he is, is best described in a recent letter.

When America went into the war I signed up with the American Y.M.C.A., to help carry out their work among the Russian troops, and started learning the language. Our party reached Moscow in May, 1918, lived in Bolshevik Russia until September of that year, and then, coming out through Scandinavia, circled around to join the North Russian Expeditionary Force at Archangel. I was placed with Russian troops, and for months my life was lived 'in Russian,' some of the time in the rest camps immediately behind the front. I dwelt in the huts of the peasants, traveled with them, and spent hours in discussion.

With what result, other sketches by Mr. Bonta will show our readers.

* * *

In these concluding letters from Java it will be noticed that the author has changed her style to the married title, **Raden Adjoe Kartini**. Cut off by early death at the moment when her influence promised to be greatest, she has inspired others to continue her work. **Amory Hare** is a poet and a sailor's wife to boot. For many years she has been sending to the *Atlantic* poems beautifully descriptive of Nature's moods. The following brief summary of the first part of **Wilson Follett's** 'The Dive' is printed for the convenience of new readers.

Ronald Ronald, a youth of nineteen, spends his vacations at his grandfather's farm in Chiswick Valley, his mind steeped in the family traditions which he had learned from the talk of his grandfather Elijah and his uncle Eustace. Most important is the part played in the boy's impression by the river flowing through the valley, and its tributary, Salter's Run, which finds its way through a gorge to a narrow rock-ledge called the Shelf, over which it plunges into the 'Seven Farms Reservoir.' The water at the foot of the Shelf is of unplumbed depth, and Ronald's favorite amusement is to dive from the ledge, seeking, but in vain, to reach the bottom.

One day, he listens to his uncle Eustace's story of a Ronald Ronald of the eighteenth century, who had fought with Stark at Bennington, and came home on furlough to the farm, to his wife and their child, born in his absence. This Ronald, on the very morning after his return, was drowned in the old well on the place.

Before dawn the next morning, our Ronald Ronald, lying wakeful in bed, with the old family legends pursuing one another through his mind, until he was, not himself, but 'nobody in particular, — just a suspended consciousness played upon forcibly by a jet of other men's memories, sensations . . . and whirled round and round in them, churning them into a spray of images,' — dresses, leaves the house, and at last finds himself on the Shelf, and, in his half-waking, half-dreaming state, determines that he *must* reach the floor of the gorge, before certain proposed work on the dam 'had laid it prosaically bare to the inquisitive sunlight.' Stripping off his clothes, he flings himself outward and down. He seems to have found the bottom at last. A stinging pain in his head is followed by a mass of confused sensations. 'A blinding white light flashed upon him. . . . There was something that he must beat his way through until he came out clear beyond. He wished he understood what it was that . . . lay waiting for him beyond.'

* * *

Herbert Sidebotham, long military critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, now on the staff of the *London Times*, is a frequent contributor to these pages. **Edward W. Parmelee** is a master at the Salisbury School, Salisbury, Connecticut. **Edward Yeomans**, a newcomer to the *Atlantic*, who knows as much about electrical pumps as Edward Newton does about circuit-breakers, is a civil engineer of Chicago. Whatever his success, he ought to have been a teacher, as readers of the *Atlantic* will soon come to know from the articles on classroom practice which will succeed his present stimulating paper. **William Beebe** is now Curator Emeritus of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park.

Graham Wallas, Professor of Political Science at the University of London, has had a long and honorable career in the field of education. He has given many of the best years of his life to the social development of his city as a member of the London County Council. In 1914 he lectured at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and is at present teaching for a season in this country. **George H. Cushing**, editor of the *Black Diamond*, the official organ of the coal-industry, is a recognized authority on the subject he discusses in this paper. During the war he devoted much time to furthering the efforts of the National Fuel Administrator to solve the urgent and complex problems of the coal-supply. **Gertrude Slaughter** and her husband were in charge of the work of the American Red Cross in the Venice district for ten months, and stayed on in Italy for some months after the Red Cross work was ended. Her book, *Two Children in Old Paris* (1918), has had a deserved success.

Many members of the legal profession have written to the *Atlantic* calling attention to an apparent discrepancy in the narrative of the author of 'Up from Insanity.' The writer stated that, while he was a newspaper reporter, he was instrumental in securing the conviction of a certain woman charged with murder; that the accused was once acquitted by the jury; and that subsequently she made a confession as to the murder and was sentenced to the penitentiary. The facts when stated thus have an incredible sound, but we believe them to be true. The history of the case is as follows:—

A certain woman, jealous of the marital felicity of her own sister, placed upon her dressing-table a box of poisoned chocolates. But the fatality exceeded her plan of operations, for the chocolates killed the sister and her husband, too, and made three other persons ill. The guilty woman was immune from suspicion because she had never in any way exhibited signs either of jealousy of her sister or of affection for her brother-in-law. The law, then, would have passed her by, but for a remark she chanced to make to the author of the *Atlantic* article, then a reporter on a well-known paper. She was tried for the murder of the man and acquitted; but subsequently, owing to new information, she was tried for the murder of the woman. The crime in both cases was the same, but the victim, and therefore the responsibility, was different.

We have alluded once or twice in this column to the use of the *Atlantic* now current as a recognized badge of social respectability. Some people are so good as to call it an emblem of distinction; but perhaps that case is not proved, and we fall back on the more established reputation. It is pleasant to hear from friends who go to the movies oftener than we do, that the heroine of 'Erstwhile Susan' is so fortunate as to be permitted to accompany with familiarity a certain lady of admitted social stability. To suggest this instantly to the bright eye of the movie fan was difficult, but the artist knew his job, and the lady carries her *Atlantic* with the name outside.

We venture to quote with appreciation from another authority on the niceties of social gradation. 'She was,' says the *Saturday Evening Post* of one of its heroines, 'what it is found convenient to call a good girl: that is to say, she said her prayers, read the *Atlantic Monthly* at least two nights a week to her silver-haired father, never used any scent save orris-root, and entertained no young men who did not meet with Mr. Fairley's approval.'

We could furnish other credentials, but they seem unnecessary.

At Judge Anderson's request, we call attention to the fact that in a considerable number of copies of the December issue containing his valuable paper on 'Our Railroad Problem,' there is an error in the footnote on page 847, where the citation of the Debs case is '158 Federal Reporter,' instead of '158 U.S.' The correction was made as soon as we were advised of the error, while the form was on the press, so that the citation is given correctly in something like half of the copies.

An intelligent observer who is a familiar correspondent of ours writes us thus interestingly of the complexities confronting British citizens to-day.

The Feminist question is complicated in this country by the surplus womanhood. This now amounts to over two millions. It is really very serious, and will lead to great restlessness and unhappiness from purely physiological causes. Practically England is the only country where masses of women of over thirty have not found

husbands. Consequently, you have a large electorate with little sense of responsibility, — with none of the responsibility that comes to a man in providing for wife and children, — and yet with the power of making laws. Sex-antagonism is a real thing. The psychologist knows that the real cause of this is often purely physical. In many cases under my observation a woman on the brink of divorcing the mate, who is admittedly unfaithful and has stayed away a long time, is easily induced to resume cohabitation when the absent-minded wanderer returns. Indeed, unnatural conditions having been created, we must expect a certain amount of abnormality.

Unfortunately, the women who have gained the upper hand in the political world are not of the best type. They are ignorant and aggressive, thirsting for notoriety, whilst the superior sort, of which there are many, — highly educated, well-balanced and soundly patriotic women, — hold aloof. Therefore it seems to me that we are in for a period of experiment, more or less crude and painful in its manifestations.

Then we have to deal with convention, especially in regard to morals. Illegitimacy has sprung up as one of the war-effects. How is that to be dealt with? Many observers think that the mass of women, in clamoring for the vote, are not merely interested in the franchise, — perhaps hardly care for it at all, — but want emancipation in its widest and broadest sense. They want to be free to do what they like, as a man is; they want latch-key liberty. I think they are right in their conclusions. The Land Girls, who adopt men's clothing, adopt also men's moral standards, so far as I can judge. With their petticoats, they have sacrificed much of the old-fashioned feeling of women. How far this is ephemeral, I do not know.

Take domestic service: that has gone by the board. I doubt if young women of the working class will come back to serve the middle classes any more. This must create profound differences in women's mentality, for women's cruelty to women was one of the causes of the servants' revolt. All these things have to be considered.

Then take the drink question: it has never been honestly and scientifically treated. The real cause of drink in England is bad cooking. Man drinks because his body is ill-nourished and he must have food. I was struck with this on visiting a big gun-factory in Sheffield recently. The food given to the men was either flimsy, in the shape of sandwiches, cakes, etc., or abominably cooked and almost indigestible. Masses of English women have no household science at all; they are a long way below the French and German women. It is a curious fact that, although we have the best meat in the world, it is worse presented than in any other country.

Perhaps women will go to the Colonies and develop themselves in that way. No doubt they will take a large part in politics. I think on the whole it will be better for politics, which has got into a terrible state of extravagance and ineptitude. But a great deal of the mediæval nonsense of Parliament must go. I can hardly believe that sensible women will tolerate the spectacle of the

bewigged Speaker sitting in his ridiculous box, closed in at the sides and at the top, with all the ceremony that goes with it.

The insecurity of man's dominion is so notorious nowadays that we supposed ourselves quite immune from the attacks of those to whom triumphant Feminism is the single essential buttress of a righteous universe. We were mistaken, much mistaken.

DEAR SCRIBE [writes one who in gallanter days might have been termed a ladies' man], Judging from the trend and tone of all your Master-Class matter, you do not consider the unpaid mothers as of that 'Sovereign People'; but I am one of them, and I have created five others under very crude, corrupt conditions, and I am cursed with a horrid habit of saying things that do not fit in and harmonize with the Costly Carousings, Wretched Writhings, Ghostly Gaspsings of the World-Wide Wasteful Wickedness blazoned so boldly by all those who are so recklessly responsible for the Calamitous Collapse of Corrupting Competition and Exasperating, Extravagant, Expensive, Extreme, Exact language of all male Master-Class exploitation of the mothers of the world. Women, lay down your arms! You do not need to fight your own sex any longer. Hold up each other's hands! The sex-battle is on!

Nothing except life itself is so interesting as life as it is imagined. We think with pleasure of the cozy hours a reader might spend lost in the romances proposed to us by unknown friends. 'Dear Editor,' writes a Lady Georgian, 'Are you in the market for a serial story of twenty-eight thousand words, a romantic tale of a sadonic batchelor [*sic*] and a young society girl?' Another, with the precision of an orderly imagination, asks us, in replying, to 'please to refer to D.S.G. 5715-3995,' and proceeds, —

DEAR SIR: Attached hereto find a poem entitled 'Home,' which I trust you will find suitable to run in an early issue, and if satisfactory will send you others from time to time.

What story of story do you prefer? I have written over 350 short stories and 23 novels, none of which have ever been published. Let me have your interest and best offer. Have received flattering proposal from large film company, but would also wish to run them in several popular magazines. Shall await your reply together with check.

Very respectfully.

How pleasant such imaginings, and how swiftly glide the writer's hours until he receives the editor's reply!

